

# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.

VOL. 14.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MARCH 1, 1886.

No. 19.

## TWO.

Two little girls together played,  
Together earth's fair scenes surveyed,  
Together ate and slept;  
Together studied nature's looks,  
Or read the same instructive books,  
Together laughed or wept.  
Together culled the sweet wild flowers,  
And walked and talked 'mid summer hours,  
Together sang and prayed;  
Thus grew they up to womanhood,  
And still, together firmly stood,  
Both lived, nor either strayed.

But, oh! there came a time to part!  
Two worthy men gained each a heart;  
Henceforth two pathways lie:  
Sister *you* understand my rhymes,  
*You* recollect scenes, places, times;  
Those girls were you and I.

In time each woman's heart received  
The first great good her life achieved,  
Its first rare gift from heaven;  
Plan'd they, as others may have done,  
Two future pathways 'merged in one;  
One boy, one girl were given.

Alas! how meagre is the chance  
For mortal wishes to advance,  
Unchecked by Providence!  
Mortality's light veil He lifts,  
Recalls those first, rare, precious gifts,  
And softly bears them hence.

Though parted, *still together* grieve  
Two mother hearts, and both receive  
That consolation sure,  
Which trust in the Eternal One,  
Faith in the Father and the Son,  
Are potent to secure.

In realms of peace and love and light,  
Two angel cherubs, fair and bright,  
Pure as immortal flowers,  
Together walk and laugh and sing,  
And wait their mothers' entering;  
Sister, those babes are ours.

LULA.

## WRITE TO ME VERY OFTEN.

Write to me very often,  
If you send me but a line,  
For the ocean rolls between us,  
Yet your life seems linked to mine.  
I am tarrying with strangers,  
But when your letters come,  
My heart is big with rapture,  
For they speak of love and home.

Write to me very often,—  
My lone heart lingers so  
For the balm your letters bring me,  
When my sad eyes overflow.  
As I scan the kind epistle  
That meets my greatest need,  
I see your loved face looking up  
In every line I read.

Write to me very often,  
Consoler that thou art!  
Thy kind words fall like cooling dews  
Upon my burning heart.  
They strengthen, they refresh me,  
Like pure, ambrosial wine,  
And while I drink them in my soul  
Content and peace are mine.

Write to me very often,  
Thou art so far away,  
Thy voice may not break on my ear  
For many a weary day.

But I'll see thee in my letters,  
And I'll think I hear thee speak,  
And I'll feel, in fancy, while I read,  
Thy warm breath on my cheek.

So write to me very often,  
If you send me but a line,  
For the ocean rolls between us,  
And your life seems linked to mine;  
And e'en one line will tell me,  
With more than magic skill,  
That, though I'm absent from thy side,  
I am remembered still.

## WHAT NEXT?

The facility with which the anti-"Mormon" demagogue changes his base, and as fast as one pretext serving him as a breast-work is torn away, hides himself behind another, rivals the agility of the nocturnal flea, or the fickleness of the color-changing chameleon. Illustrations are, like Falstaff's reasons, "as plenty as blackberries," but we need not pick from the prolific bush more than one or two at the present time.

How often it has been asserted, by those honestly or dishonestly opposed to the polygamic principle of our religion, that if that one obnoxious feature were only done away and its practice should henceforth cease, all hostility to "Mormonism" would vanish into thin air, the oil of peace would be poured upon the troubled waters of political and religious strife in Utah, and the Millennial sun would be almost ready to dawn upon this portion of our war-weary and benighted planet.

That many persons are sincere in this belief, I doubt not, any more than I do that many others are not so. Those who really believe it are, for the most part, well meaning but superficial thinkers, who have studied carelessly or not at all the crimson-hued history of religious persecution, particularly those chapters—destined, thank heaven! to be among the closing ones—relating to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I need hardly refer in this connection, to the unfounded charges, ridiculous as they were numerous, preferred against the early Christians and cited by their merciless oppressors in justification of their cruelty to that universally despised and unpopular sect; nor give more than a passing glimpse at the lurid scenes of rapine and murder with which history repeated itself in the days of the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri, when the pretense put forth to palliate such horrors was not, as some might suppose, the now terrible offense of patriarchal marriage. No; "polygamy" was not then the popular note to sound, the revelation regarding it not having been given to the Church. Hence, some other excuse had to be invented, some other catch-word adopted, some other cloak made to order to cover up the real object of the murderous crusade against an innocent people, "everywhere spoken evil of," whose appealed cause was admitted to be just by the Executive of the nation, who in the same breath acknowledged himself powerless to interfere for their protection, or afford for their past cruel wrongs the slightest redress.

And what, in those early days, was "Mormonism's" alleged offense, or more properly speaking, the *main* accusation, since they have ever been, like Abraham's posterity, innumerable? In brief this: that the Latter-day

Saints, like the Saints of former days, claimed to receive revelations from on High, and were organized with Apostles and Bishops, etc., in conformity with the ecclesiastical system of government that prevailed in the ancient Christian Church. These awful crimes excited the jealous wrath of the priests of perverted and apostate Christianity, and it was not a difficult thing for these "holy men," who "spake as they were moved upon" by the spirit of Satan, to poison the minds of their pious flocks, and aided by scheming knaves and political tricksters of whom little else could be expected, to create a sentiment so bitterly hostile that nothing but the blood of innocence which it shed could satiate it. These facts have passed into history, not yet written in its fulness, but some day to be thundered by impartial justice from the house tops.

But what do we next hear? Has the same old pretext been used to extenuate all later exhibitions of Christian hatred toward this "peculiar people" since they left the confines of civilization to build up and beautify an Eden in the heart of the American desert? Not entirely. The real cause remains, as ever, unchanged; but the ostensible one has shifted, veered and fluttered about like a weather-cock in a wind storm. Polygamy, being published, became immensely popular as a war cry, and its imaginary horrors were sufficiently blood-curdling, without "Apostles and Bishops," to suit every purpose of the conspiring hypocrites who create, in order to pander to and be paid by, a mistaken public sentiment as wide-spread as it is unwarrantable.

This polygamic wire has been twanged till it is almost ready to snap assunder from age and prolonged use, and those whose business it is to string the harp of slander and tune it to the ever-varying popular pitch, have found it necessary to look about once more for material to meet the imminent popular demand for a change. "Blood atonement" will hardly do, for that has seen much service also, and like "polygamy" is getting sadly out of tune. There is something, however, that suits the times "to a T," and, far from wonderful to tell, it has already been stretched and played upon.

And what is this newer hugaboo?—this Olympus of popular dread—this towering mountain of a nation's alarm that "singes its pate against the burning zone," making the polygamic "Ossa like a wart?" In sooth, "Church rule in politics," an autocratic theocracy, *imperium in imperio*, a "Mormon" empire in an American republic, an "ecclesiastical right divine as opposed to the ballots of a free people"—and yards on yards of similar stuff, all of which, summed up and simmered down, might be put thus: a handful of religious worshippers, armed with implements of labor, with their feet firmly planted on the granite backbone of the American continent, leering down upon and threatening with an avalanche of hymn-books the peace, welfare and existence of a shivering little group of fifty-five millions of people.

This then is the leading pretext of to-day; the comet of ill-omen now sweeping and swishing through the political heavens, with "polygamy," "blood-atonement" and all the other little horrors following and serving as its tail. But tell us, what has this new terror to stand on? Is it utterly without foundation, like the vast majority of its predecessors, or has it, like

some of the more notable ones, a shadow of tangibility, which at first sight, but at first sight only, seems almost as plausible as a skeleton's visible, or a vagrant's imaginary means of support? Simply this and nothing more: the "Mormons," like all true Bible believers, hold that the God of heaven and Maker of the earth intends ere long to pay a personal visit to this planet, to take for a season the reins of government into His own hands, establishing a reign of universal peace and righteousness and requiring all nations to acknowledge His sceptre. They further believe that, as usual, He has sent word on ahead, in order not to take the world entirely unaware, and has commissioned certain humble, God-fearing men to preach the glad tidings to their fellow creatures and prepare the way for His coming.

This is the very head and front of "Mormon treason, rebellion," and all the rest of the clap-trap which continually salutes the tired eyes and ears of a long-suffering public. It is the government of God that these Christian priests and politicians regard as a foreign power; it is Jesus Christ whom they stigmatize as an invader, and whose approach they are preparing to repel with all the force and fury at their command. Who would have thought that the parable of the Vineyard would find its application in the nineteenth century, and "in the land of the free and the home of the brave?" Who would have supposed that in this professedly Christian nation, a Bible prophecy in relation to the coming of the King of kings would be used as a pretext to justify the suppression of a people and religion whose only crime is clinging to the hope of its literal fulfilment? What next will be the scare-crow to keep away honest investigation into the merits of "Mormonism?" What next will afford a temporary rampart for the conspirators who are too cowardly to assail this much maligned religion except from behind a barricade of subterfuge, sophistry, misconstructions and make-believes?

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

## SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT WINTER QUARTERS.

BY HELEN MAR WHITNEY.

(Continued.)

I had known very little of Frances Swan previous to our coming to Winter Quarters. I had met her at the house of Sister Silvie Lyons, when she made her home in Nauvoo, and understood her to be my father's wife. Through report, some of our family had formed rather an unfavorable opinion of her, but knew nothing against her. She had borne father one child, which died, I believe, before leaving Nauvoo.

Our intimate acquaintance began after the pioneers had left. She was then living with Sisters Presendia and Laura Kimball, and was in the enjoyment of her religion, and the love of God reigned in our midst to that extent that it brought love and charity for one another, and drove away every ill feeling that had previously had place in our hearts, proving beyond doubt that we had found the true path, and the only one that will take us into the celestial kingdom.

Frances had been educated in Scotland, and was a woman of no ordinary talent. She was capable of doing a great amount of good, but when out from under the influence of the good spirit, she was subject to the greatest temptations, and at times the powers of darkness seemed to have perfect control over her, which made her society anything but desirable. We understand that the greater light one receives, the greater are the temptations afterwards,

and the more liable one is to fall away, and this was the fate of Frances.

She was warned of it in dreams, and after coming to the valley she had the following one, which she told to members of the family, at which time she professed to be strong in the faith:

She dreamed that she was walking with father's wives, my mother leading the way, up a steep mountain, till they came to a narrow place like a tunnel, which looked impossible for any one to go through, but she said they all went through but herself, and she refused, saying, "I had rather go round, if it is farther, than to go through that place," although mother plead with her, reaching out her hands, as she besought her to come, as that was the only way, and she was distressed at the thought of leaving her there alone. She also assured her of their safety, and how glad they were that they had passed through; "though," said she, "it crushed me till I could hear my bones snap; but you are smaller, Frances, and it could not hurt you as it did me." But it was all to no avail; she lacked the faith and humility necessary to endure what the Saints of God are required to make them fit for the kingdom of heaven. A few years from that date saw her in California, the wife of a man younger than herself, one whom she had known in Nauvoo previous to becoming my father's wife. It was quite a surprise to her acquaintances at Salt Lake, that she should have taken up with the man she had once considered so inferior to the one whom she had chosen to be her leader through time and all eternity. I know that during her sojourn with his family he sought her welfare and happiness, in connection with all the rest, as faithfully as a man could do. When she would be laboring under temptation, he would talk and reason with her like a kind, considerate father, as he was, and this is the course he took with his numerous family, and which he was noted for among those who knew him best, until his manifold cares and responsibilities, increasing with his years, and the increasing toil and anxiety for the welfare of this people, in connection with his brethren, left him little time to listen, or to make a balm to heal every wound, real or fancied, or to untie every knotty question that could better have been done by those who were most concerned.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

Miss Anthony estimates that twenty-six members of the U. S. Senate are in favor of woman suffrage.

Miss Louisa Alcott has had her features perpetuated in a fine profile bas-relief in bronze by M. W. Rickertson, of Boston.

Miss Ada C. Sweet made a witty speech in behalf of old maids before the Sorosis Club the other day. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* says, "If all 'old maids' were like Miss Sweet they would need no defense."

A statue of Queen Victoria, by the Princess Louise, has been placed in the front of Lichfield Cathedral. Her son, the Duke of Edinburgh, recently gave a violin performance at a public concert in London.

The fate of successful patent medicine men is not always happy. Ayer and Helmbold became insane, and now we hear that Perry Davis, of "Pain Killer" fame, is a lunatic in a Philadelphia almshouse.—*Medical Record*.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg recently visited her birthplace, the town of Sumter, S. C., and gave a concert there. On the arrival of the cars the members of her company arose in their seats and disembarked, singing "Home

Again," in compliment to the birthplace of Miss Kellogg.

Governor Seymour's aversion to display extended to the erection of showy monuments. Acting in accord with his views, he selected and paid for his monument some ten years ago. It lies where he found it, in the town of Remsen, Oneida County, and consists of a boulder of native granite, 5½ feet long, 2 feet wide, and 1½ feet thick.

Mrs. Evelyn T. Underhill, of New York City, lately received an imperative summons to report herself for jury duty, or show cause why she should be exempt. Mrs. Underhill replied that she knew of no reason why she should be exempt, and was entirely willing to serve. Whereupon the *Portland Argus* says, "How unlike a man!"

Mme. Patti had a curious experience recently of the enthusiasm of Roumanian women. She had just finished one of her most effective arias in the opera house of Bucharest, when a number of women suddenly rose to their feet and threw white pigeons with ribbons on their necks upon the stage, until the singer was surrounded by the fluttering birds.

In accordance with a resolution of the American Woman Suffrage Association, adopted at its last annual meeting, to co-operate with the National Woman Suffrage Association in the effort to secure a sixteenth amendment, a memorial to Congress, signed by the officers of the American Association, asking for a Constitutional amendment forbidding disfranchisement on account of sex, was forwarded this week to Senator George F. Hoar.

Senator Edmunds has introduced a new Mormon bill. With all the terrible sufferings of his people close at hand, he can see no service for humanity nearer than Utah! This bill repeals woman suffrage. Thus, in a state of society claimed to be specially hostile to woman, he robs her of her best weapon of defense, the ballot. The bill declares that children born of other than the lawful wife shall not inherit their father's property. This is devilish, and when we say it we want to ask old Nick's pardon. It outrages humanity and justice. What can be more mean and cruel than to cast a stigma upon an innocent child and debar it the rights of inheritance. For shame, Senator Edmunds, to turn your back thus upon the progress of your age. You seek to right one wrong by the commission of another far more atrocious and far-reaching than the plural marriage of Utah—the degradation of woman and the stamping of the brand of disgrace and poverty upon innocent childhood!—*Our Country*, Dec. 28, 1885.

The passage of the Edmunds bill, to destroy the Mormon church, by a vote of 38 to 7 is one of the most disgraceful acts of American legislation.

That bill abolishes woman suffrage, denies the rights of inheritance to innocent children and appoints trustees to seize the estates of the churches. It is the offspring of avarice, bigotry and lust aiming to remove all the safeguards of law, that they may prey upon the lands, property and women of a defenseless people.

The border influence, which gets up Indian wars that it may thrive on plunder is behind this bill. A few senile and bloodless bigots who love persecution, really believe in it. Most, however, who voted for it were driven by the terrorism skillfully managed by Edmunds. They were afraid to be called Mormons if they did not vote down liberty under the pretext of extirpating polygamy. The same class would seize the property of Catholics to-morrow and turn the Sisters of Charity over to the mob, if they dared!—*Our Country*, Jan. 16, 1886.

## I'M GOING HOME.

LINES WRITTEN ON RETURNING TO UTAH AFTER A VISIT IN THE EAST, SEPTEMBER, 1885.

BY M. W. TANNER.

I'm going home across the trackless prairie,  
O'er which we wandered many years ago;  
Then we were sad and footsore, worn and weary,  
Bending our steps t' escape the wanton foe.

I mark the plains o'er which our feeble footsteps  
Trode sore and long upon the burning sands,  
And almost fancy I can see the waymarks  
Made by those homeless, emigrating bands.

The plains reach out to meet the far horizon,  
As bleak and bare and arid as of old;  
And fading trails, where wandered once the bison,  
Still dimly show along the grassy mold.

The skies are blue, with here and there a cloudlet,  
The sunshine glimmers on the stunted grass,  
But not a tree nor any flowering leaflet  
To greet our vision as we quickly pass.

I sit and think of years so far behind us,  
Far in the long dim regions of the past,  
And of the footprints left that oft remind us  
Of life's dim changes that are fleeting fast.

Man's careless steps have even now invaded  
These lonely plains and barren solitudes;  
And from his mind the memories dim have faded,  
Yet o'er my soul the silent vision broods.

I seem to see the little band of wanderers,  
Driven from home, from kindred ties and friends,  
Chilled by the frosts, or fainting in the sunshine,  
As slowly on their toilsome journey wends.

I seem to hear once more the wild coyote,  
Whose dismal wailing rent the midnight air—  
The little bands, as darkness closes around them,  
Bending their knees to say their evening prayers.

I often wonder where their steps have wandered,  
And where their homes, and what their fate has been;  
And many times in silence I have pondered  
In silent thought o'er long forgotten scenes.

We meet, we part, and often in that parting  
We carry with us scenes of bygone days,  
And many times we wist not of the smarting,  
As all have gone their own divided ways.

But oft the mind to the far past reverting  
Finds in the heart a dim and fading thought,  
And memory's page some silent hour diverting,  
With early friends and transient scenes are fraught.

"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me; saith the Lord".—Isaiah, chapter 54, last verse.

"What shall one then answer the messengers of the nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of His people shall trust in her.—Isaiah, chapter 14, last verse."

In my experience through life I have observed in my own mind, and no doubt others have noted the same, that under trials from which we see no outlet, the mind acquires a feeling of prescience and intuition of coming events, and earnestly desires to entertain the feeling and give return to it in all laudable and innocent researches.

Many years ago I had a dear old nurse, who, though not an educated woman according to the schools, was of a deep meditative mind; was a great reader of the Scriptures, they being her whole library. She had a sweet, spiritual mind, and a devout soul, without one grain of Methodistical cant or hypocrisy of any sort. I do not think she was of any particular church, though she occasionally attended the Independent Methodist place of worship; she would not have dared to receive

the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, but, like one of old, "stood afar off" admiring with deep and holy reverence those who were so privileged, feeling, "Oh! how blessed are those who can partake, but it is not for me." Some of my readers may probably never have met such a character, and hence they will be quite unable to comprehend the beauty and extreme piety of such a woman; indeed, she was by no means a common character; she was one whom the Savior would have loved, and, like Mary, she would have followed Him even to the cross.

She read in the Epistles that on points of doctrine on which she desired to be informed, she was to "ask her husband at home;" but alas! her husband might, with all propriety have sat at her feet and been taught by her! So, like many others, she "kept the even tenor of her way," and did the best she could to work out her salvation, and that, she realized, seemed but very little towards making "her calling and election sure," and I often realized when she returned from meeting that her soul had not been fed; I could even feel that she was smiling "in her sleeve" at his nonsensical talk, but she was too reverent and innately pious to give vent to any criticisms. I would sometimes read the Bible to her, and when finished, she would heave a sigh and say, in her own peculiar tone, "Ah! what a fine thing it is to be able to read and understand what you read."

One day we were somewhat in trouble, and we were puzzled to know what we should do, and she then said, "Well, when I feel that I want to know if the Lord has a word for me I take my Bible and ask Him to give me some light through the action I am going to perform; I then take a long needle, and I run it into where I know the Psalms are, or into the New Testament, and I have many times been struck at the answers I have received."

Upon that hint I have often taken the same course, and, like my dear good nurse, have received comfort and support.

Once in a most remarkable manner I was in much affliction through enemies; I believe the only wicked enemies I ever had—(in Zion, too.) My soul was indeed in deep waters; I almost thought that I should be overwhelmed. I one day left my work, shut all the doors, being alone in the house, and knelt down and poured out my whole heart to the Lord. I arose from my knees without feeling much refreshed, and again took up my needle work, and as I did so my eyes fell on my little prayer book laying on the table; it contained the Psalms of David; in an instant my nurse came mentally before me, and I remembered her sweet, childlike method to get comfort when in trouble. I took up the book, thrust in the needle, and lo! it rested on the first verse of the thirty-seventh Psalm. I read and re-read till I came to the tenth verse, when I involuntarily threw up my hands and said aloud, "Lord, this is revelation!" I trembled as though an angel stood before me; I realized it was the voice of God to me; it struck every chord that had been drawn to their utmost tension in my wounded soul, and the vibration was joy, peace, and a conviction that God was with me. Were I to live a thousand years I should never forget the feelings of that hour! I have lived to see every word literally fulfilled of that glorious psalm; the tenth and last verse remarkably so. I request my readers to read this psalm at once, for they will see with me its potency. Many, many times have I derived comfort and instruction from this most simple process, and been sent on my way rejoicing.

A few days ago, feeling sad under the heavy cloud we are under by our unjust oppressors, the simple process came to my mind; I took my little book and my needle, asking the Lord to give me a word upon the present persecu-

tions, and the needle rested upon the first verse I have given at the top of this article. I tried the second time, and the second verse was given, and I could not resist the impulse of giving it to the readers of the EXPONENT:

"Let none smile and say with unjust judges, It is superstition. The Lord hideth himself from the self-righteous, and revealeth His words to the meek and lowly who put their trust in Him, and labor day by day to shew faith by their works."

I could give many more equally startling answers to prayers, received by the same simple process. Remember, it is to the word of God we look for aid, and from nothing lower or inferior. Why has this holy book, the oldest in the world, stood the test and the wonderful vicissitudes it has passed through, these many centuries, and been the stay and sheet-anchor of so many generations, with its mighty principles, its divine ethics, its consoling doctrines, its stupendous revelations and more than I have language to elaborate. Why should not the Christian have faith in it as the word of God? not a dead, or abstract faith, but the faith that will and can and does "remove mountains" every day to the eye and understanding of those who have a living faith in Him, such as the wise child has in its earthly parent, knowing that even if he sees that reproof is needed, that it is in love and for his advancement in wisdom, knowledge and understanding. Let us, then, be meek and simple and confiding as the child, for the Savior said such was the type of the kingdom of heaven. How simple were the means which the Savior used in some of his greatest and grandest miracles; it is the prayerful, the humble and the faithful spirit that by simple means calls down the divine aid and needed blessing in the often trying hour, when "man's extremity is God's opportunity." The faith of the Latter-day Saints is the faith "once delivered to the Saints," and they realized that God is with them, that Christ is their Captain, that their religion is "the everlasting Gospel" that He instituted, and of which He said "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

HANNAH T. KING.

We are governed, to a great extent, by the company we keep. If our associates are intemperate, licentious, or immoral, we cannot be pure; and the wretch must be lost, indeed, who comes in contact with the innocent and godly, unawed by their presence. Thus it is with our reading. We should shun bad books as we would bad company. Our reading always leaves an impression on our minds, and if it does not, the time spent in reading is worse than lost.

In house-furnishing a little money and a good deal of taste go much farther than a little taste and a good deal of money. The first rule, and a most important one, is to go slowly. Learn what you want, and, having decided this question, never accept anything else until all possible expedients are exhausted for procuring it. Do without until the moment of absolute necessity rather than accept unsatisfactory substitutes. More houses are spoiled because their owners fill them with temporary fittings which they afterwards have not the means and the enterprise to get rid of than by any other cause. For people of small incomes the only safe rule is to get only the absolutely indispensable articles at first, adding to the store from time to time one really good article after another as opportunities offer. In this way surprisingly good results may be obtained with a cost so gradual as not to be materially felt; and, if nothing is purchased which is not really good, whatever is bought holds its own with later acquisitions.

# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, - Editor.

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## THE LADIES' MASS MEETING.

### "MORMON" WOMEN MEET, SPEAK AND RESOLVE.

For some time past a movement has been on foot to give the women of Utah an opportunity of expressing in some public and emphatic manner, their feelings regarding the indignities and the sufferings they are made to endure in the present crusade against the Mormon people. In the whole history of America there cannot be found a parallel to the infamous methods by which the enforcement of special and oppressive legislation against the Saints has and is sought to be accomplished. Not only have the men, who for obeying a principle of their religion are declared to be violators of law, been made to suffer the extraordinary and unhallowed proceedings inaugurated against them under its form and in its name; but their wives, their children and their relatives have been hauled before inquisitorial grand juries, plied with shamefully indecent questions, threatened with punishment for contempt if they refused to answer, and in some cases actually imprisoned for such refusal. Defenseless women have at the risk of their lives been dragged before courts or juries, frequently escorted thither by wretches whose touch they would regard as pollution. Even the sacred relation of husband and wife and the exemption from testifying one against the other has been trampled upon, and each day sees new insults and greater indignities heaped upon us.

Under these circumstances it was natural that a spontaneous feeling should manifest itself to give expression to our sentiments. The culmination of this desire was found in the crowded and enthusiastic gathering of representative women which filled the Salt Lake Theatre, Saturday afternoon, March the 6th. Everywhere was manifested a deep, subdued emotion, and heartfelt sincerity characterized every utterance. A tolerably complete report of the proceedings, which we are able to furnish, shows nothing which can be construed as defiance, but everything which savors of courage, patriotism and true womanhood.

The 16th Ward brass band played choice selections while the people were being seated, and at the appointed hour, Mrs. Elizabeth Howard, in a few appropriate remarks, called the meeting to order.

Dr. Romania B. Pratt nominated Mrs. M. I. Horne to preside, and the lady received the unanimous endorsement of the vast assemblage.

Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball, Mrs. E. S. Taylor, Mrs. Jane Richards, Mrs. Priscilla Staines and Mrs. Pitchforth were unanimously elected vice-presidents.

Mrs. Elizabeth Howard was nominated for secretary, and Miss Nellie Colebrook and Mrs. Cornelia Clayton as assistant secretaries. These ladies were unanimously elected.

Mrs. Zina D. Young was elected chaplain.

After singing by the Tabernacle choir, prayer was offered by Mrs. Zina D. Young. Singing by the choir.

Prest. M. I. Horne expressed the regrets of Mrs. Eliza R. Snow Smith at not being able to be present, but stated that she was heart and soul in the movement.

Prest. Horne said it was with feelings of sorrow that she contemplated the occasion which called forth the necessity for a protest against the wrongs heaped upon "Mormon" men and women, because of their obedience to the law of God. The nation could with more consistency legislate against the Catholics for their belief in celibacy than against the "Mormons" for obeying the first great commandment, "Be fruitful and multiply." It was a duty of the Saints to appeal to rulers, and if disregarded God would avenge them. President Van Buren had told the Prophet Joseph his cause was just, but the nation could do nothing for his people, and the nation had been vexed ever since. Men were now sent to jail because they would not promise to renounce their wives and children, and the women of the Latter-day Saints could not longer submit in peace to this, and to the insults offered their sisters in the courts. They could not longer go on without protesting against continued adverse legislation. They could not come down to the level of those who degraded women, but would continue in the service of God, and trust in Him.

The following committee on resolutions was appointed on motion of Dr. R. B. Pratt: Dr. R. B. Pratt, Mrs. Fanny Thatcher, Mrs. Edna Smith, of Salt Lake City, Mrs. J. Tanner, of Provo, and Mrs. H. C. Brown, of Ogden.

MRS. PRESENDIA L. KIMBALL

was called and spoke as follows:

MRS. PRESIDENT AND LADIES:

I stand before you a native born citizen of the United States. My grandfather fought in the revolutionary war to establish a free government on this continent, and my father fought in the war of 1812 to secure and perpetuate a free government and to protect the rights and liberties of the citizens of the republic. I, their descendant, now stand up before this assembly to protest against the oppression of those who would take from us the rights and liberties which our fathers risked their lives to obtain. What would our fathers say, the founders of this republic, if they could rise from their graves and see the glorious Constitution which they framed and bequeathed to all future generations, as the palladium of liberty, overridden and duntrodden by demagogues and torn to fragments by the schemes of corrupt men, whose object is to oppress and injure the helpless.

We came out from the United States to this desert and mountainous country, that we might worship God according to the dictates of our consciences.

We had broken no laws of God or man. We had committed no crimes, but we were driven from our homes by angry mobs because we desired to worship God in the way that had been revealed to us. We made our homes in these mountains and have lived here loyal and law-abiding citizens.

Now, nearly at the close of the nineteenth century we find the horrors of the inquisition revived for our destruction—free-born, pure-minded, and delicate women are brought before a cruel and corrupt court, by lewd and debauched deputies; insulted and brow-beaten by base and malicious officials, and if in obedience to their pure and noble womanhood, they refuse to answer the indecent questions, they are threatened with imprisonment in the Utah Penitentiary, where murderers and horse thieves are incarcerated, there to pay the penalty of contempt of court.

Oh, liberty and justice, where is their dwelling place!

I feel it is time for the ladies of Zion to arise.

Our cause is just. We have broken no law of God or man, but we know by experience what the present crusade means. We will be true to God and live lives of purity.

Mrs. Cornelia H. Clayton read the following address by

MRS. H. C. BROWN.

DEAR FRIENDS:

We have met to-day to unite our voices in protesting against the cruel enforcement of special legislative enactments brought to bear upon us as a people, and we appeal to every honest mind and heart to use their influence to stay the shameful proceedings by which pretended courts of justice are converted into courts of inquisition. That honest, virtuous, Christian women may no longer be subjected to insult and abuse, nor have every feeling of parental and conjugal love, and every sense of religious duty, outraged and trampled upon.

We are here, not as Latter-day Saints, but as American citizens—members of that great commonwealth which our noble grandsires fought and bled to establish—legal heirs to those rights and privileges bequeathed by that heaven-inspired document—the Constitution of these United States. Yes, legal heirs, yet illegally, unconstitutionally deprived of that dearest, most cherished of all rights—freedom to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences.

And this within the limits of a government founded upon religious liberty. This in a nation whose legislators point proudly to the brave Pilgrim Fathers and mothers as their ancestors—and then turn to crush their fellow creatures—descendants of the same noble parentage.

O consistency, where art thou fled? O Justice, surely thy face must hide itself in shame, when loyal men and women are denied the right of citizenship, because, forsooth, they would serve God and fear Him rather than man.

Once again, we protest against the unjust designs and unlawful enactments of unscrupulous men, blinded by selfish ambition to all the best interests of our government as well as to their own eternal welfare.

And we would say to them and to the world—that, rather than forego one principle of our holy religion—rather than yield the right to act upon our own convictions of duty, we would, if need be, endure exile or imprisonment, or whatever our Heavenly Father may see fit in His wisdom to require of us; and, like the Saints of former days, suffer rather than accept deliverance, that we may inherit a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

DR. ELLEN B. FERGUSON

said the wrongs against which those assembled now protested were such as would have put to blush the civilization of two centuries ago. While the statue of liberty was being erected women were here sent to jail for no crime, and the purest and best women in the country now raised their voice against the outrage. Sixteen years ago the women of Utah were granted the right of suffrage, and it was whispered that they would break the bands which were supposed to bind them. The women of Utah had proven true and had never cast an unrighteous ballot. They voted for men who were pure, honorable and upright. The government now seemed to think it premature that the women were allowed to vote, and were endeavoring to deprive them of that right, not because they had committed crime, but because they believed in the revelations of God. It was urged that the women in Utah were coerced. No member of Congress would dare witness what was here to-day and reiterate such a falsehood. "Priestly dictation" was prated about, but nothing was said of the Catholics, who voted as their priest directed. This was the battle-field between truth and error.

The Saints were loyal citizens, industrious and honest, but they were being oppressed because they belonged to an unpopular class. The President of the United States asked for fairness for the Chinese, but had never asked justice for the "Mormons." Under the nation's law, the seducer and destroyer had no fear of a deputy, as "birds of a feather flocked together." But honorable "Mormons" were dogged and watched by "spotters," and these acts were approved by Americans. She had felt that America was an asylum for all—but the "Mormons." They were to-day in the same position as the American patriots 126 years ago. England oppressed the patriots, and refused redress; they took their liberty by force of arms. Their descendents are now the oppressors, and the "Mormons" the oppressed. And now these chains of tyranny were to be welded closer by taking from the women of Utah, the ballot, which they had never used but in the promotion of honor, virtue, and good to all. May the day never come when they will be deprived of the ballot. The nation should call a halt and remember *vox populi, vox Dei*. There will come a day when those engaged in this crusade will bitterly repent their treatment of the "Mormons," which is unjustifiable. The "Mormons," would adhere to their religion, which was from God. Test oaths would not move them. The enemies of "Mormonism" desired to sweep it from the face of the earth; but the work was God's, and they could not do it.

The committee on resolutions reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS OF THE WOMEN OF UTAH IN MASS MEETING ASSEMBLED:

*Whereas*, The rights and liberties of women are placed in jeopardy by the present cruel and inhuman proceedings in the Utah courts, and in the contemplated measure in Congress to deprive the women voters in Utah of the elective franchise; and,

*Whereas*, Womanhood is outraged by the compulsion used in the courts of Utah to force mothers on pain of imprisonment to disclose their personal condition and that of their friends in relation to anticipated maternity, and to give information as to the fathers of their children; and,

*Whereas*, These violations of decency have now reached the length of compelling legal wives to testify against their husbands without their consent, in violation both of written statutes and the provisions of the common law, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, By the women of Utah in mass meeting assembled, that the suffrage, originally conferred upon us as a political privilege, has become a vested right by possession and usage for fifteen years, and that we protest against being deprived of that right without process of law, and for no other reason than that we do not vote to suit our political opponents.

*Resolved*, That we emphatically deny the charge that we vote otherwise than according to our own free choice, and point to the fact that the ballot is absolutely secret in Utah as proof that we are protected in voting for whom and what we choose with perfect liberty.

*Resolved*, That as no wife of a polygamist, legal or plural, is permitted to vote under the laws of the United States to deprive non-polygamous women of the suffrage, is high-hand oppression for which no valid excuse can be offered.

*Resolved*, That the questions concerning their personal condition, the relationship they bear to men marked down as victims to special law, and the paternity of their born and unborn children which have been put to women before grand juries and in open courts in Utah, are an insult to pure womanhood, an outrage upon the sensitive feelings of our sex and a disgrace to officers and judges who have propounded and enforced them.

*Resolved*, That we honor those noble women who, standing upon their rights and refusing to reply to improper and insulting questions such as no true man nor any court with any regard for propriety would compel them to answer, have gone to prison and suffered punishment without crime, rather than betray the most sacred confidence and yield to the brutal mandates of a little brief authority.

*Resolved*, That the action of the District Attorney and the Chief Justice of Utah in compelling a lawful wife to testify for the prosecution in a

criminal case involving the liberty of her husband and in face of her own earnest protest, is a violation of laws which those officials have sworn to uphold, is contrary to precedent and usage for many centuries, and is an invasion of family rights and of that union between husband and wife which both law and religion have held sacred from time immemorial.

*Resolved*, That we express our profound appreciation of the moral courage exhibited by Senators Call, Morgan, Teller, Brown and others, and also by Mrs. Belva H. Lockwood, who in the face of almost overwhelming prejudice, have defended the constitutional rights of the people of Utah.

*Resolved*, That we extend our heartfelt thanks to the ladies of the Woman Suffrage Association assembled in Boston, and unite in praying that God may speed the day when both men and women shall shake from their shoulders the yoke of tyranny.

*Resolved*, That we call upon the wives and mothers of the United States to come to our help in resisting these encroachments upon our liberties and these outrages upon our peaceful homes and family relations, and that a committee be appointed at this meeting to memorialize the President and Congress of the United States in relation to our wrongs, and to take all necessary measures to present our views and feelings to the contrary.

To be continued.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A SELECTION from Mrs. Augusta Joyce Crocheron's "Wild Flowers of Deseret," was recited in one of the high schools of Hamilton Co., O.

THE present issue of the EXPONENT is for unavoidable reasons several days late. We are confident, however, that our readers will excuse the delay when they recognize our desire to obtain as much of the Mass Meeting proceedings as possible.

THE Legislative Assembly of Utah, which has nearly finished the allotted term of its biennial session, has so far received for its labor nothing except executive disapproval of every bill on which the Governor has deigned to make a reply at all; and in nearly every case he has coupled his veto with railing accusation against and deliberate insult to the people and their representatives. What a burlesque on American institutions that one stupid official, because enveloped in the mantle of executive authority, can defeat the will of a whole community!

THE Stake Secretaries of Y. L. M. I. A. will please forward reports as quickly as possible to Louie M. Wells, EXPONENT Office, Salt Lake City, Utah.

ELMINA S. TAYLOR, Prest.  
LOUIE M. WELLS, Sec.

THE Relief Society conference of this Stake will be held on Thursday, March 18th, 1886, in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Hall, commencing at 10 o'clock a.m. A full attendance is particularly requested.

M. I. HORNE, Prest.,  
E. HOWARD, Sec.

OUR CHILDREN.

I felt sorry for a young mother, and her chubby urchin, too, whom I happened to see passing through the trying ordeal of getting the child's face washed. The little one was in open rebellion, kicking and screaming, while his mother scrubbed away at his face and ears with great diligence, at the same time scolding and threatening him in an excited and exciting manner.

"It is such a trouble to wash children," she remarked to me.

"Yes," I replied, "but I see no necessity for so much trouble as you seem to have. Mine do not give me half so much, though I presume they would if I managed them as you do yours."

"Why, then, how do you manage yours? Do please tell me," she said imploringly.

"To be frank, then," I answered, "let me first tell you how I think you mismanage yours. You go to work on his face and ears as though you were scrubbing a floor or polishing a brass bucket. Do you not suppose it hurts him very much? It would me."

"Well, but I must get the dirt off from him while I'm about it," she said with a faint smile.

"It does not require such rubbing and digging as that, though," I responded. "If mine were so very dirty I would put water on and let them soak awhile, till the dirt would come off easily."

"But I can't spend time for that," she said.

"It would take but little if any more of your time, and not nearly so much of your strength as the struggle you have just been having; besides, it would be teaching your child to be more gentle, and more willing to yield to your wishes," I explained. And then I told her how, when bathing my little ones, I tried to give my mind to it, and make the task as agreeable as possible, both to them and myself, never missing an opportunity for instructing them on any principle that might be brought up in our conversation, and wound up by relating a pleasing Saturday morning's experience, which occurred with myself and my little boys a few weeks since.

The young mother was delighted with my story, which I gave somewhat in the form of a dialogue, and being a great admirer of the WOMAN'S EXPONENT, she insisted that I ought to write it for that paper, that it might be a benefit to many others like herself; and so, acting upon her suggestion, here it is:

\* SATURDAY MORNING.

Willie. (in the bath) "I don't want my head washed, mother."

Mother. "Oh! yes; your head needs to be clean as well as the rest of your body. You can't think so well if it is not. Don't you know that when your eyes are not washed clean you can't see so well as you can when they are?"

Willie. "Yes, ma'am."

Mother. "Well, when your head is not washed and clean, you cannot think so well, either."

Willie. (wonderingly). "Do we think with our hair?"

Mother. (laughingly). "No! In thinking we use our brains, and the brain lies just under the scalp, which is the covering to the head. The hair does not sense anything. You know when your hair is cut you do not feel it."

Willie. "I don't feel it when my hair is cut, but when it is pulled it hurts."

Mother. "It hurts you, but it is your head that feels the hurt, not your hair. I have rubbed your head well, now you must keep your eyes shut while I wash off the soap."

Willie. "I'll keep my eyes shut and my mouth, too."

Mother. "That's right. Now I'll dip the cloth in cold water, and rinse your head and neck, so you will not take cold."

Willie. "All right; I'll be brave and not hollow."

Mother. "That's a good boy. I'll wipe your head and hair as dry as I can with a warm towel, especially about your ears, and you must not go out into the wintry air until they are quite dry. There, now my little boys are all bathed, and are clean and sweet."

Lee. "Now won't you please read to us from the Instructor mother?"

Mother. "Yes, I can read to you while I nurse the baby."

Lee. (handing the paper). "Please read about Cæsar and the lion."

Mother reads, as requested, without interruption, until she finishes the sentence, "He was descended from a noble line of ancestry"—

Lee. "What does that mean, mother?"

Mother. "It means that his forefathers were rich and great."

Willie (in surprise). "Did he have four fathers?"

Mother (laughing). "Not four in number, Willie. When we speak of a man's forefathers, we mean his grandfathers and his great grandfathers and their fathers, and so on, back through generations that have lived before him."

Willie. "Oh! yes; I see what you mean now!"

Mother. "Think you can remember it?"

Willie. "I'll try to."

Lee. "Please read on now, mother."

Mother. "I will finish this story, and then baby must go in the cradle and I must go to work."

LULA.

### CHEERFULNESS.

Who would not be beloved and beautiful? I believe I can truthfully say there are none who have not this desire. Some say the desire to please is selfish; so it is, and we are all selfish. Some who have not good judgment go too far, and try to please all. This is indeed a fault. To be agreeable and pleasant we do not necessarily have to yield to others and should never do so, when we feel that we are in the right; but in little things it is often a positive pleasure to yield. But how often have bad habits been formed by giving way because we wish to be agreeable; how often do we hear it said, "Yes, I took a drink because I wanted to be agreeable; then the boys all make light of you if you refuse," and it is so with most bad habits. Who could admire one who would go to such extremes to "be agreeable?" No one; the person is certainly weak, and although perhaps good natured and pleasant, you cannot admire him as one who knows right from wrong, and uses his own good judgment instead of being led by others.

We all know right from wrong. God has blessed us with this knowledge, and even those who deny Him have that knowledge within their breast, and there it remains in spite of their every effort to destroy it. This is a beautiful world that God has given us, and we all have our own little part to perform. Shall we be cheerful, bright and pleasant, and scatter joy and love about us, forget our little sorrows and perplexities to wipe away tears from some beautiful eyes and cheer some sad hearts that have been burdened with cares? Oh, if we would all try, what a beautiful world it would be! God would smile upon us, and angels watch over us. Then we would be indeed beloved and beautiful.

How blessed is a home with a sweet, cheerful mother. 'Tis hard sometimes for anxious, nervous mothers to be cheerful, but there is not much gained by being cross and gloomy. Each unkind word makes us feel more nervous and tired, and after spoken what harsh, hard feelings they leave in the breast. All thrive in a cheerful atmosphere. How tired we all feel after a long, cold winter, and how blissful are the first bright days of sunshine. Just as the buds expand and grow under the bright sunlight, do our souls grow and become beautiful by the sunshine of cheerfulness.

GIpsy.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

49 SABINA ST. Nottingham,  
Feb. 4th, 1886.

EDITOR WOMAN'S EXPONENT:

In visiting the various branches composing the Nottingham Conference, I find an excellent spirit prevailing amongst the Saints generally, and often do we hear kind words of sympathy for our brethren and sisters who are undergoing persecution in the land of Zion.

I sometimes have the pleasure of meeting with the sisters in their Relief Society meetings, there being three organizations, in this conference. The members are actively and energetically engaged in doing good. The society at New Brimsley is the oldest, with Sister Merab Wharmby as President, organized by Elder James Eardly, Nov. 23rd, 1884. The Mansfield Society, organized by Elder James Eardly, May 17th, 1885, with Sister Caroline Cooper, President, and the Nottingham Society, organized by Elder M. L. Pratt, with Sister Lydia Burrows, President.

We have six Sunday Schools, four Mutual Improvement Associations, and all are in good working order. I have been telling the sisters about your valuable paper, the EXPONENT—what excellent reading is found in its columns, and how ably it represents the interests of the women of Utah. I am sure if times were not so hard, and so many out of work here, that there would be several subscribers for your paper.

The people who are Saints here are very, very poor, and are praying for the time to come when they may be delivered from old Babylon, realizing more every day that this is not the place for Latter-day Saints to live.

Wishing a happy and prosperous year to the EXPONENT, and ever praying for the welfare of the daughters of Zion, I am,

Your brother in the Gospel.

M. L. PRATT.

### WORDS OF CHEER FROM A FRIEND.

DEAR LITTLE EXPONENT:

Let us have a moment's chat together. One of your friends says that she fears I do not scan your pages with careful interest. Now, dear little friend, we know that she is mistaken, do we not? We know that every word is read, even the death notices, although the person be a stranger, I read the tributes of love, and sometimes imagine myself at the funerals mingling my tears of sympathy with the bereaved.

Yes, every word of the little paper is read, and when I come across an article of special interest in an old paper, I enjoy the pleasure of again reading it. The *Christian Standard* comes to me regularly—I get the *Chautauquan* once a month, *Brights Journal*, *Commercial Gazette*, *Evening Post*, etc., all of which are something put aside for a season, but the EXPONENT never—it is read and then carefully filed away. All matters concerning the Mormons have a great interest for me, and I am laughingly called a "Mormon" among my friends. Perhaps I fail to appreciate the full extent of your anxieties and feelings, but I cannot but feel a sympathy for you, and sincerely wish that you could live in undisturbed peace. Let us hope that good will come out of these evil days.

Sincerely yours,

EMILY SCOTT.

Ohio, Feb. 19th, 1886.

### BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, AND "MORMON" MOTHERS.

In a recent interview Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, who is described as the "Queen of the American Bar," is reported as saying some good words for the much-abused "Mormons." After relating how she came to be nominated by the woman's rights people for the Presidency, she was asked concerning certain utterances attributed to her by the *Salt Lake Tribune*, which the lady denied, but went on to make remarks which are reported as follows:

"I have no objections to saying now that I

do think that, as a rule, the Mormons are ahead of the Gentiles in morals. In the first place, a good Mormon does not drink, smoke, chew, nor even use coffee and tea, nor frequent saloons or other vile resorts." As to the Mormon women, Mrs. Lockwood sturdily maintained that they are fully up to the standard of intelligence and progressiveness; that each is the head of her own house, governs her own children, and is far more independent of men than the Gentile women. Her opinion of the Edmunds bill was asked. "I think it unjust and revolutionary in the extreme," was the answer. "Do not misunderstand me. I am a thorough monogamist by education and belief, and I think it must require a strong conviction of religious duty on the part of any woman to submit to the polygamous relation. But I do not recognize the right of our government, after allowing the system thirty-five years' existence, and permitting George Q. Cannon to sit in Congress for years, to now threaten to disfranchise both men and women, and confiscate their property, if they will not renounce the relations of a lifetime which they conscientiously believe to be an essential part of their religious system. I believe in the suppression of polygamy by law, but not through means which are retroactive and subversive of American liberty."

Mrs. Lockwood struck at another of the theories of the anti-Mormons, in saying that the Mormons' children were the most beautiful she had ever seen, and bright as a dollar. "Every Mormon child is made welcome when it enters the world; and as the Mormon mother is taught that her rank in heaven will depend on the number and quality of the children she rears in this life, a perfect motherhood is developed. "I believe in criticising and fighting polygamy on a true indictment," said the lady, "but the false tales that are circulated around the country under the head of 'The Mormon Horror,' etc., are detestably unfair."

Mrs. Lockwood, like many other folks, is somewhat mistaken about the "Mormon" mothers being taught that "their rank in heaven will depend upon the number and quality of the children they rear in this life," but she is right in the statement that children are "welcome" to the "Mormons," and are not destroyed, either before or after birth, by the murderous methods that are common among very pious women who figure in the anti-"Mormon" movement, and who have no idea of the marriage relation above lust without the responsibilities that belong to true wifeness and maternity. Mrs. Lockwood is a woman of moral courage as well as great legal ability, and is not afraid to say what she thinks to anyone.

Children well trained in the fear of God and the practice of virtue, are an honor to their mothers in this world, and will shine as jewels in their crown and add much to their glory, happiness and exaltation in the eternal world, where all will be valued for what they are, and shine with their own excellence or be dimmed with their own shame.

### AMEND THE UTAH BILL.

EDITORS WOMAN'S JOURNAL:

All suffragists in States which have members of the House of Representatives on the Committee on Territories are earnestly requested to write at once and urge them to use their utmost influence against the disfranchisement of Utah women. That Committee consists of:

William H. Hill, Ohio; William M. Springer, Illinois; J. Thomas Spriggs, New York; Charles E. Boyle, Pennsylvania; George T. Barnes, Georgia; Thomas W. Sadler, Alabama;

William H. Perry, South Carolina; William Damson, Missouri; Isaac S. Struble, Iowa; Charles S. Baker, New York; William C. Cooper, Ohio; Binger Herman, Oregon; George D. Symcs, Colorado; Anthony Joseph, New Mexico.

These gentlemen's postoffice address is, "House of Representatives, Washington, D. C."

Suffragists in other States will please write Mr. Hill, the chairman of the Committee, at the above address, and thus enable the Committee to see how wide and strong is the opposition to the proposed wrong.

As the Boston *Record* objects to my suggestion that we should oppose Senator Edmunds's re-election next year, let me say no one objects to him because of his opinions. We do so because of his acts. It is one thing to hold an opinion; quite another to force others to act on that opinion. Mr. Edmunds's opinion in favor of continuing the existing disfranchisement of women might be overlooked; his disgraceful suggestion that women cannot be voters without degrading themselves might be pardoned; his dogged efforts to prevent women from earning an honest living at the bar (on which issue we beat him two to one in the U. S. Senate) might be forgiven; but his effort to take the suffrage away from non-polygamous women who have had the legal right for half a generation, and in whom that right has become vested, is unpardonable. Mr. Edmunds, as a lawyer, knows that this vested right cannot be rightfully taken away, and that if this is done, it will be a sheer act of despotism, as well as the infliction of an odious penalty, disfranchisement, on citizens who have committed no crime.

Let me add that, during a long residence in Washington, in which I saw considerable of Mr. Edmunds, I did not discover the high qualities claimed for him.

HAMILTON WILLCOX.

New York.

### MISS CLEVELAND'S RECEPTION.

SOME OF ITS PECULIARITIES NOTED BY A WIDEAWAKE CORRESPONDENT.

Miss Cleveland held her first from 3 to 4 o'clock afternoon receptions on Tuesday. These are perfectly informal so far as aught at the White House can lack stateliness. One of the doors from the vestibule into the red corridor stands open, with a man in attendance. Cards are left in the vestibule for record, and the visitor is announced at the door of the Red Parlor. This room with its furnishings lends itself delightfully to cosy tête-à-tête. The sumptuous gold and crimson upholsteries, the glow from the open coal fire, the soft light coming through partially drawn curtains, and low chandeliers, with the fragrance of flowers, make the ensemble deliciously sensuous. Miss Cleveland greets each comer with an easy grace, and with that remarkable smile extends her hand. Her dress is of black silk, demitrain, with berthe and panels of heavy jet passementerie, narrow frills of lace in neck and at her hands, and at her throat a single crisp, half-blown pink tea rose with its leaves nestled.

Miss Cleveland sits down with the latest arrival and, like ordinary mortals, talks about the weather. "I make it a religious duty," she said, "to spend some time out of doors every day. Yes, I ride; but after the gates are closed, between the daylight and the darkness, I take a walk about the grounds. I enjoy deeply the beauty of the sky and the glory of the sunsets we have here and the views from the windows. I enjoyed the New Year reception very much. I like my life here, because it gives me the opportunity to meet so

many interesting people. I was a little tired on last Friday, as we stood until a very few minutes before the close of the reception. The ladies would not be excused while I remained; so, as I knew they had yet to stand several hours at their own houses in the afternoon, I withdrew with them at 2 o'clock. Our duties here are those of no sinecure. The housekeeping duties are exacting, and show no inclination toward a state of perfection in machinery in which the household might run itself."

Thus Miss Cleveland, pleasantly changing auditors constantly and saying just the interesting thing to each person. "I hope to meet you again," to Lieutenant and Mrs. Winthrop, who were saying good-by before leaving for San Francisco. "The President received a quantity of sheet music, which I have not had time to examine. I will send it to you if you think it would be of interest," she said to Prof. Sousa, of the Marine Band, who called to pay his respects.

"I have not read the book sufficiently to talk about its point," she said of a recent publication, "but I think the author gets at the hearts of the people."

In speaking of her brother Miss Cleveland says "The President." She introduces each one who comes in to everybody else, and, this hour at the White House being her own institution, is likely to prove the most charming of Miss Cleveland's social life to all concerned.

### DON'T WORRY.

"She has always magnified little troubles," was said of one suffering the torments of acute melancholia. What a warning in those few words, emphasized by looking into the wretched, worn and weary face of her who had once been called "the prettiest girl in town."

She magnified little troubles! What serious troubles they have at last become, threatening reason if not life itself! Her sickness, like that of many another sufferer, is cumulative and largely self-imposed. She began life by taking deeply to heart every little vexatious thing, allowing disappointments, even in trifles, to sadden and depress her, giving way to "the blues" and fretting over the veriest nothings, until in the course of the fast-flying years they have piled themselves into a huge mountain of difficulties which rest an immovable load upon her own heart.

Socrates said how truly, that we each carry about a daemon, and the Scriptural record of demoniacal possession is no fable. How do we live with our daemon, that is the question. Is it our "divinity" or our "evil spirit?" Do we assert our intelligence and hold him to his place of service, controlling ourselves even when harassed almost beyond endurance; or do we yield to each petty trial and annoyance, fret over every insignificant trifle, and worry until the habit becomes a second nature?

"This way madness lies."

Think of it at every fretful, discontented word. Think of it when you *feel* worried, and shrink from forming the habit as from contact with a deadly serpent. Cultivate the grace of taking life easy. "To bear is to conquer our fate." We have but a day to live at a time. Who cannot easily be gracious and forbearing and gentle for a single day. At least we can live uncomplainingly. The Mexican mother whispers over the cradle of her new born babe, "Child, thou art born to suffer, *endure and hold thy peace.*"

If we take life in tragic seriousness, magnifying the little troubles, how hard and unbeautiful, and oftentimes bitter we make it for ourselves and others; but if on the contrary we bring to each day's experience a determination to be serene, to be cheerful and courageous, to be self-forgetting and helpful to others, life be-

comes a beautiful blessing to us and all men, for "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but grief drieth the bones."

### TO PRESERVE RECIPES.

"What is the best way of keeping recipes so that one does not have to hunt through masses of newspaper clippings?" asks a correspondent.

A blank book bound in stiff boards or muslin, and divided into sections, is the best and most convenient form. An index is written thus: "Soup," "sauces," "fish," "meat," "vegetables," "game," "dessert," "cakes," "bread," "beverages," "sundries." These main divisions may be subdivided as desired. Allot a certain number of pages to each main division, giving the proper heading in the body of the book. As each recipe is tried, copy it neatly into the book under its proper heading. The printed recipe could be pasted in the book, but it does not look so neat as fair writing. Index each recipe under its proper heading in the general index, and there will be no trouble in finding it. Under "sundries" write any practical suggestions with regard to household matters. Such a book is of the greatest assistance to a housekeeper, for it presents in succinct form her actual experience, and enables her to prepare her weekly bill of fare with the greatest ease.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Miss Alice C. Fletcher addressed the Melrose Women's Club, lately on the Indian question. Miss Fletcher went among the Indians to prosecute her archaeological studies, and returns to the States fired with the same apostolic ardor which made Helen Jackson write "Ramona" and "A Century of Dishonor." Miss Fletcher's lecture converted a good many people to a fuller belief in the wrongs of the Indians, and the bad faith of government officials in their dealing with them.

Recently a monument has been erected in Annaberg, Saxony, to the memory of Frau Barbara Uttman, in recognition of the great service rendered to the working women of Saxony more than three hundred years ago, when great distress was prevailing on account of lack of work. Barbara Uttman made a journey to Brussels and learned lace-making, making a specialty of point-lace; then returning to Annaberg she instructed her fellow-workwomen in this art, and so relieved a great deal of suffering. The monument is a drinking fountain surmounted by a statue of Mrs. Uttman in the German dress of the middle of the sixteenth century. This is about the first public recognition of woman's worth that has been made in Germany.

A very interesting discovery has been made in England, in the crypt of Winchester Cathedral, in which excavations are being carried on by the direction of Dr. Kitchen, the dean, to restore the crypts to their ancient proportions by removing modern accumulations of earth. In a mass of masonry just under the groined arch of the fifteenth-century Lady Chapel a leaden coffin, enclosing a wooden one, was found, and in the latter was the skeleton of Bishop Peter Courtenay, this fact being established by the coat of Arms at the foot of the cross cast on the coffin lid. This Bishop, in the troubles of Richard the Third's reign, was a Lancastrian and an exile with his brother in the cause of Henry Tudor; after the battle of Bosworth they returned, and the Bishop was subsequently translated from Oxford to Winchester. He died in 1492. He gave the great bell "Peter" to Exeter Cathedral (since recast), and he was an ancestor of the present Earl of Devon. The restoration of the great Norman crypts of the Cathedral is exciting great interest among the antiquarians.

All accumulation, whether of money, or knowledge, or experience, may be thus tested. If it is simply saved, hoarded, and counted for itself, it is of little worth; but, if it develops continually into something higher and nobler, if it be willing to lose itself, if need be, in what it is able to bring forth, if it be the source of power, character, happiness, and life, it is honorable and valuable.

All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet goes attended by its shadow; the rolling rock leaves scratches on the mountain; the river its channel in the soil; the animal its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal; the falling drop makes its impress in the sand or the stone; not a footstep in the snow or along the ground but prints in characters more or less lasting, the map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself on the memory of his fellows and in his own manners and face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is memoranda or signatures, and every object is covered with hints that speak to the intelligent.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A square sofa pillow of black satin is effective, powdered with white daisies wrought in filo floss. Finish the edge of the cushion with large yellow beads, and decorate one corner with a large yellow satin bow.

Sew a coarse flannel over the bowl of a broken goblet. Wet the flannel, and sprinkle it with as much flax seed, or canary seed, as will stick. Set this in a glass dish of water in a warm room. As the water soaks into the flannel, add more. In two weeks you will have a most beautiful center ornament for the table.

*Pears.*—Small pears, which show no tendency to ripen, may be converted into a delicious dessert dish for winter months by stewing them for an hour or two, according to their size, in syrup flavored with cloves and cinnamon. The syrup is made of three pounds of sugar to a pint and a half of water. The pears must be peeled and left whole, and there should be hardly sufficient syrup to cover them, as the juice from the pears will add to the syrup. Let them boil quickly, and cover the jars well from the air.

It is almost impossible to prevent a little shrinkage of flannels in washing, unless the articles are dried on forms. Prepare hot suds before hand, and agitate the articles in it without rubbing; then squeeze, not wring out, and dry quickly. The patent clothes-wringers are an improvement upon hand-labor, as, without injury to the fabric, they squeeze out the water so thoroughly that the article dries in considerably less time than it would do after the most thorough hand-wringing.

*Madeira Cake.*—Mix three heaped teaspoonfuls of baking-powder in one pound of fine flour, rub in a quarter of a pound of butter or lard; mix in a quarter of a pound of castor sugar, a little ground caraway seed, cinnamon, grated lemon-peel, or any flavor preferred, and, if liked, add some chopped currants. When ready to bake, stir in as quickly as possible two well-beaten eggs mixed with a half a pint of milk; put into buttered tins and bake in a hot oven. This ought to make four cakes about the size of shilling pound-cakes.

*To Preserve Fruit and Flowers.*—Fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum arabic water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each insertion to allow the gum to dry. By this process the surface of the fruit is covered with a thin coat of gum, which is entirely impervious to the air, and thus prevents the decay of the fruit or the withering of the flowers. Roses thus preserved have all the beauty of freshly plucked ones, though they had been plucked several months. It is reliable, and something all may try.

*Test for Alum in Bread.*—The best rough test for alum in bread is the logwood test. The process, as applied to bread is very simple. The tincture of logwood and solution of carbonate of ammonia are used. A teaspoonful of each is mixed with a wineglassful of water, and in this a piece of the crumb of bread is soaked for about five

minutes. The bread is then removed and dried at a gentle heat. If no alum be present, the bread dries to a dirty brown color; if a little be present, the bread dries to a lavender color; if much alum be present, the bread dries to a dark-blue color.

*Plum-Pudding.*—The one secret of plum-pudding is known to few—it is long boiling. If plum-pudding is half boiled and allowed to get cold, no amount of after-boiling can repair the damage; it will remain sodden and unwholesome to the end. When well boiled at first, it can be made hot through, and be as good as ever. For a small pudding, nine or ten hours, for a large one, twelve or fourteen hours, fast boiling, without stopping, will ensure a good pudding, even with no very rich materials. Without this precaution, one made of the best materials will prove a failure.

#### OBITUARIES.

DIED, at Fillmore City Jan. 28th, 1886, of membranous croup, Wells R. son of Thomas C. and Alice M. Callister, aged two years, one month and twenty-eight days.

COM.

DIED In Fillmore City, Feb. 14th, 1886, of membranous croup, John Franklin, son of John and Seraph Jackson, aged four years, four months and seventeen days.

DIED, in Manti City, Sanpete County, Feb. 14th, 1886, of a complication of diseases, Matilda Sophie Schramm Alder, born September 10th, 1834, at Calio, Kingdom of Wurtemberg, Germany. She was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by her brother, Elder Charles C. Schramm, May 16th, 1863; immigrated to Utah in 1864, and was married to John Alder March 4th, 1865. Sister Alder was an exemplary, kind and good-hearted wife and mother. After her husband's return from a mission to Switzerland, she was called, in connection with him, to labor in the St. George Temple, remaining there some nine months. She was a faithful member of the Relief Society, and lived and died faithful to her covenants, with the hope of a glorious resurrection. She leaves a husband and three children, relatives and many friends to mourn her departure.

ANNA KELLER, Secretary.

#### EDITOR EXPONENT:

We, The members of the Third Ward Relief Society of Ogden, Utah, are with regret compelled to inform you of the death of our beloved sister, Dinah Mary White, who departed this life Jan. 28th, 1886, of typhoid fever, after twenty-one days' illness, at her residence on Three Mile Creek, Box Elder Co. She died firm in the faith, without pain, conscious to the last, attended by her husband and many loving friends. She was the daughter of John and Mary Williams; was born July 19th, 1841, at Dunlan, Flintshire, North Wales, and was married to Barnard White March 7th, 1869. She had no children of her own, but tenderly raised and cared for two families of motherless children, who will honor and bless her memory.

She was chosen President of the Third Ward Relief Society, Jan. 2nd, 1879, and held that office till change of residence made it necessary for her to resign, still remaining a member till her death. Appropriate resolutions of respect were unanimously adopted by the Society.

LUCRETIA B. FARR, President,  
MARY A. WEST,  
THERESA MARIOTT, Counselors.

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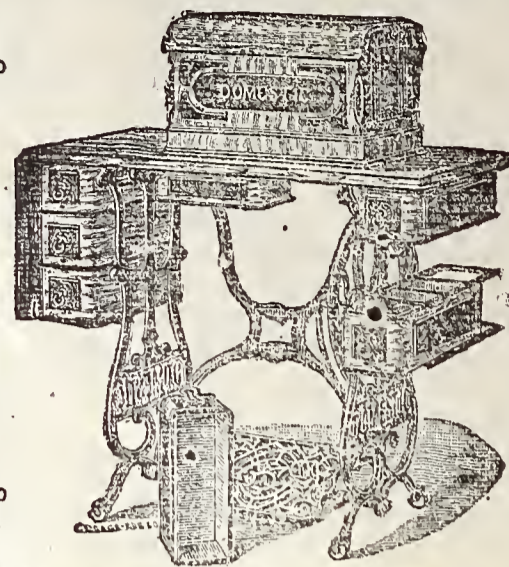
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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

VOL. 14.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, APRIL 1, 1886.

No. 21.

## EMILY BLACKBURN.

Far in the dim old forest  
The settler's cabin stood;  
The walls were built of great hewn logs,  
The rafters strong and good;  
And boughs of pine o'erlaid with rush,  
The cold and rain withstood.  
Before his open doorway  
The Humboldt River rolled,  
Where sunrise laid its silver,  
And sunset threw its gold;  
And on its rippling current, night  
Cast wealth of gems untold.  
The varying sunlight wrought there  
Each passing hour in change,  
Mid leaf and flower and shadow  
Fresh pictures, rare and strange;  
In endless beauty all around,  
Far as the eye could range.  
And with the river's music  
The wild birds chimed their song,  
They woke her with the morning light  
And charmed her all day long;  
Ah! who would dream could enter there  
A word or deed of wrong.  
All day, through other sounds, she heard  
Back through the the forest ring  
His busy axe, and, sweetest sound,  
The songs he loved to sing;  
And by these tokens cheerful wrought,  
As hours their flight did wing.  
Yet through the grand old forest  
Crossed here and there a trail,  
At sight—her voice its song would hush,  
Her dainty cheek turn pale,  
And in her loving heart, at this,  
The spring of strength would fail.  
There, came at last the dreaded sound,  
His ear a footstep caught—  
His watchful eye and anxious heart  
Stern vigilance had taught—  
And through the loophole, by the stars,  
Discerned the foe he sought.  
His rifles good, he reached and placed  
Them by his side, and looked  
Where she beside the cheerful hearth  
Half musing, smiled; he shook  
And paled with love and fear for her,  
As her white hand he took.  
"Emily, nerve thy heart to-night  
My own brave help to be;  
Fast as you can, mould by the fire  
This lead in balls for me,  
And make no cry of fear, my girl,  
For morn will see us free."  
She knelt before the glowing flames,  
And as they leaped and roared,  
With eager haste and steady hand  
The molten lead she poured,  
And watched the bullets fill her bowl  
As misers count their hoard,  
Till all were done, then rising, took  
His empty rifle, too;  
He heard the sound and turned to her—  
"Dear wife, what would you do?"  
"Don't leave your loophole, Tom, and I  
Will load the guns for you,"  
"God bless you, Emily, be sure  
You load the rifles right;"  
"God bless you, Tom, don't think of me—  
Be sure that you aim right."  
And never once again they spoke  
Through all that cruel night.

He watched beneath the starlight cold,  
And saw as each one came—  
He threw toward the cabin wall  
A pine knot all aflame,  
But by its light the answer'ing ball  
Sped with unerring aim.  
She knew not of the cruel brands,  
But heard what chilled each vein—  
Yet spoke no word, for love of him,  
As sparing his heart's pain—  
His father calling through the wood—  
Calling for help, in vain.  
The morning came; the cabin stood  
Unharmed—the foe had fled;  
Their fallen comrades strewed the ground,  
His father, too, lay dead,  
And Tom—his curling nut brown locks  
Were white upon his head.  
That night of terror and of woe  
Wrought surely day by day,  
Till reason yielded 'neath its stress  
And memory died away;  
Nor even her sweet face or voice  
Evoked an answering ray.  
And Emily, for her babes' sakes,  
Surmounted every woe,  
True heroine, where life and death  
Commingled in their flow:  
I love her still, as when I met,  
And learned her story years ago.

AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

South Bountiful, March 8th, 1886.

## "LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS."

The contrast implied by these words of the immortal bard never found fitter application than in the treatment the Latter-day Saints receive from their traducers and those who think it their mission to oppress them, and the opposite course pursued towards the latter by the victims of their diabolical hatred. This is especially manifest right here, in what is known as "the stronghold of Mormonism," where many of the most unscrupulous enemies of this people live, move and have their being, unmolested by a single act of aggression or retaliation.

We may read in the daily prints of outrages upon "Mormon" missionaries and their converts, of mobbings, whippings and drivings, and even the assassination of humble, virtuous, God-fearing men, who leave their homes, wives and children, and every social comfort, to go forth as wanderers for Christ's sake, to prove their faith and integrity to His cause and scatter the jewels of His Word among those who are ignorant of its blessed import. Before our very eyes a licentious and ribald press heaps daily abuse and calumny upon men everywhere known to be highminded and honorable—by none better than those who hate them worst and abuse them most. We see helpless women and children lied about most viciously and branded with infamy undeserved; the sacred memory of the dead profaned, and all that the living cherish and revere, held up as targets for the blasphemy and ridicule of the ungodly. And all this because the ones so persecuted are "Mormons," and hold to a different belief regarding the life here and hereafter; to those entertained by their good, kind, Christian would-be reformers.

Moreover, efforts are continually being made,

in many instances with success, to lead our children away, under pretense of giving them a free education, from the holy faith which their fathers and mothers, rather than relinquish, would die for. Some of our youth are seduced from wisdom's ways and virtue's paths by the wily arts of the libertine, the gambler, and those who earn a livelihood by inheriting the curse pronounced upon him who "putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips;" by those of smooth face and oily tongue, who clasp hands with these so-called agents of reform, and having "stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," prostitute the sacred calling they thus usurp to subserve their selfish ends and desires. Our brethren and sisters are hunted down as by sleuth-hounds; the sanctity of the fireside and the sick chamber is invaded, fathers and husbands are dragged from the bosom of their families dependent upon them for support, harassed by vexatious suits, trumped-up charges and the unwarranted assumptions of small-souled minions of the law; held in custody or forced to give exorbitant bail; insulted, brow-beaten and abused in court, and then thrust into prison and punished before fairly or finally convicted of the offences charged against them. Mothers, sisters and wives are summoned before secret tribunals, inquisitorial commissioners and grand juries, as witnesses against their natural and legal protectors; catechised indecently by individuals clothed with an evanescent authority calling themselves "good men and true," and wearing indeed the shape of men, but proving by their conduct in some instances that from their unregenerate breasts the last spark of manhood, if it ever existed there, has departed.

Such things this people have endured and are enduring still, and yet are patient and forbearing, and the authors and perpetrators of these and kindred acts of oppression are as free as the air they breathe, so far as hindrance or retaliation is concerned, and entirely so except as they are the veriest slaves of their own bad passions and the spirit of wrong-doing which has fastened its shackles upon them.

Who is it, having eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to understand, but knows that if a "Mormon" or any number of his co-religionists were to intrude into any other community on earth and attempt the high-handed, unwarrantable procedure that is witnessed here in Utah from day to day, and of which they are the patient victims, it would raise such a clamor and indignant uproar as the thunders of heaven could scarcely silence? Simply change the location and the contrast between the pictures is sublime.

Let a "Mormon" school teacher go into a "Christian" city and endeavor by gilded baits of free education or other inducements to woo the children of the Gentiles from the religion of their parents, adding to such efforts the practice so common among the institutors and promoters of sectarian schools in Utah, of making periodical visits to his fellow-believers at a distance, and after slandering the people in whose midst he is laboring, returns laden with a rich harvest of dollars reaped from the field of falsehood he has sown, to "continue the good work" of reclaiming the Gentile youth by inveigling them into what their fathers and mothers consider by and forbidden paths. Let him do this, then witness the mild (?) and peaceably (?) results that would follow.

Again, what if a "Mormon" press should establish itself in the very heart of St. Louis, Chicago, or any other city of our land and persistently and wilfully falsify, blackguard and abuse the most reputable and respected citizens, without the slightest shadow of excuse, except the one we so often hear in these parts, that its object was to Mormonize ("Americanize") and turn them from the ways their consciences tell them to walk in, to the path of a so-called social and political salvation. Suppose that through these continued, heaped up, and pressed down, assaults on private character, the name of a resident of St. Louis or Chicago should become so feared and hated that right here in our own city of Salt Lake, peaceable gentile merchants or "Christian" missionaries should be shot down by "Mormon" mobs, fired to the commission of the bloody deeds by the outrageous calumnies set afloat and carried to Utah by said "Mormon" newspaper, whose existence we are for the sake of argument supposing.

Suppose, still, that the machinery of the courts and the administration of the law were exclusively in the "Mormon" hands, and they, though bigotry and hatred of everything Gentile, should stretch and strain the authority they held to the same extent that is now being done in the vexatious prosecutions of which they themselves are made the victims, for the purpose of convicting, fining and imprisoning Gentiles, breaking up their families and bringing them into a bondage more to be dreaded than death, which to freemen would seem sweet by comparison. Would any people less patient and longsuffering than the Latter-day Saints be contented with anything short of a revolution? And would they not have cause? Surely as just and sufficient as that which kindled the fires of Bunker Hill and Yorktown, and caused earth to reverberate with the echoes of the sublime declaration that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

But the Latter-day Saints are more patient than their patriotic sires of a century ago. They know, like the immortal Patrick Henry, that "there is a just God in heaven, who watches over the destinies of men and nations," and they have confided their cause to Him who has sworn to fight their battles for them.

This is why they can bear and forbear to the uttermost, patiently suffering the slights and insults of those who ride rampant over law, order and every legal restriction to oppress them; who would rule that they might ruin and resolve order back into chaos that they might revel in the anarchy, confusion and degradation that would follow. Look at some of those who walk our streets, slaves of vice and paid tools of tyranny, boasting of what they have already done and intend further to do against the peace and good order of an innocent, God-fearing and industrious people who permit them unmolested and unquestioned, to fulminate their vile threats and execute their viler acts within their very borders. Look at them, and ask yourselves if the pictures here endeavored to be painted do not furnish as complete and striking a contrast as any that past or present times can boast.

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

#### R. S., Y. L. M. I. A. & P. A. REPORTS.

MOLEN.

A Relief Society was organized in Molen Ward, Emery Stake of Zion, Feb. 7th. Following are the names of the officers. Ann Rasmussen, Pres.; Mary L. Hansen and Dicintha Stringham, Counselors; Esther A. Fieldsted, Secretary, Emily Cook, Treasurer.

All were set apart by the presidency of the Stake.

E. A. FIELDSTED, Secretary.

KOOSHAREM.

#### EDITOR EXPONENT:

We thought a few lines from this out of the way place might be of interest to your valuable paper. Our Relief Society is in a pretty fair condition and the sisters are all striving to serve the Lord and are alive to their duties. We are enjoying good health and feel well in the Gospel of Christ. We know that our enemies are persecuting us on the right and on the left, but this will only make Latter-day Saints more humble and live nearer to the Lord. It is necessary that trials come in order that we may be proved, for the Lord says He wants a tried people. We know the Lord is on our side, so we have nothing to fear; if we do our part He will do His, and He will help us.

MARGRETTE ANDERSON, Pres.

JOSEPHA O. WRIGHT, Sec. pro-tem.

CEDAR CITY.

Our Quarterly Conference was held at Cedar City, on the 7th of Feb., a good spirit and feeling prevailing. The branches of the Stake were reported as being in a favorable condition, the members alive to their duties, and anxious to assist in the support and building up of the kingdom of God. Much good instruction was imparted by our President, Sister E. Lunt, who was moved upon to a marked degree to speak words of encouragement and exhortation to the sisters.

A vacancy having occurred in the Presidency, occasioned by the death of Sister H. A. Mitchell, Sister Sage T. Jones was appointed Second Counselor. Appropriate resolutions of respect to the memory of Sister Mitchell were adopted by the Society, and ordered spread upon our minutes. She was universally respected, for she cultivated that true charity which flows from a sense of duty and hope in God. She was a woman possessed with rare abilities of practical usefulness and perseverance in well doing.

Ever praying for the interests of Zion, and that success may attend you in your labors in behalf of the women of Utah, I remain,

Your sister in the Gospel,

SARAH CHATTERLY, Sec.

TOOELE.

The quarterly conference of the Relief Society, Young Ladies' and Primary Associations was held in the Tooele meeting house, March 13th and 14th, 1886, Mrs. M. A. Hunter presiding. After the usual opening exercises, Pres. Hunter made a few opening remarks, during which Sisters Presendia Kimball and Helen Mar Whitney arrived from Salt Lake City. Sister Kimball was the first speaker; She gave a great deal of good counsel and advice, suitable to all the Saints, both old and young.

Sister Whitney spoke very interestingly, with remarks to suit all, and encouraged all to live up to their privileges, for we live in very critical times. She believed that this crusade would hasten the time when the Lord would cut His work short in righteousness, and it is for us to live humble before the Lord. She spoke at some length in a very encouraging manner to the sisters on celestial marriage, and of the great blessings that are in store for all who live for them.

Bishop Atkins was well pleased with the good instructions the sisters had given, and urged all to adhere to them.

The afternoon session, commencing at 2 p.m., was for the Primary Conference. Sister Sarah

Hale, Stake President of the Primary, carried out the day's programme, consisting of songs, recitations and dialogues, all of which were well rendered by the children. The visiting sisters gave good instructions to the children, dwelling on honoring their parents and attending to their prayers.

In the evening, at 7 o'clock, the young ladies held their Conference. The Secretary read the minutes, and also the reports, all of which were accepted. Verbal reports were given by the presidents of the Tooele and Grantsville associations, which showed them in good running order. Sister Whitney addressed the audience, which was very large, including both young ladies and young men, giving good counsel to the young of both sexes on many interesting subjects. Other speakers were Bro. George Atkin, Jun. and Bro. O. O. Houly. After singing, benediction was uttered by Bro. Gillespie.

On Sunday morning the sisters attended and addressed the Sunday School. In the afternoon the Relief Society Conference was continued. After the Sacrament was administered, the brethren and sisters from Salt Lake City all spoke of the perilous times that we live in, and encouraged the Saints to live in such a way that they can call down the blessings of God upon them. Bro. C. Hunderson also made a few remarks, encouraging the brethren and sisters to faithfulness, and invoked the blessing of God upon all.

Sisters Kimball and Whitney stopped all the week and visited and cheered the sisters, for they were full of blessings, and on Saturday returned home to the city.

ANN TATE,  
Cor. Sec. for Tooele Stake.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Only the true man can really be brave, only the righteous man walk through the darkness and face with serene soul the mystery of life.

Bodily exercise, though absolutely necessary to secure health and vigor, if persisted in beyond certain limits, will end in breaking down the very power it has been building up.

It is a mistaken idea that, if a little of anything is good a great deal must be correspondingly better. It may be so, but not unless its due relations to other things are equally preserved. Few things are stronger than steam when used and confined within working limits, and but few weaker than the same steam floating in thin vaporous clouds and filling large areas of space. So it is not simply the possession of large wealth, or great knowledge or high station, or much authority, that will make any man powerful and valuable, but the way in which he uses what he has.

True independence consists in the possession and improvement of resources within one's own self. There is a sense in which self-sufficiency is a laudible trait of character. It is far different from self-assertion, which may be Ishmaelitish, turning the hand against every man. And it is just as far removed from that weak dependence upon others which leads one to look for aid at all times, and for constant society and companionship in occupation and in amusement. Social intercourse and conversation are a part, and a very large part, of all our lives. Both improvement and pleasure depend upon our well-selected friendships. Still he is a poor companion for others who can do nothing for himself. He who has nothing in him has nothing to impart to his friends. He has no capital to go upon in the social exchange which promotes the intelligent life of man.

## MY JEWELS.

Step to the door with me,  
Notice, and there you see  
Mary, our only sweet child;  
Not rarely beautiful,  
But, oh! so dutiful,  
Gentle and loving and mild!

Ah! she is strong and well—  
What a blest thing to tell!  
Sportive and active, you see;  
Bright as a summer's noon,  
Not two years old till June,  
Yet people take her for three.

Oft, though so young, she proves  
Wise in her little moves;  
Character shows of much force,  
Generous and just and kind,  
Not wanting strength of mind,  
Just like her papa, of course.

Speak of that father then,  
Noblest and best of men,  
Gives, with true wisdom and sense,  
Love that is strong and pure,  
Faith that will still endure,  
Through the eternities hence.

Love which all pleasure brings,  
Yet "works as well as sings,"  
For our dear baby and me;  
Were I not happy now,  
Where must I live and how,  
That I might happiness see?

Wifehood and motherhood,  
These are my jewels good;  
Treasures of heavenly worth;  
Pity, whoe'er hath sold,  
Such for mere shining gold,  
And the vain baubles of earth!

LULA.

## MIGNONETTE.

I believe I was the first person who raised mignonette in this city. A friend in England sent me some seeds in a letter, and I planted it in a pot and raised it to a tree. My verses will tell the rest.

My green-leaved beauty! how I hailed  
Thy advent with delicious joy!  
My careful watches never failed  
To keep thy life without alloy.

I gave thee heat, and light, and air,  
And water from a living stream;  
I watched thy life with zealous care,  
To keep thy beauties fresh and green.

My green-leaved beauty was the name  
I lovingly bestowed on thee,  
Apostrophizing by the same  
The being I rejoiced to see!

Ah, sad it is to see decay  
The thing we love, perhaps idolize!  
Yet death has often led that way  
My mourning heart, and weeping eyes.

I could not see thee day by day  
The fell destroyer's victim made,  
The hand of love alone could lay  
Thee in the grave that love had made.

No, No, I will not wait to see  
Thy treasured flower droop and die,  
My hand cuts short the dying tree  
My hand in love shall lay it by.

Dear plant! and wilt thou rise again  
When all things are to life restored?  
Yes, thou, my beauty; shall regain  
Thy place among my treasured hoard.

No thought but such as lives in heaven  
E'er breathed upon thy perfum'd frame,  
Love was the incense ever given,  
Which shall immortalize thy name.

My green-leaved beauty fare thee well,  
Till past the winter of the grave—  
Immortal flower thou then shalt dwell  
And resurrected glories have.

And will thou not regain a voice  
That to my ear will breathe of love?  
E'en in beatitude rejoice  
My soul in mansions up above?  
I do believe—I do believe  
United thou wilt be to me!  
All that is good, I shall receive,  
And good I felt in loving thee!

HANNAH T. KING.

Salt Lake City.

## MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

Ever since the organization of the Mutual Improvement societies, much has been said concerning the development of the faculties God has given us. One may say, "All that is necessary to be said has been said." This may be true, but "it is a wise man who doeth what he is told for the first time of telling." Allowing the supposition that we are not all "wise men," I will endeavor to point out a few ways whereby we might improve.

In the first place it is necessary to understand why we are here upon the earth, what is our relation to our fellow-beings, and what our destination after this mortal career is ended. After these facts have been fully established, it is time to begin the improvement of our temporal and spiritual attributes.

Improvement may be effected in many ways. One good way is by observation. If we have good men and women placed over us for our guidance, we cannot help admiring their goodness and intellectual perfections. If we could fully understand the depth of the impressions left upon the minds of the young, I think we would be more exemplary in our habits and manners than we sometimes are. Not wishing to be termed acritic, but speaking only from past experience, I can truthfully say that impressions were made upon my mind that have been effaced when the true character of the individual, consisting only of superficial perfections, was brought to light.

Now we all know that the weakness of the flesh and the vanities of the human mind, when brought to bear upon spiritual things and subjects of high moral culture, will inevitably tend towards the grosser qualities of our nature, unless propitiated by truly practical as well as theoretical influences. Considering the advantage of exemplary lives, would it not be well for all who are, or ever expect to be placed in positions of usefulness, to "practice first what they preach," that they might be more successful in the fulfilment of their callings?

Notwithstanding all this, however, if the members have no desire to improve, and have but little, if any, faith in their holy religion, the precepts of the most zealous, most exemplary and wisest of teachers will amount to but little. I fully believe that the desires of the majority are good, and resolves are made every time meeting is attended to improve at once, but when the labor and diligence necessary for this work is brought into requisition, courage fails, and the would-be reformer falls back into the same old condition, until a new revival of feeling is experienced. Now it is all very well to have this feeling, but, if we wish to improve, we will have to come right down to hard study in real earnestness, and, though the improvement may not be seen at first, there is a gradual development of the faculties that will, in time, shine forth in brilliancy and power, bringing credit and renown wherever our lot in life may be cast. In order to gain this desired end let us live so that the Holy Spirit may always be with us, for P. P. Pratt says, "The Holy Spirit quickens all the intellectual faculties, increases, enlarges, expands and purifies all the natural passions and affections, and adapts them, by the gift of wisdom, to their lawful use. It in-

spires, develops, cultivates and matures all the fine toned sympathies, joys, tastes, kindred feelings and affections of our nature. It inspires virtue, goodness, tenderness, gentleness and charity. It develops beauty of person, form and features. It strengthens, invigorates and gives tone to the nerves. In short, it is, as it were, marrow to the bone, joy to the heart, light to the eyes, music to the ear, and life to the whole being."

[The foregoing essay was written and read by Mrs. Hattie Jensen at the late Y. L. M. I. A. Conference in Brigham City.—ED.]

## NOTES AND NEWS.

Madame Patti has been offered six thousand dollars a night to sing in concerts in South America.

Miss Cleveland denies that she wrote the much quoted statement of her views on the matter of low-necked dresses. But she says that it expresses her sentiments.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has nearly finished a new novel, which will appear in the *Century*. Its completion has been delayed by her illness.

Miss Abigail Bates, one of the two women, who, with fife and drum, were instrumental in driving the British from Scituate Harbor during the war of 1812, died last week at the age of eighty-nine years. She was the last of a long-lived family.

Letters attributed to Miss Cleveland on the subject of dress have caused much comment *pro* and *con*. Perhaps it would be useful to consider how bare shoulders and arms would be regarded if men appeared with them in public. The force of custom has much to do with modes of dress. But in our climate reasons of health, if not of modesty, require ample protection for the body.

Dr. Mary Alice Avery wins the reward of public official recognition at the hands of Dr. Richardson, for a deed of heroism which he well designates as "the bravest act of the fire of February 12." Dr. Avery, at great personal peril and with wonderful courage and coolness, rescued an insane patient, who was shut up in her room at the extreme end of the fourth-story hall. It was a plucky deed that should not have waited a whole year for its acknowledgment.—*Bulletin*.

Miss Augusta Holmes has nearly finished composing an opera. She has chosen as her subject an antique legend of Erin, and has composed her own libretto. Miss Holmes spent last autumn in London, studying the ancient Irish mss. in the British Museum. Her compositions are played in the concerts of the conservatoire in Paris, and her symphony on her favorite theme, "Ireland," has been received with acclamation by the French public and critics.

The public hearing given by the U. S. House Committee on Territories, at the Capitol, in Washington, on Friday, March 19, on the petition of the American Woman Suffrage Association, for a law guaranteeing women equal suffrage in the Territories, was a notable event. Delegate Carey, of Wyoming, gave emphatic testimony to the benefit which has resulted from woman suffrage during sixteen years' trial in that territory. Representative John D. Long spoke with effective earnestness in behalf of the proposed legislation. The addresses of Rev. Annic H. Shaw and Mrs. Mary Hunt were excellent, and Mr. Blackwell made a strong presentation of the facts justifying and demanding prompt affirmative action on the part of Congress.

# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS,

Editor.

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SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1886.

## LETTER TO THE SISTERS AT HOME.

TO THE WOMEN OF UTAH, IN MASS MEETING  
ASSEMBLED, MARCH 6TH, 1886.

MRS. PRESIDENT AND LADIES:

Though absent from your midst on this momentous occasion, I am with you in heart and feeling. Would I *were* with you, though it is in trying to benefit our common cause, and not from choice, that I am still away. Ye are my people, and I can say as Ruth to Naomi, "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

I rejoice in the demonstration you are making to-day in protesting against indignities, cruelties and grievous wrongs. It is the duty of every citizen of the United States to stand boldly forth in defense of freedom, justice and the rights of conscience; the people owe this loyalty to their country, and to this free government established "by the people and for the people."

If the women of Utah did not publicly protest against the indignities and insults that are almost daily being offered to their sister women, under pretense of carrying out the provisions of the Edmunds law, they would be unworthy the name they bear, "the women of Zion," and the religion they have espoused, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which gives freedom to all mankind, both Jew and Gentile, bond and free.

Our honored forefathers fought for the freedom of this goodly land, and our noble ancestors, the Pilgrim band, left home, kindred and the graves of their dead, and their native country, to find a place of refuge in which to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, enduring the perils of the mighty deep then unexplored, and of the wilderness, where savage Indians and beasts of prey had roamed unmolested from time immemorial. And when oppressed and tyrannized over by unjust men and taxed without representation by the nation that had refused to them the right to worship God in the way that seemed to them the best—they resisted it even to the imperiling of their lives in that great contest of which we are all so justly proud—the war of the Revolution. You know its history, and the blood of those immortalized heroes flows in the veins of hundreds of the Latter-day Saints.

You know, too, the sentiments embodied in that glorious instrument the "Declaration of Independence," given by inspiration of God. And shall we not maintain our rights under the Constitution we are proud to honor, and in accordance with its provisions, which give to every individual freedom to worship God as his heart dictates? And have we not the right when it expressly declares and definitely states that, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof?" Yet the Congress of the United States has passed such a law and the Supreme Court of the land has declared it constitutional. That law, hard and

cruel as it seems to us, must be obeyed or the penalty submitted to, because it has been voted upon by the majority of those who are empowered to act for the people, and the masses of the people who know comparatively nothing of the "Mormons" have decided the matter for them, without investigation, on the representation of others, and popular sentiment.

We are constantly being told that "the fifty-five millions of people in the United States are determined to blot out polygamy." Would that the fifty-five millions of people who are so unrelentingly arrayed against a mere handful to abolish a plurality of wives, would enforce some measure to secure life, liberty and property and protect virtue, innocence and the honor of this great people from the insidious ravages that are eating away the very life of the nation, destroying the purity of the young and sapping and undermining the foundations of all that is noblest and best in the structure of modern society. The proof is apparent everywhere, that there is a mighty work to do in the world outside of Utah, and it is not confined to New England, or New York, Philadelphia or Washington.

The women of this fair land are menaced with something far more dreadful and nearer home than a plurality of wives, and there is not a day, if one observes outside her own immediate home, no, not an hour, that the sensitive heart is not pained with the wrongs and the sorrows of women and children.

That greater liberty has been given to women in our Church than elsewhere is indeed true; that more equality of sex prevails is undeniable; that men and women have always voted equally upon all ecclesiastical matters is a well known fact, and the utmost freedom of speech has been the right and privilege of women in the Church from the first. That all this has been elevating in its tendency, and educational to women every careful observer must readily perceive. The aim and influence of our institutions has been to lift woman up to a higher standard of thought and intelligence, to protect and guard virtue, to promote self-reliance, and individual development; and it is a principle of our religion to teach our girls as well as our boys self-protection, and to instruct our boys, as well as our girls, that virtue and chastity are just as essential in man as in woman.

In common with you I protest most solemnly and emphatically against the harsh and cruel measures now being enforced upon our people, and especially our women and young mothers, who are from time to time insulted, and every fine feeling of their nature abused, their delicacy and sensibility wounded and outraged by men who are coarse and cruel; who show no true respect for womanhood, no regard for the sacredness of motherhood. And with you I appeal to the President and Congress of the United States for protection from these insults and wrongs to woman, and would beseech and entreat them for that common respect and justice to young women and mothers which the Judges and Courts of the Territory refuse in every instance to grant, though knowing, as they must know, how they violate the most sacred rights and privileges reserved to woman in all civilized countries, whatever her condition or station in life may be.

And with you I protest against the enforcement of any section of a *bill*, before it has been made a *law* according to the regular form and order of the government, and also against unjust Judges and their co-laborers, who pervert and misinterpret the law, and usurp power and authority that Congress and the Courts have not yet conferred upon them. Compelling a first wife to testify against her husband is contrary to law, and to the established custom that has obtained in all ages, and in all civilized countries, and to threaten with pains and penalties for refusing to comply with such a requisition is a

thing unheard of in a country that boasts of its higher enlightenment, and unbounded protection to the weaker sex.

The proposition of Senator Edmunds to disfranchise the women of Utah Territory, who have been invested with the right of suffrage so many years is simply an act of despotism unworthy a man, and can only be aimed at the mere trifle of political power he would selfishly wrest from those who have been accused of no offense even against the Edmunds law; but he hopes perchance by thus robbing a few defenseless women to throw the balance of the vote in favor of his own party. It is not sufficient punishment for this wronged and persecuted people, to disfranchise all plural wives, imprison and banish from their homes and firesides the husbands of innocent women, and the fathers of helpless little ones, leaving many desolated hearths, and filling the land with mourning, but Senator Edmunds proposes to add insult to injury and to disfranchise those who are accused of no crime whatever. He would rob them of a vested right, either for party purposes, or because of religious belief, making the blow general, to Mormon and non-Mormon alike, in order to hide his real motive.

In the name of justice and of right, I am with you in indignantly protesting against all the wrongs and cruelties perpetrated upon the people of Utah in the name of, and under the sanction of *law*; and join heart and hand with you in appealing to our countrywomen, who value the sanctity of home, and the sacredness of family ties, to assist us in maintaining our rights under the Constitution, and also memorializing the President and Congress of the United States, entreating them to grant an impartial administration of the laws, and to examine into the proceedings of courts and juries, and take into careful consideration our present circumstances, and prospects in the near future, and perchance they may ascertain that even "Mormon" women have some rights that the country is bound to respect, and that as rational beings they are entitled to the protection of the government under which they live, which guarantees to all the rights of conscience.

Faithfully yours,

EMMELINE B. WELLS.

Chicago, Ill.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK, KANSAS, MO.,

March, 15th, 1886.

MRS. M. H. WHITNEY:

My Dear Sister Helen:—I have been to Nauvoo, have seen your old home, in fact have gone over it, even to the observatory on the top. The German people who live in it, have kept it in good repair, and are rather proud of the fame of its former possessor, I think. The eldest son, mother and daughter have died within a short time, and the eldest one left at home to take charge is very sorrowful. They have remodeled the east wing very much, and in fact consider it entirely new. The barns and out-houses are all well kept. Brigham's house, too, is about as well preserved, and it also has had one wing, the west one, altered. I had very peculiar feelings in going over these few and other remaining places of the former greatness and prosperity of Nauvoo. As I walked those streets, my heart cried out within me, as it were, for the poor, oppressed and down-trodden, driven from their homes and compelled to leave at all hazards rightful inheritances, and indeed all the comforts of life, plunging into the wilderness unknown, and unexplored, without the very necessities for support. What cared the mob? and what effort was ever made to right these wrongs? None whatever.

There are people living in Nauvoo to-day, plenty of them, that can testify to these things, hav-

told me how they themselves were driven across the river without food and shelter, and dare not return until the struggle was past. Now they belong, most of them, to the reorganized Church, do not believe in Brigham Young, and will not except any testimony to show that Joseph Smith ever received a revelation upon and taught the principle of plural marriage. To one woman, who related the circumstances of the skirmish there when the Esquire took part in it, and became convinced of the truth of the Gospels, who told me how she had suffered, and it was indeed pitiful, I said, "And after enduring all that, are you not still a Latter-day Saint?" She said, "Yes, indeed I am, but not a *Brighamite*. I belong to the original Church. I know Emma was a good woman, and true, and she persisted in denying that Joseph ever had more wives or taught any such doctrine. On her deathbed she declared it to be false, that he ever had entered into or sustained any such practise." I interrupted her with this question, "Madame, you say you knew Eliza R. Snow. If she were sitting here where I am sitting, and declared solemnly to you that Joseph Smith did teach this doctrine to her, and that she was actually his wife, would you believe her?" "No," she replied, "I would not." "Then," I replied, "there is no use to try to convince you of the truth in the matter. Several women have testified before a Justice of the Peace that they were his wives, strictly speaking, and you denounce them all as impostors?" "I do!" she said. Then she went on to tell me about Maria Lawrence's marriage to Babbitt, and that she had two children to him, and that she had waited upon her when these children were born, and she had talked with her a very great deal, and she was sure if Maria Lawrence had been Joseph's wife, as afterwards represented, she would have told it to her, Brigham married Maria Lawrence to Almond Babbitt; she said, but Joseph did not practise these things. She told me several other similar things, evidently she had been trusted with some things, and allowed to put her own construction upon others. I think there are a set of *cranks* in and around Nauvoo, if there ever were anywhere in the world. They have had two or three money schemes, but they all failed, and seem to leave them poor. Some of the folks wish the Mormons had stayed, and think that Nauvoo would have been a great city by this time; others think the place was cursed because the Mormons were shamefully abused, and so on.

The Icarians have left there, and the larger proportion now are Germans. A great number of Roman Catholics, who have a nice Church, rather unpretentious, though the steeple is very high, Catholic Convent for girls, and a department for boys. There is a small Methodist Church and a Lutheran, but that is not open now. There is a sort of mixture there, such as I have never seen before; old Mormons who have lost their faith, but stand up for the people, another class who have become Josephites, and then a dozen other kinds; then Germans, French and Jews, a few of the last, but society such as you usually find in a town of 1,500 people appears unknown.

One incident I want to relate to you now, lest I should forget it when I reach home. I learned, while in Nauvoo, that Major Bideman's son had recently married, supposing it to be a son of a former wife, I was utterly astonished when, on my call at the mansion, I was introduced to the young bridegroom, to see he was so boyish looking; however, I did not betray my surprise, but after leaving inquired what it meant, as I had been told this young man's mother had been married to Major Bideman about a year after Emma's death, and, of course, this boy must have been born during Emma's lifetime, so I said, "He is the Major's stepson or adopted son," quite innocently. "No," said the young man, "he is his own son, and he married the woman after Emma's death to right

the wrong he had done her in Emma's life." "O," I said. "Yes," said he, "Emma sent for her to come and wait upon her when she was lying sick, and told the old Major to marry the woman after she was dead. "It was the best he could do," said the young man. O, thought I, if Emma has begun fighting wrongs, she has plenty of work on hand. Who can tell? Her life was no doubt unpleasant enough, with that curious specimen of humanity—Major Bideman. He was very cordial with me, and he seemed to take a great deal of pride in boasting of fighting for the Mormons, and over and over repeated, "Yes, I did it then, and I'd do it again." I saw Dr. Weld—he told the same sort of thing in substance, though in a quiet and dignified way; also Morrell, the lawyer, who married Lavinia Hibbard; all these men, you know, were Gentiles, but Mormon sympathizers, sneeringly called by mobocrats, "Jack Mormons." If one wanted to hear how the MOBS treated the Mormons, then let them go to Nauvoo and hear these old settlers talk; it's enough to make one's blood run cold.

I have not told you much, after all, but the letter is surely long enough, and I have to go out on an errand now, but I do assure you I shall be very glad to get home and see you once more.

Your father's house in Kirtland has been destroyed, so Mary Bond told me. Such lots of places are gone, that were good when we left Nauvoo, even. Ruin and desolation have been the effects after the drivings and persecutions, and yet men will not be warned. While riding down the river on the train from Montrose, I heard a gentleman ask another what place that was across the river. "That's Nauvoo," said the man, as if with a sort of pride. "What, where those abominable Mormons lived?" said the questioner. "Well," said the man, "everybody will not agree with you that they are an abomination," and then went on telling him what a charming place it was said to be when the Mormons lived there, but the man was furious, and I guessed then with what horror he would have looked upon me had he known I was a "Mormon." *So goes the world.*

Love to all the family—Lillie, Gennie, Charlie and Flod, and Mary and her children.

Lovingly,

EMMELINE.

[FOR THE EXPONENT.]

#### DEARH OF MRS. MARINDA A. HYDE.

"Would it be worth the having or giving,  
The boon of endless breath?  
Ahl for the weariness that comes of living—  
There is no cure but death.  
Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,  
Were that sweet rest denied;  
And few, methinks, would care to find the city,  
Where never any die."

Sister Hyde was elected President of the Relief Society of the Seventeenth Ward Feb. 6th, 1869, eighteen years ago, which position she has honorably and creditably filled until her death, March 24th, 1886. She is the third of the first five officers chosen at that time who have closed their record for this life, and gone to receive their reward in a nobler and higher world.

Hers has been a very eventful life. Suffering and coming in the early days of the Church, and being placed in many trying positions, gave her a knowledge and experience above many.

She was a noble example of the Christian graces. When her family or friends were in trouble, she uttered the words of comfort, of patience and cheer. She stood by my side while the dear life slipped away whose loss brought me the deepest sorrow and acutest pain I have ever known. While she held me in her arms, she soothed the wild surging waters of grief, telling me that God the Father had permitted this, that *He* never made a mistake, did all things well, and, above all, loved

those on whom He laid His chastening hand. Her child-like faith, coupled with a sublime love of God, made her a friend always to be loved, and never to be forgotten.

Among our labors with the poor, when we have been tried, she would say, "Well, God made them, and we must make the best of them." Thus breathing into the Society, not only a charity in works, but a charity for the feelings of all God's creatures. With us who have labored with her so long, I trust that her example will never be forgotten, and that the love, charity and mercy she taught us will remain with us through life. According to our best ability, we have aided and succored the poor. Quoting the words of Jesus, she would say, "Remember the poor, for them we have always," and "Even as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

To say that we shall miss her, will express but very weakly the deep feelings of regret her death has caused. Yet for her sake we should be glad. To think that now she is not feeble, nor in pain, but her gentle, cheerful spirit free to enjoy the beauties of eternal worlds, is with her loved ones gone before, mingling with the Church of the First Born, where she will watch and wait for her loved ones left behind, and welcome them one by one as they shall reach her.

May the blessings of God rest upon her sons and her daughters, her relatives and friends, and may His peace, which passeth all understanding, be and abide with her youngest daughter, Zina, who has been her companion for so many years. May that sweet submission to the providences of God fill their hearts as it did hers, and may their prayers reach unto Him who has said He would heed the orphan's cry. She was the mother of ten children, six of whom, two sons and four daughters, are left to mourn her loss. She leaves twenty-six grandchildren and nine great-grand children.

Sister Hyde expressed her gratitude that she had lived to see the Society Hall built, paid for and dedicated. About one hundred members of the organization followed her remains, after the mourners, from her home to the meeting house, where many sorrowing friends were assembled. Addresses were made by Apostle F. D. Richards and J. H. Smith, who bore affecting testimonies to her worth, integrity and faithfulness; also by Bishop O. F. Whitney, who said she had taken her recommend with her to the Church of the First Born, and to her would be said, "Enter, thou hast stood firm, where many have trembled; thou hast been faithful, where many have fallen; enter into and enjoy the presence of thy Lord!"

Bishop Tingey bore testimony to her labors among the poor and distressed of the ward, of her kind and generous heart, and prayed that her family, and the Society who had labored with her, would follow her noble example.

After the benediction had been pronounced, we all took an affectionate adieu of Sister Hyde, wishing her joy, rest and peace, and congratulating her that her trials were over. While the friends were viewing the remains, the choir and Society sang, "Weep, weep not for me Zion," which has been a funeral hymn to us, as each one of our number have passed away.

A large cortege followed her remains to the cemetery, where, after the dedicatory prayer by Bishop Whitney, they were consigned, to await the coming of the Son of Righteousness.

LYDIA D. ALDER,  
Salt Lake City, March 27th, 1886.

#### THE LADIES' APPEAL.

MEMORIAL FROM THE WOMEN OF UTAH  
TO THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

The committee appointed at the Ladies' Mass Meeting on March 6th to memorialize the President and Congress of the United

States in relation to the treatment received by the people of Utah, have completed their work, and the following is the

#### MEMORIAL.

To the Honorable President, and the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress Assembled.

GENTLEMEN—We, your memorialists, respectfully represent that at a mass meeting of the women of Utah, held in the Theatre, Salt Lake City, March 6, 1886, attended by over two thousand ladies, representing the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of the whole Territory, the following was unanimously adopted:

[Here followed the resolutions, which were published in the last issue of this paper.—ED.]

In pursuance of this appointment we present the following in behalf of the women of Utah:

On the 22nd of March, 1882, an act of Congress was passed which is now commonly known as the Edmunds law. It was generally understood to have been framed for the purpose of settling what is called the Utah question, by condoning plural marriages up to that date and preventing their occurrence in the future, and also to protect the home, maintain the integrity of the family and shield innocent women and children from the troubles that might arise from its enforcement. But instead of being administered and executed in this spirit, it has been made the means of inflicting upon the women of Utah immeasurable sorrow and unprecedented indignities, of disrupting families, of destroying homes, and of outraging the tenderest and finest feelings of human nature.

The law has been so construed by the courts as to bring its penalties to bear upon the innocent. Men who had honestly arranged with their families so as to keep within the limits of the law, have been punished with the greatest possible severity, and their wives and children have been forced before courts and grand juries, and compelled to disclose the most sacred and private relations which in all civilized countries are held sacred to the parties. The meaning of the law has been changed so many times that no one can say definitely what is its signification. Those who have lived by the law, as interpreted in one case, find, as soon as they are entrapped, that a new rendering is constructed to make it applicable to their own. Under the latest ruling, a man who has contracted plural marriages, no matter at how remote a date, must not only repudiate his families and cease all connection with them, but if he is known to associate with them in the most distant manner, support them and show any regard whatever for their welfare, the offense of unlawful cohabitation is considered to have been fully established, and he is liable to exorbitant fines and imprisonment for an indefinite period, one district judge holding that a separate indictment may be found for each day of such association and recognition. In the case of Solomon Edwards, recently accused of this offense, it was proven by the evidence for the prosecution, that the defendant had lived with one wife only since the passage of the Edmunds Act, but after having separated from his former plural wife, he called with his legal wife at the former's residence to obtain a child, an agreement having been made that each party should have one of the two children, and the court ruled that this was unlawful cohabitation in the meaning of the law, and defendant was convicted.

In the case of Lorenzo Snow, now on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, the evidence for the prosecution showed

that the defendant had lived with only one wife since the passage of the Edmunds law, that he had not even visited other portions of his family except to call for a few moments to speak to one of his sons, but because he supported his wives and children and did not utterly and entirely cast them off, under instructions of Judge Orlando W. Powers he was convicted three times for the alleged offense and sentenced in each case to the full penalties of the law, aggregating \$900 fine besides costs, and eighteen months' imprisonment, the Judge stating in his instructions to the jury: "It is not necessary that the evidence should show that the defendant and these women, or either of them, occupied the same bed, slept in the same room or dwelt under the same roof." "The offense of cohabitation is complete, when a man, to all outward appearances, is living or associating with two or more women as his wives."

The women who are dependent upon the men whom they regard as their husbands, with whom they have lived, as they have regarded it, in honorable wedlock, must not only be separated from their society and protection, but must be treated as outcasts and be driven forth with their children to shame and distress, for the bare "association" of friendship is counted a crime and punished with all the severity inflicted upon those who have not in any way severed their plural family relations.

In order to fasten the semblance of guilt upon men accused of this offense, women are arrested and forcibly taken before sixteen men and plied with questions that no decent woman can hear without a blush. Little children are examined upon the secret relations of their parents, and wives in regard to their own condition and the doings of their husbands. If they decline to answer they are imprisoned in the penitentiary as though they were criminals. A few instances we will cite for your consideration:

In the Third District Court Nov. 14, 1882, Annie Gallifant, having been asked by the Grand Jury a number of questions which she declined to answer, one of them being as to the name of the man to whom she was married, she was brought into court, and still declining, was sent to the penitentiary where, although daily expecting to become a mother, she was kept till the Grand Jury was discharged. On the trial of John Connelly, she was again brought into court and asked: "When did you first cohabit with your husband?"

"How long after you commenced cohabiting with your husband was it that your child was born?"

Miss B. Harris was sentenced to fine and imprisonment in the Second District Court at Beaver, by Judge Twiss, because she declined to answer whether she was a married woman, and if so, who was her husband. She was taken to the penitentiary, a building used for the confinement of criminals of the most hideous types, with her babe in her arms, and leaving one behind with her mother. When asked the questions mentioned, by the grand jury, she answered, "Gentlemen, you have no legal right to ask this question; and I decline to answer it."

The question was an insult and a vile insinuation of departed virtue; and yet were she a public prostitute, no such question would ever be asked. She was fined \$25 and imprisoned three and a half months, when she was released by Judge Twiss. She is a lady with strength of character, who was defending a principle; her right as a witness was as sacred as any right recognized in courts. She was a martyr to personal right, and in defense of a vital principle of freedom. The question was not directed to her knowledge of any crime, but to her social relation to another, she not being charged with any crime.

On May 22, 1884, in the same court, Nellie White, for refusing to answer personal questions in regard to her relations with Jared Roundy, was sent to the penitentiary, under the same roof with murderers, burglars and other convicts, and confined there until July 7th, the Grand Jury being kept over and not discharged for the purpose of protracting her imprisonment until the beginning of a new term.

In the court of U. S. Commissioner McKay, June 20, 1885, Elizabeth Ann Starkey was brought in as a witness against Charles S. White. On refusing to answer the question, "Have you ever in this county, within the last two years, occupied the same bed with defendant," she was sentenced to one day's imprisonment and a fine of \$50, and placed in the custody of the U. S. Marshal until payment.

On June 22nd, she again declined to answer, and was fined \$100 and committed until payment.

On June 24th she refused to answer similar personal questions to the grand jury, and was committed to the penitentiary until August 21st, but was again imprisoned and kept till October 6th. While in prison she was approached and grossly insulted by an employe of the Marshal's.

On the 15th of September, 1885, Eliza Shafer was sent to the penitentiary for refusing to answer the question, "Have you, within three years past, lived and cohabited with J. W. Snell as his wife?" The Court ordered her imprisonment until the question was answered.

On February 15th, 1886, Mrs Martha F. Cannon was brought into the Third District Court, and the Grand Jury complained that she would not answer certain questions, among them the following: "Are you not now a pregnant woman?" "Are you not now with child by your husband, George Q. Cannon?" On still declining to answer, the Court adjudged her guilty of contempt, and pending sentence she was placed under bonds of \$2,500, which were subsequently raised to \$5,000.

On March 2nd, 1886, Miss Huldah Winters was arrested by Deputy Marshal Vandercook at her home in Pleasant Grove, forty miles distant, no charge being preferred against her, but it was suspected that she was a plural wife of George Q. Cannon. She was brought to Salt Lake City and conducted to the court house, where she was required to furnish bonds for \$5,000 for her appearance from time to time as she might be wanted.

Under the suspicion that any woman or young lady is some man's plural wife she is liable at any time to be arrested, not merely subpoenaed, but taken by force by deputy marshals and brought before a grand jury and examined and brow-beaten and insulted by the Prosecuting Attorney or his minions. But this is not all. In defiance of law and the usages of courts for ages, the legal wife is now compelled to submit to the same indignities.

On Feb. 20, 1886 in the Third District Court in the second trial of Isaac Langton upon whom the prosecution had failed to fasten the slightest evidence of guilt, Prosecuting Attorney Dickson exclaimed: "If the Court will allow me I would like to call Mrs. Langton" (defendant's legal wife.) After a strong protest from the attorneys for the defendant, the Court permitted the outrage and against her and her husband's consent, she was compelled to testify for the prosecution; the evidence however completely exonerating the husband, who was discharged.

But this has now been set up as a precedent, and within the past few days a legal wife has been taken before the Grand Jury, as many have been before, who refused to give evidence, but this time was compelled to answer the questions propounded by the public prosecutor against the lawful husband.

We also direct your attention to the out-

rages perpetrated by rough and brutal deputy marshals, who watch around our dooryards, peer into our bedroom windows, ply little children with questions about their parents, and when hunting their human prey, burst into people's domiciles and terrorize the innocent.

On Jan. 11, 1886, early in the morning, five deputy marshals appeared at the residence of Wm. Grant, American Fork, forced the front door open, and while the inmates were still in bed, made their way up stairs to their sleeping apartments. There they were met by one of the daughters of Wm. Grant, who was aroused at the intrusion, and despite her protestations, without giving time for the object of their search to get up and dress himself, made their way into his bedroom, finding him still in bed and his wife *en dishabille* in the act of dressing herself.

Early on the morning of Jan. 13, 1886, a company of deputies invaded the peaceful village of West Jordan, and under pretense of searching for polygamists, committed a number of depredations. Among other acts of violence they intruded into the house of F. A. Cooper, arrested him and subpoenaed his legal wife as a witness against him. This so shocked her that a premature birth occurred next day, and her system was so deranged by the disturbance that in a few days she was in her grave.

Feb. 23, 1886, at about 11 o'clock at night, two deputy marshals visited the house of Solomon Edwards, about seven miles from Eagle Rock, Idaho, and arrested Mrs. Edwards, his legal wife, after she had retired to bed, and required her to accompany them immediately to Eagle Rock. Knowing something of the character of one of the deputies, from his having visited the house before, when he indulged in a great deal of drinking, profanity and abuse, she feared to accompany them without some protection, and requested a neighbor to go along on horseback while she rode in the buggy with the two deputies. On the way the buggy broke down and she with an infant in her arms, was compelled to walk the rest of the distance—between two and three miles.

They could have no reason for subpoenaing her in the night, and compelling her to accompany them at such an untimely hour except a fiendish malice and a determination to heap all the indignities possible upon her because she was a "Mormon" woman, for she never attempted to evade the serving of the warrant, and was perfectly willing to report herself at Eagle Rock the next day. She was taken to Salt Lake City to testify against her husband.

On Feb. 23, 1886, Deputy Marshal Gleason went to Greenville, near Beaver, Utah. The story of their conduct is thus related by the ladies who were the subjects of their violence:

MRS. EASTON'S STATEMENT.

About 7 a.m. deputies came to our house and demanded admittance. I asked them to wait until we got dressed, and we would let them in. Deputy Gleason said he would not wait, and raised the window and got partly through by the time we opened the door, when he drew himself back and came in through the door. He then went into the bed-room; one of the young ladies had got under the bed, from which Gleason pulled the bedding, and ordered the young lady to come out. This she did, and ran into the other room, where she was met by Thompson. I asked Gleason why he pulled the bedding from the bed, and he answered, "By G—d, I found Watson in the same kind of a place." He then said he thought Easton was concealed in a small compass, and that he expected to find him in a similar place, and was going to get him before he left.

MISS MORRIS' STATEMENT.

Deputy Gleason came to my bed and pulled the clothing off me, asking if there was any

one in bed with me. He then went to the fire-place and pulled a sack of straw from there and looked up the chimney. One of them next pulled up a piece of carpet, when Gleason asked Thompson if he thought there was any one under there. Thompson said, "No," and Gleason exclaimed, "G—d—it, we will look any way!" They also looked in cupboards, boxes, trunks, etc., and a small tea chest, but threw nothing out.

WILLIAM THOMAS' STATEMENT.

The deputies called at our place about day-break, and came to my window and rapped. I asked who was there, but received no answer. They then tried to raise the window, when I called again, and they said they were officers. I asked them to wait until I was dressed, but they said no, or they would break in the door. I told them they had better let that out, and they went around to mother's door, which was opened, and father was summoned. The deputies next went to the bed of Mrs. Elliotts and subpoenaed her. Gleason said, with a frightful oath, that he knew there was another woman in the house, and searched in boxes, trunks, etc.

These are a few instances of the course pursued towards defenseless women, who are not even charged with any offense against the law. We solemnly protest against these desecrations of our homes and the invasions of our rights. We are contented with our lot when left unmolested, and would enjoy the peace of quiet homes, the society of our husbands and children, and the blessings that only belong to God-fearing families trained to habits of thrift, temperance, self-restraint and mutual help, if it were not for these outrages which are committed in the name of law, under the false pretense of protecting home and preserving the family.

We learn that measures are in contemplation before your honorable bodies to still further harass and distress us. We protest against the movement to deprive us of the elective franchise, which we have exercised for over fifteen years. What have we done that we should thus be treated as felons? Our only crime is that we have not voted as our persecutors dictate. We sustain our friends, not our enemies, at the polls. We declare that in Utah the ballot is free. It is entirely secret. No one can know how we vote unless we choose to reveal it. We are not compelled by any men, or society, or influence to vote contrary to our own free convictions. No woman living with a bigamist, polygamist, or person cohabiting with more than one woman, can now vote at any election in Utah. Why deprive those against whom nothing can be charged, even by implication, of a sacred right which has become their property?

We ask for justice. We appeal to you not to tighten the bonds which are now so tense that we can scarcely endure them. We ask that the laws may be fairly and impartially executed. We see good and noble men dragged to jail to linger among felons, while debauched and polluted men, some of them Federal officers who have been detected in the vilest kind of depravity, protected by the same court and officers that turn all their energies and engines of power toward the ruin of our homes and the destruction of our dearest associations. We see pure women forced to disclose their conjugal relations or go to prison, while the wretched creatures who pander to men's basest passions are left free to ply their horrible trade, and may vote at the polls, while legal wives of men with plural families are disfranchised. We see the law made specially against our people, so shamefully administered that every new case brings a new construction of its meaning, and no home is safe from instant intrusion by ruffians in the name of the

law. And now we are threatened with entire deprivation of every right and privilege of citizenship, to gratify a prejudice that is fed on ignorance and vitalized by bigotry.

We respectfully ask for a full investigation of Utah affairs. For many years our husbands, brothers and sons have appealed for this in vain. We have been condemned, almost unheard. Everything reported to our detriment is received; our cries to be heard have been rejected. We plead for suspension of all measures calculated to deprive us of our political rights and privileges, and to harass, annoy and bring our people into bondage and distress, until a commission duly and specially authorized to make full inquiry into the affairs of this Territory, have investigated and reported. And while the blessing of Him who will one day deal out even-handed justice to all, shall rest upon your honorable bodies, your memorialists, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc.

MRS. SARAH M. KIMBALL,  
MRS. M. ISABELLA HORNE,  
MRS. ELMINA S. TAYLOR,  
DR. ROMANIA B. PRATT,  
MRS. H. C. BROWN,  
MRS. MARY PITCHFORTH,  
MISS IDA I. COOK,  
MRS. IDA COOMBS,  
MRS. MARY JOHN,  
Committee.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BRIGHAM CITY, Mar, 18, 1886.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

It is some length of time since the young ladies of Box Elder County have been represented through your columns so I take this opportunity of briefly reporting our present condition.

On the evening of the 8th inst. our tabernacle was filled with a large, orderly and appreciative audience who had assembled to witness an entertainment given under the auspices of the officers of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. Associations of Brigham City when the following programme was presented: Glee, "The wolf is on the hill," by the choir. Prayer by N. Madson. Singing, "The coming day," by the choir. Lecture, "The departure of the children of Israel from Egypt," by E. A. Box; Music by Theatre Orchestra; Essay on "Mutual Improvement," Mrs. Hattie Jensen; Rec. "Creeds of the Bells," J. D. Peters; Quartette, "Moonlight will come again," Pres. Minnie J. Snow and others; Rec. "The Wich's Daughter," Miss Freddie Widerborg. Solo and chorus, "Once a friend, a friend forever," Miss Ettie Madsen and others; Address, Pres. N. P. Andersen; Rec. O. N. Stöhl, Jr.; Duet, "See the pale moon," Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Peirce; Rec. "Jehovah's triumph over Baal," Eph Jensen. Violin Solo and organ accompaniment "Sweet Spirit hear my prayer," C. Christensen and Mrs. Pierce.

Apostle Lorenzo Snow followed in a short address; his remarks were replete with wise counsel and advice to the young, and encouraged them in the onward march of improvement. This proved his last appearance in public before going to the Penitentiary.

The Y. L. Quarterly Conference of Box Elder Stake, convened in the Brigham City tabernacle Mar. 10th 1886, at 10 a. m. Prest. Minnie J. Snow presiding. Although the weather was extremely unfavorable, it did not prevent a good attendance.

After the usual opening exercises, Prest. M. J. Snow offered a few words of greeting. Felt grateful that we were still permitted to peacefully assemble for purposes of worship, in these troublesome times; Secretary L. S. Peirce read the semiannual reports exhibiting

a very favorable condition of the Associations throughout the state.

Presidents Anna Hansen, Amy Madsen, Eliza Davis and others offered interesting and spirited remarks filled with advice and exhortations to the young girls to tread the path of virtue and be loyal to the principles of truth. The following subjects, "The Art of Conversation," by Lydia S. Pierce; "Fashion and Dress," Coun. Freddie Widerborg; "Association of the Sexes," Coun. Hattie Jensen; "Departments in places of worship," Prest. Minnie J. Snow; "Obedience to the Priesthood," Ettie Madsen; and "Politeness," by Phena Madsen, were treated upon in an able, impressive and intelligent manner; quotations from reliable authors were cited and the virtues and evils of the different features of these subjects dwelt upon by the speakers.

Bro. N. P. Anderson, Stake Prest. of the Y. M. M. I. A. then addressed the sisters; testified that the Spirit of the Lord had been present. He spoke of the principle of virtue, and considered it one of the greatest gifts given to us in the world since it is eternal, we should remember that our actions are also eternal. He asked God's help to assist us in practising the instructions given. Singing. Benediction. Conference adjourned for three months.

A commendable interest in the work of Improvement is noticeable, particularly among the officers of our association here, who are indeed, "laboring with their might" in its cause.

Respectfully,  
ANNIE N. BOWRING, Cor. Sec.

The most novel innovation of prison discipline ever recognized in the Michigan State Prison occurred to-day when the "Mikado" was given in the prison chapel, with 500 convicts for an audience. The scheme was originated and carried out by Gen. A. H. Whittington of the Whittington-Cooley Manufacturing Company as a feature in the annual banquet to their convict laborers. The prisoners were allowed to talk and give vent to their joy and a more enthusiastic audience never greeted a theatre company. No little unfavorable comment prevails.

Mrs. Julia Romana Anagnos, wife of Michael Anagnos and eldest child of the late Dr. Samuel G. and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, died at her home last evening.

[She was born in Rome, Italy, in 1844. Mrs. Anagnos was a woman of a broad intellectual mind and a clever writer. A volume of her poems "Stray Chords," was published in 1883. Three years ago she founded in Boston the Metaphysical Club. The best modern thinkers were attracted to it by its expositors of thought. In her early womanhood she was married to Michael Anagnos, a Greek philanthropist who is the Superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind.]

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Powdered rice is said to have a great effect in stopping bleeding from fresh wounds.

*Julienna Potatoes.*—Peel, wash and cut like matches three medium-sized potatoes; dry them in a towel and fry in very hot lard; drain, sprinkle salt over them while shaking in the pan, and serve.

The stains of iron-rust on stone may be partially removed by washing the stone with hydrochloric acid diluted with four parts of water; then wash with clean water. If the stone is marble, use oxalic acid in solution of water.

Apples and potatoes should never be kept in the same cellar, or, if this is unavoidable, the potatoes should be kept in the warmest part of the cellar, and the barrels of apples, well heaped up; near the windows, where, on days when the air outside is only a few degrees above freezing, they can be treated to a cold breeze from the open windows,

while at the same time the atmosphere in the part of the cellar where the potatoes are kept does not fall below forty degrees.

*Treatment of Burns by Boracic Acid Oil.*—Mr. C. J. Bond, F. R. C. S., surgeon to the Leicester Infirmary, says, "I have found that eighteen grains of powdered boracic acid, dissolved in a drachm of hot glycerine and added to an ounce of olive-oil, forms a kind of imperfect emulsion, the glycerine retaining the acid in solution when cold. This can be easily shaken up with the oil. This makes a non-irritating and doubly antiseptic dressing, and extensive burns treated thus, and covered with a layer of antiseptic wool, require to be disturbed but seldom, and, it not perfectly aseptic, are far 'sweeter' than when dressed with, for instance, carron-oil."

#### OBITUARIES.

DIED, at Midway, Wasatch Co., Feb. 9th, 1886, Sister Mary Bronson, after a lingering illness. She was an energetic member of the Relief Society, and acted as Secretary of the ward for a number of years, also as Stake Secretary. She died in full faith of the Gospel, and in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

DIED, in Goshen, Utah Co., February, 1886, Annie Jenkins; also at Goshen, March, 1886, Eugene Taylor, both members of the Goshen Primary Association. Touching resolutions of respect were read before the Association, and it was ordered that a copy be presented to the parents of each of the deceased, and also preserved on the pages of the records of the Association.

We have just laid to rest a dear sister—Ellen Van Buren Snow—a faithful and devoted wife, a patient and loving mother, one whose name was on every donation list. She never failed to respond to the call for contribution, was a member of the Relief Society, and a true Latter-day Saint. She leaves many friends, a sorrowing mother, a dotting husband and eight little darlings to mourn for and miss her. She was born in Missouri, in 1846, amid the persecutions and exodus of the Saints, where she early lost her father. The mother brought her family to the valleys, and reared them to the best of her ability. Wishing long life and prosperity to the EXPONENT and all its friends, I remain,

A MEMBER OF THE R. S.

DIED, at her home in the 4th Ward, Salt Lake City, Feb. 12th, 1886, Mary Bundy, aged eighty-three years and three months, relict of the late George Bundy. Having no children of her own, she adopted two children of her brother's—Job and Ann Smith—their mother dying when the latter was an infant. She was baptized in the year 1840, by Brother Woodruff, at the time the whole society called the "United Brethren" received the Gospel. She left her native land March 8th, 1843, and arrived in Nauvoo May 31st, and was there through all the persecutions of the Saints and the martyrdom of the Prophets, with whom she was well acquainted; traveled and camped with the Saints on the banks of the Missouri River, where, through privation, her husband contracted the disease called the black scurvy, and was thereby deprived of the use of his limbs for two years. They started for the valley in the spring of 1848, at which time he was using crutches, which obliged her to drive and attend her own cows and oxen. They traveled the entire distance from Nauvoo to Salt Lake in a wagon made entirely of wood, the felloes being wrapped with raw hide. She died firm in the faith of the Gospel with the hope of a glorious resurrection.

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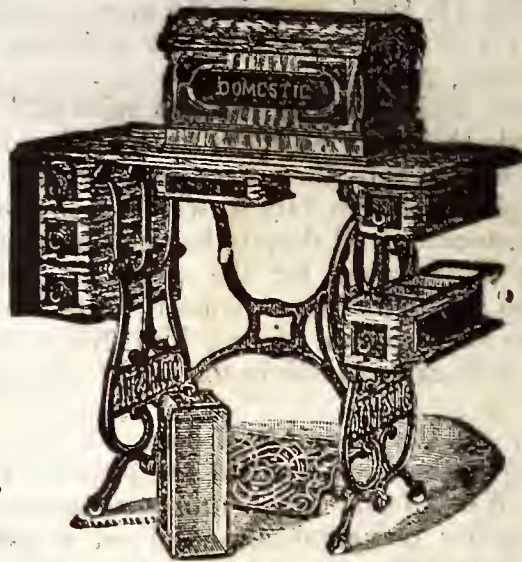
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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.

VOL. 14. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MAY 1, 1886.

No. 23.

## THE MARRIAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

It is six, the swallows twittered, and you're very late in rising—

If you really think of rising on this lovely morn at all—  
For the great red sun is peeping over wood and hill and meadow,  
And the un milked cows are lowing in the dimly lighted stall.

Oh, ye robins and ye swallows, thought I, throwing back the lattice,

Ye are noisy, joyous fellows, and you waken when you will;

Then I saw a dainty letter, bound in ribbon-grass and clover,

That the swallows had left swinging by the narrow window-sill.

Oh, the dainty, dainty letter, on an orange leaf, or lemon,  
Signed, "Your Friend, the Queen of Roses," writ in characters of dew;

"You're invited to the garden, there's a good time there at seven,  
And a place beside the apple-tree has been reserved for you.

"There'll be matings there, and marriages, of every flower and blossom:

Cross the brook behind the arbor, and come early if you can.

Oh, my thoughts they all went bounding, and my heart leaped in my bosom,

"And how sweetly she composes," I reflected as I ran.

There she sat, the queen of roses, with her virgins all about her,

While the lilacs and the apple blooms seemed waiting her command.

Oh, how lovely, oh, how gracious, she did smile on each new-comer!

Oh, how sweet she kissed the lilies as she took them by the hand!

Never had I seen her fairer than she was this happy morning.

Never knew her breath delicious half so boundless, half so rare;

Oh, she seemed a thing of heaven, with the dew upon her bosom,

And I wished I were some daffodil that I might kiss it there.

All at once the grass rows parted, and the sweetest notes were sounded,

There was music, there was odor, there was loving in the air,

And a hundred joyous gallants, robed in holiday apparel,  
Danced beneath the lilac bushes with a hundred maidens fair.

There were tulips proud and yellow, with their great green spears beside them,

There were lilies grandly bowing to the rose queen as they came;

There were daffodils so stately, scenting all the air of heaven,

Joyous buds, and sleepy poppies, with their banners all aflame.

There were pansies robed in purple, marching o'er the apple blossoms,

And the foxgloves with their pages tripped coquettishly along.

And the violets and the daisies, in their bonnets blue and yellow,

Joined the marching and parading of th' innumerable throng.

All at once the dandelion blew three notes upon his trumpet:

Choose ye partners for the dancing, gallant knights and ladies fair;

And the honeysuckle courtesied to the young sweet-breathed clematis,

And remarked upon the sweetness of the blossoms in her hair.

"We're the tallest," said the tuberose to the iris standing nearest,

"And suppose that now, for instance, I should offer you my heart?"

"Oh, how sudden," cried the sly thing; "I am really quite embarrassed—

Unexpected, but pray do it, just to give the rest a start."

Then a daisy kissed a pansy, with its jacket brown and yellow,

And a crocus led a thistle to a seat beside the rose;

And the maybells grouped, close beside the lady-slipper,  
And commented on her beauty and the splendor of her clothes.

"Oh, a market this for beauty," said a jasmine gently clinging

To the strong arm of an orange, and a glance on him she threw;

"Why, you scarcely would believe it, but I've had this very morning

Twenty offers, and declined them, just to promenade with you."

So, in groupings or in couples, led each knight some gentle lady,

Led some fair companion blushing, past the wind-rows, fresh and green,

And the sweet rose gave her blessing, and a kiss at times,  
It may be,

To the fairest brides, and sweetest, mortal eye hath ever seen.

Then again the grass it parted, and the sunshine it grew brighter,

Till it seemed as if the curtains were withdrawn,

And each flower and bud and blossom pressed some fair one to its bosom,

As the bannered train danced gayly twixt the wind-rows on the lawn.

Oh, the musk-rose was so stately, and so stately was the queen rose,

And how sweetly smiled she on me as she whispered in my ear,

"Come again, you know you're welcome; come again, dear, for it may be

That our baby buds and blossoms will be christened here next year.

SELECTED.

## WHY IS IT?

The people of Utah, in the midst of all their troubles, can derive satisfaction from the thought that, as things appear, the position they have taken is one from which to dislodge them their enemies are forced to employ unfair and extraordinary means.

One would naturally suppose, if the "Mormon" community were made up of the vile and characterless wretches they are reputed to be, it would only be necessary to tell the truth about them, and that would suffice for every purpose of even their bitterest foes; that it would not be needful in working for their overthrow to falsify their religious and political views, distort their sayings and put strained and unwarrantable constructions upon their acts in order to make them odious in the eyes of mankind.

And yet these things are being done constantly by those who boast of fairness, liberality, patriotism, chivalry, charity, piety, and all the graces of the Gospel calendar, and who

never tire of drawing the contrast between the superiority of their Christian civilization and the degrading practices of the "Mormons." If the conversion of this alleged misguided people, and not, as many believe, their extermination is the end desired, it would seem to be a queer way of impressing them with the idea that that vaunted superiority does not exist entirely in the imagination of its professors.

To misstate an opponent's position and then fiercely assail him in that position, may show energy and in some instances earnestness, but it is certainly anything but fair and chivalrous, with all due respect for those mythical "American gentlemen," whose egotism so often asserts, but as often fails to prove, otherwise.

To cull from a speaker's remarks only such portions as by isolation and prejudiced comment can be made to appear "reasonable" and unchristianlike, and purposely ignore other parts that would by association explain and make clear and innocent the speaker's meaning, is anything but upright and honorable, and smacks more of the demagogue than of the patriot, of lying than loyalty. And yet this is the course almost invariably pursued by rabid anti-"Mormon" editors and reporters who have so much to say about "Mormon treason" and "Mormon trickery."

Why this reluctance to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" in professing to report what a "Mormon" Elder says to his congregation? Is it because the simple truth would not serve the purpose which the garbled and distorted "report" is intended to subserve? And if so, is it not a confession of cowardice, weakness and dishonesty on the part of those responsible for its use? It looks very much as if the "Mormons" their religion were feared quite as much as they are hated; and that there is something about them which their enemies wish to keep hidden, the exposure of which would tend to defeat their plans and let daylight through their dark and treacherous doings.

But the epidemic of anti-"Mormon" misrepresentation is not confined to this locality, nor to the newspaper profession. It rages everywhere, frothing and foaming from the pulpit and thundering from the platform. It breaks out in Congress as the prelude to the passage of every act of anti-"Mormon" special legislation. And why these special laws? Why are not the restrictions that govern society elsewhere stringent enough for the "Mormons?" Why must the Constitution be ignored in enacting laws against us; and then the law itself ignored in the extraordinary methods adopted by those charged with enforcing it? Is it not tantamount to a confession by the law-making power that the "Mormons" are obeying all laws that ought to govern society; and an admission by the courts that this peaceable, law-abiding people cannot be caught by a measure passed purposely to entrap them, except the law itself be trampled under foot by those who have sworn to uphold and execute it?

This way of forcing the Mormon question into such "undue prominence" is, to say the least, bad policy on the part of a government as great as this professes to be—the spectacle of fifty-five millions of people stirred to the very depths over a problem involving at the most a little handful of 150,000 souls, is little less than ludicrous; especially when we hear it asserted by those who assume to know

that a "Mormon war" at the present time would be the most popular thing the United States could engage in; that all the great questions affecting a thousand times more the safety and welfare of the Republic could be lost sight of and forgotten, and the gigantic mind of the whole country absorbed and swallowed up in the paltry enterprise of subjugating a handful of "religious fanatics," so called, peaceably occupied in tilling the soil of a desert by them redeemed and made fruitful, and singing praises in their own way to the God whom they list to serve in this land of religious liberty. If this would not be taking a thunderbolt to kill a flea, what would it be?

We repeat that the "Mormons," in spite of persecution, can derive satisfaction from the thought that their opponents cannot afford, for reasons best known to themselves, to treat them fairly and honorably. They ought to feel flattered that they are the objects of so much unnecessary attention, and that a war for their subjugation or extermination would be the most popular movement that could be made by the foremost nation of modern times. *Vive la bagatelle!*

ORSON F. WHITNEY.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### EDITOR EXPONENT:

We are almost out of the world here, and do not receive the news very readily, but as soon as we obtained a paper with the account of the Ladies' Mass Meeting in Salt Lake City, we called our Society, or what is left of it, together. The Preamble and Resolutions, with the Addresses, were read, and listened to with interest, and notwithstanding we are far away and few in numbers, we fully endorse the sentiments of our leading sisters as our own, and are with them heart and soul in the present movement.

Our Relief Society was reorganized on Jan. 1st, 1885, with Mary A. Farnsworth, President; Amanda Foutz and Bella Farnsworth. Counselors; Annie D. Farnsworth, Secretary. We held one meeting under our new organization, and then we were again broken up. Some have become discouraged and moved away for good, others are absent on account of the persecutions that are being heaped upon our people.

Our general health is good as it always is; death, excepting from accident and old age, has never visited us during the seven years of our settlement here. Our postoffice address is Tuba City, though the place is better known by the name of Moan Coppy. We have a weekly mail now, still there seems to be some irregularities, which we hope will be overcome in time.

MARY A. FARNSWORTH.

Tuba City, Arizona.

#### EDITOR EXPONENT:

I thought a few words from this out of the way place might be of interest to the many readers of your valuable paper, which is read with great interest at our firesides, or in our meetings. We love to know what our sisters are doing in the different stakes of Zion. We have a little band of sisters in this branch of the Fremont Ward that are striving to do their duty in taking care of the sick and poor, in throwing in their mites to build Temples and assist in every good work. We have a good Sunday School, which is well attended by old and young. Our Primary is also in good condition. Great credit is due to the officers of both associations, for the great interest they take in the welfare of the young and rising generation.

We had a good time here on the 4th of this

month. One of our brethren, Peter I. Ecklem, was called to go on a mission, and the Relief Society thought they would give him a surprise. At half past six p.m., the time appointed for gathering, a long table was spread in the meeting house, at which about one hundred and fifty partook of the good things of the earth. When the tables were cleared away, the time until twelve o'clock was spent in speech making, singing, dancing, etc. All went home feeling that they had had a good time—one long to be remembered by our departed missionary.

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, we remain,

Your sisters in the Gospel,  
S. J. MORRELL, Prest.,  
M. R. MORRELL, Sec.

Spencer, Sevier Co.

### MARRIAGE AMONG THE TURCOMANS.

The Turcoman women do a vast amount of work. They fabricate carpets, screens for doors, work bags, horse clothing, blankets, and when a young woman is engaged it is thought to be the right thing for her to work all the kubitka or tent domestic carpets and other household requisites before she is married. When, however, she does marry without having completed this task, it is expected from her that as soon as practicable by her own labor she will refund in cash or kind to her husband the dowry paid to her parents on marriage. Such dowry generally consists of 100 sheep and a certain amount of money, which the bridegroom either pays down in a lump sum to the parents of the bride or by stipulated installments. Before a wedding it is customary for the bridegroom, after having arranged for the dowry to be paid to the parents of the bride, to collect his friends for a succession of horse races and other sports, as also to secure and decorate a camel with the handsomest trappings, which is sent to the bride's kubitka, and on which she mounts and goes forth to receive the congratulations of her own relatives. On the appointed day of the wedding the bride seats herself on a carpet outside her tent, surrounded by her people, and the female relatives of the bridegroom go down to receive and take her away. This is immediately opposed by the young lady's party, who offer resistance by the discharge of raw eggs, etc., at the new comers, on which a general egg-fight is entered into by the young women present, whilst the older dames carry on the engagement with almonds and raisins. In the meantime the bridegroom rushes into the melee, walks off his beloved, and puts her upon the camel-saddle, when the matter is concluded. Another sort of marriage, called "gulcha," where the girl of her own accord runs off with the young man without reference to her parents, is accepted as correct, provided he is of a like social position and duly pays the prescribed dowry.

### HOW TO CULTIVATE LETTUCE.

The secrets of successful lettuce culture are early sowing, rich, well-prepared soil, and giving the plants plenty of room. The seed should be sown early, because being small, it must be planted shallow, and hence cannot endure much drought, and also because lettuce is a cool-weather plant, and so thrives better in the moist and mild weather of spring, than the dry and hot weather of summer. The soil should be rich to promote rapid growth, and well prepared to facilitate the germination of the seed. As the plants of most varieties, when fully developed, are a foot or more in

diameter, it is obvious that the rows should be rather more than a foot apart; eighteen to twenty inches is a good distance. Sow the seed rather thinly in the drills, and as soon as the plants are sufficiently large for use, commence thinning out the rows; at first to about two inches apart. When the bed is passed over in this way, go over it again, thinning this time to four or more inches apart. By following this method, removing each time every alternate plant, the remaining ones rapidly develop, and the later ones will grow to an immense size, often a foot or more in diameter.—*Our Country Home.*

### WATCH THE CHILDREN'S FEET.

The following advice from the *New York Evening Post* is thoroughly practical, and deserves the attention of every mother: "Life-long discomfort and sudden death often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet; the thing to be last attended to is to see that the feet are dry and warm. Neglect of this has often resulted in a dangerous attack of croup, diphtheria, or a fatal sore throat. Always on coming from school, on entering the house from a visit or errand in rainy or muddy or thawing weather, the child should remove its shoes, and the mother should herself ascertain whether the stockings are the least damp. If they are, they should be taken off, the feet held before the fire and rubbed with the hands till perfectly dry, and another pair of stockings and another pair of shoes put on. The reserve shoes and stockings should be kept where they are good and dry, so as to be ready for use on a minute's notice."

The *Daily News*, of London, with reference to the great distress prevailing among the working classes, calls attention to the excellent system practiced by the Jews of the English metropolis in relieving the wants of their poor. Of the 60,000 Jews living in London, 11,000 stand in need of assistance, which work is attended to by a board which expends about £17,000 annually; a branch of it makes loans without interest charges—from £1 to £70, which is paid back in weekly installments of six pence. Only four per cent of it has been lost. Part of the fund is applied for the purpose of teaching trades to indigent children.

Miss Isola Van Diest, M. D., the first woman to take a medical degree in Belgium, has been endeavoring for several years to obtain the necessary authorization to practice. Writing recently to a correspondent, she says: "I am delighted to be able to inform you that I have passed the examination imposed upon me, and have surmounted all the obstacles thrown in the way of women who would exercise the profession of a physician. I am at last established, and enjoy all the privileges of a Belgian doctor. Many young women are now in our universities, and one of them has just succeeded in becoming a pharmacist."

Patents have been issued to women during the week ending March 23rd, 1886, as follows:

Louisa B. Linthicum, Helena, Ark., Attachment for Brake-ovens.

Henrietta J. Lyon, Newark, N. J., Attachment for Fronts.

Amanda R. Smith, Prophetstown, Illinois, Splasher-holder.

Elizabeth Talcott, Boston, Mount for Pictures and Photographs.

Ida A. Seller, Unadilla, N. Y., Kitchen Utensil.

## A TRIBUTE.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE SISTER MARINDA  
HYDE, PRESIDENT OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY  
OF THE 17TH WARD.

Chide not the grateful loving tear,  
The holy water of the soul,  
That falls upon Marinda's bier,  
Which love forbids us to control.  
'Tis love's effusion that we shed,  
'Tis not the tear of vain regret  
That consecrates the lowly bed  
Of her we never can forget.  
Methinks I see Marinda's smile,  
Methinks I hear her low, soft voice;  
That of our grief doth us beguile,  
And bids us all rejoice! rejoice!  
And tells us she has reached a home  
Not made by any earthly hands,  
Eternal in the heavenly dome  
With all that heaven itself commands.  
A higher hand than mine must hold  
The pen that traces out her life,  
Which should be dip't in liquid gold  
To picture all with which 'tis rife!  
But in our love, and deep respect  
And rich appreciation, we  
Will yield to none, when we reflect  
And know 'twas of a high degree.  
Where shall we look to fill her place  
So mild, so gentle, yet so firm?  
The Christian lady, rich in grace,  
A model, from which all should learn.  
Our tears will fall—but yet we know,  
How vain, how needless are such tears;  
We are so selfish here below,  
And nothing know, but what appears.  
But faith uplifts the mystic veil,  
And in the scenes it points to view  
Sorrow no longer can prevail  
And love sighs forth a fond adieu!

HANNAH T. KING.

## SPRING.

"How shall I woo thee, beautiful spring,  
What shall my offering be?"

Once more we are permitted to behold the most beautiful quarter of the year—young, vernal, glorious spring! the season when all nature arises from her long, cold, deathly sleep, throws off her alabaster shroud of snow, enters her dressing room and robes herself in glorious apparel of every hue and texture, and comes forth as a bride adorned for her bridegroom, the grand, gorgeous, life-giving sun! What greater resurrection do we expect to see? The resurrection of the human body can scarcely be greater. Did we not know by yearly experience that such a transformation would take place, we should probably be as skeptical with regard to the grand final resurrection as many are, even in this age of enlightenment and revelation. How could we believe, looking on these apparently dead trees, these flowers, dead to the surface, the earth itself a barren, unsightly object, unless enveloped in her shroud of snow, from which we recoil, and pass into our warm habitations and shut the door, and draw the curtains of the windows to exclude the cold, barren, howling wilderness outside! Earth looks as a corpse, upon which death has set his seal, which he actually has done for an allotted time; when that time and season has expired he has no power to retain his prey—as of old that Almighty voice is again seen and felt—"Lazarus, come forth!" and, as of old, the sleeping form arises and obeys the bidding of One who has the power to resurrect.

Should not such thoughts and such repeated experiences, that never fail, as these we have

just recalled—should they not comfort and cheer us when we lose our dear ones, and in contemplation of our own sleep of death? Our ignorance is our great affliction; our judgment and our understanding of all these glorious and mighty truths have been taken from us, though the soul that lives to God has often a glimmering of the untold glories of its future home, sparks from off the eternal altar, which it grasps with avidity, to feed the flame within itself that is given to cultivate its immortality.

I have often exclaimed that in spring my soul seemed born anew; it seemed to partake of the renovating influence thrown at that time over all nature, and I drank from the halcyon cup and was refreshed and renewed by the same.

In this region of country the spring is decidedly not so thrillingly beautiful as in that where I was reared. Beautiful singing birds are not here to vocalize every tree and grove; the cuckoo, that eternal harbinger of spring, with its never varying note, is not here; the blackbird and the thrush, with their exquisite notes, are not here, and the nightingale, the prima donna of every grove, alas! she, above all, is not here. The song of birds is to me the minstrelsy of heaven, and were it said to me to-day, you shall choose whose song you will hear, Patti or the nightingale, I would without hesitation say (after the long dearth I have had of her divine song) "the nightingale in the grove!" Take me there and leave me alone with that soul-thrilling bird, and my own thoughts, which she would cultivate and inspire! But that delicious treat is a thing of the past, nor to be heard again by me till the resurrection, when perhaps "the grove" and its locality may be a part of my inheritance, and then I shall hear again my treasured bird in all her glory of resurrected inspiration. I suppose it was probably the extreme beauty of her song that gave rise to the legend that she was a beautiful maiden, but her history was sorrowful, and she was changed into a bird named Philomela; hence her song retains a melancholy pathos, and inspires feelings of love and sympathy in her listeners.

There was a beautiful lyrical song in my young days, sung at all the popular concerts. I think it was composed by Professor Hobbs, one of the English composers, and sung by him. He had a very fine voice, and was one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal. The words were something of the following. I quote from memory of fifty years ago, so I may be pardoned if I err in a word or two.

"As it fell upon a day  
In the merrie month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
With a grove of myrtles made.

There Philomela, all forlorn,  
\*Leaned her breast upon a thorn,  
That to hear her sore complain  
Scarce I could from tears refrain,  
For her griefs so lowly shown  
Made me think upon my own."

Then followed a refrain, and the accompaniment to the words was so thrillingly beautiful, and the voice that enunciated it so accomplished and pathetic, that after all these long years I can shut my eyes and the song and the scene and the singer are heard through a telephone of a long, long vista of time. Memory! memory! thou art a certain earnest of the immortality of thy possessors.

Some of my readers may probably think that I telescope my ideas, and perhaps I do, but I only profess to write as my own heart and brain dictate, and as I do not "write for hire or divine for money" if I do not please all I know I shall strike some chords in some hearts

\*The nightingale builds her nest with a thorn springing up in the center.

that will respond in unison with mine, and for them I write, and they are my inspiration. Those who remember the beautiful song I have quoted will, I know, read it with pleasure.

HANNAH T. KING.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

It is not enough that you keep your finger off from a man; you must not let your ill-natured or wicked thoughts touch him.

Mr. Ruskin, alluding to children, says, "Make them try always who shall speak truest, both as regards the fact he has to relate and the precision of the words he expresses it in, thus making truth the test of perfect language."

There is nothing that pushes a man downwards so fast as to lose the respect of his fellows. Let him perceive that he is regarded with contempt, and he will soon be worthy of it. Let his efforts be slighted, and he may gradually cease to put them forth. Let him be taunted with his ignorance, and it may become even denser. No aid, however generous, no instruction, however valuable, no compassion, however sincere, can do their true work for him, if they are unmingled with a certain deference which is born of respect.

Time is often said to be money; but it is more—it is life. Yet how many there are who would cling desperately to life, and yet think nothing of wasting time. "For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves." Chesterfield's letters to his son, with a great deal that is worldly and cynical, contain certainly much good advice. "Every moment," for instance, he says, "which you now lose is so much character and advantage lost; as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully is so much time wisely laid out in prodigious interest." "Do what you will," he observes elsewhere, "but only do something." "Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it."

## NOTES AND NEWS.

One of Helen Hunt Jackson's monuments is to be the "Ramona" Indian School for Girls, at Santa Fe.

In Germany and Austria lamb-skins are largely employed for kid-gloves; in France kid-skins are used principally, and always for the best qualities.

A municipal suffrage bill, and a bill making women eligible as overseers of the poor, are the two things which made the ladies happy last week.—*Boston Transcript*.

Good home-made bread for the market, begun by women in Dubuque, Des Moines, and Chicago, has become, so it is said, a steady and remunerative business in each case. This is a good "home industry."

Prof. Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, advocates outdoor employment for women. She regrets to see women who are in astronomical observatories work as recorders and computers rather than observers. Prof. Mitchell advocates land surveying for women. Why not?

Mrs. James Bennett, of Kentucky, says to the men who argue that women have not sense enough to vote: "If you think the God who made us did not know as much about the foolishness of the woman on the day He made her and commanded you to do unto her as you would be done by, as you can teach Him to-day, the sooner you stop talking about the foolishness of women, and reflect upon your own foolishness; the better for you."

## WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, Editor.

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## NOTES FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington possesses so many points of interest, that it is difficult to decide which will be most entertaining when one decides to make a good impression of it upon others, and present matters of importance. This is a delightful time of year, and the city looks beautiful, and the fragrance of the blooming magnolias and lilacs, with that of the early flowers, is abroad in the air. It is the Lenten season, and consequently there is less gaiety and display than at other times. There is considerable gossip in reference to the President's marriage with Miss Folsom of Buffalo, but apart from gossip, no one seems to have real information on the subject. The President still pursues the even tenor of his way, and is apparently as unconcerned as though such a rumor had never been circulated. Miss Cleveland is still absent in New York, and the White House is therefore lacking in one of its great attractions, the presence of a graceful, intelligent and charming woman. Even a mansion with wealth and all its appurtenances at command needs a woman's tact and skill to do the honors, and to fashion and arrange all things tastefully and harmoniously, and as the President has no wife, it is an excellent thing for him and for his friends, as well as all parties concerned in the welfare of his home and surroundings, that he has a sister who makes his cause her own, and fills the place of mistress at the White House, so it is said, with all the dignity of a matron and etiquette of state, and yet has grave opinions on the gravest questions of the day.

But as Latter-day Saints, our people are not so much absorbed in matters pertaining to the social etiquette and manners of Washington society as in those that seriously affect the condition of the "Mormons" at the present time. What Congress has done in legislating for Utah, and what is likely to be done in the near future are the main questions of importance. And as one of the Delegates sent here to present the Memorial of the women of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, it becomes a duty to mention to our readers and the public some of the steps taken to get the matter properly presented to those in power.

After some little delay in regard to the best method to pursue, the Memorial was formally presented to the President, and a personal interview with him obtained, on Saturday, April 3rd, in the library of the Executive Mansion. He promised to give the matter serious attention and consideration, after listening to explanations upon the subject. We afterwards learned that he had carefully read the Memorial through, which is certainly more than he can do with all the memorials he receives.

Hon. Henry W. Blair, Senator from New Hampshire, presented the Memorial of the women of Utah, in the Senate of the United States, on Tuesday, the 6th of April, according to an arrangement previously made with the ladies of the delegation, and asked that it be printed in full in the

Congressional Record, and as there was no audible objection it was done; therefore the wrongs and grievances as set forth in that document have been properly recorded in the pages of the journal of the works of Congress, and stand there as a stubborn fact, to the condemnation of those who perpetrated the outrages mentioned against wives and mothers in this land of freedom and liberty. The wrongs and grievances have been heard, even in high places, but the redress asked for may be very slow in coming. The prejudice is exceedingly strong against the doctrines and institutions of the Saints, but the persecution is spreading the knowledge of truth as nothing else ever could have done. Surely it is "a marvelous work and a wonder."

On Thursday, the 8th of April, the Memorial went to the House of Representatives, through the courtesy of Gov. Long of Mass., and he requested that it be referred to the Committee on Judiciary, which was accordingly done. This Committee have in their hands also the Senate Bill No. 10, known as the new Edmunds Bill. John Randolph Tucker is the Chairman—a very kindly and wise man—a southern gentleman, large-hearted and full of that chivalry towards women which seems so thoroughly natural to the "old Virginians."

The Committee on Territories have in their keeping the Woodburn and McAdoo bills, both of them infamous in their provisions. Every woman should read them for herself, and know just how the rights of American citizens are threatened on account of religious belief. It seems to be the duty of the women of Utah especially to examine the laws made on purpose for them, their husbands and children. The women of the United States, generally speaking, know very little of the government of their own country, and yet they are ready to call out and condemn to punishment under the most offensive laws, women and children, without even knowing what measures are taken, or what misery or hardship the enforcement of the laws will bring upon those who have never even been accused of any offense. Talking recently with the wife of a very popular Senator from an old and influential state, she acknowledged she had never read the Edmunds Law of 1882, and did not know what its methods were at all, but at whatever risk, polygamy must go. One of the members of the Committee expected to act upon that bill, stated, without hesitation, that he had not yet read it, and had not even seen the Memorial, nor would he promise to glance through it, as his time was so occupied; still, as he is expected to consider the bill in Committee, he will be obliged to read it, but without any information concerning the circumstances and conditions of the people in whose interest, or against whose interest and welfare the bill has been expressly framed. However he has had a few facts forcibly presented to him by the women from Utah, who called upon him and enlightened him a little on a few matters pertinent to the main question. It is a very common thing to be instructed by members to get a new revelation abolishing or suspending the practice of plural marriage, as though revelations were made to order; some have even offered to receive them; they do not recognize God in it, and yet one would think they might very readily comprehend that unless the practice was from a religious conviction men and women would not be willing to endure the persecutions and hardships and even imprisonments they are now called upon to suffer.

The new Governor for Utah, Caleb W. West, has been here in Washington several days; his nomination has been confirmed by the Senate, and he will probably reach Utah soon. He is very highly spoken of by leading men here, notably Speaker Carlisle, and is no doubt a man of ability, and disposed to be just to all parties.

The lady delegates have had an opportunity of meeting him, and found him very affable and pleasing in manner, and have formed a good opinion of his qualifications for the position he has been appointed to fill.

One of the most intelligent and interesting men we have had the pleasure of meeting here, is George T. Curtis Esq., formerly of Boston, a man of letters, the author of some valuable books and an able member of the bar practising before the Supreme Court here in Washington. He seems disposed to treat the "Mormon" question with the utmost fairness, and does not, as many do, count all "Mormons" criminals until they can prove their innocence. He is one of the most entertaining conversationalists, brilliant in ideas and logical in presenting facts. He is familiar with the history and records of the old New England families, and his remembrances of names and dates, for a man of business, at his time of life, is something extraordinary.

To hear some people talk, one would think the rights of the "Mormon" people hung by a single thread, and that was just ready to break and precipitate them into parts unknown; but their wise-*acres* may yet find that there is a strong cord which holds this peculiar people, whom they count so ignorant and obstinate, and that neither persecution nor oppression will break it asunder, try as they may.

All that can be done here in presenting facts and seeking to remove prejudice, seems only a drop in the ocean of public sentiment arrayed against a people struggling with the effects of falsehood and misrepresentation, but one must not be weary in well doing even though the opportunities may be few, and the prejudice bitter. Truth is sharp and often forces its own way into the human heart, though it may be an unwelcome guest. It is amusing to hear men who hold their judgment in high estimation, men who have held positions requiring them to judge and decide important matters, say it confuses them to hear the statements made about the present condition of affairs in Utah, and one would suppose from their observations, they were disposed to decide without information, just give a leap in the dark, and leave the result hap hazard, knowing too that it must involve much of happiness or misery for those depending upon the issues. On one occasion the writer could scarcely refrain from telling a member the old story of the judge, who when he had heard the witnesses on one side of the case, declared he did not want to hear those who represented the other side as his mind was already made up.

There is to be a hearing before the sub-Committee of Judiciary on the new Edmunds Bill, etc., to-day and the Delegate from Utah will speak, also other men of ability, and no doubt they will present the strongest arguments possible in favor of the people whose rights are at stake in the pending measures; but what effect it will have upon the legislation remains unknown, and will, in all probability, until the Bill is reported in the House of Representatives. The case of Apostle Lorenzo Snow is to be argued before the Supreme Court of the United States by Hon. F. S. Richards of Salt Lake City and George T. Curtis Esq., of Washington, commencing to-day, but will probably be continued to-morrow, and may be occupy even more time. Notwithstanding the prejudice which prevails so generally against plural marriage we have had offers from different sources of help in making unanswerable arguments on the question of right to practice it, and men have sought out divers ways by which to substantiate the doctrine and make the ground legal, as well as moral. Each one thinks his method worth money, and for a consideration is willing to experiment believing he can make the case clear, either before the bar or through the publication of books on the sub-

ject. Some influential men here, profess to be afraid of the practice of plural marriage spreading through the United States, but when among people who believe it to be a divine command, few of them will accept it practically, though opportunities are open to them, it does seem ridiculous to think that people outside the Church will be influenced in favor of the system. No indeed! the world are not good enough; it requires too much sacrifice of self. It is the fashion and custom of the day to betray women and cast them aside, to abandon one's own offspring if illegitimately born, and this does not bring any burden of support or responsibility upon the man, consequently there is no need of marriage. Instances of this kind are about as thick as dandelions in Spring time, and the facts are undeniable for "figures do not lie."

In talking with an intelligent bright woman a few days since upon the matter, she expressed herself as believing that disreputable houses were a necessity and when we indignantly protested she modified it by saying perhaps not for married men, there was no excuse for them, but for young men and bachelors. What a terrible reflection upon the nature of men. One would suppose virtue to be unknown by those bearing the honored title of the "lords of creation." Is it not time that woman as a rational being aroused herself to the imperative duties of the age and by every exertion possible maintain the rights of women as a class to self-protection? Is it not a matter of supreme importance that girls be taught that the majority of the men who walk the earth as the "protectors of the weaker sex," are in reality the betrayers of virtue and seducers of innocence? Is there not work enough for women to do among their sisters in the world without reaching away over to Utah to hunt out a few plural wives, who have homes and children around them honorably born in the new and everlasting covenant, which covenant the world no more understand than though it were an unknown tongue! We have been told that there are women here in Washington petitioning for money to found a home or a sort of asylum for the women and children who will be left desolate through the enforcement of the Edmunds Law. They may as well understand at once that no Latter-day Saint woman will accept the situation. Congress may legislate to make the honored wife an outcast, but she will be spared all such humiliation as entering one of those homes; her sorrow will make her sacred, and the Church of which she is a member will see that no advantage is taken of the unhappy situation to add insult to injury or pierce the cruel wounds more deeply. "Mormons" are not asking for charity, they are petitioning only for the rights that every free born man and woman entitled to under this free government.

Good Friday with its ceremonials and observances has come and gone and Easter Sunday with its church decorations and elaborate display also. It was my intention to give a description of these as they were solemnized in the churches here, but it would make this article too long to add more, and so that, with many other interesting items, must be deferred for the present.

Washington D. C., April 26th.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

The President, Bishop H. B. Clawson, and the ladies comprising the Board of Directors and Executive Committee of the Deseret Hospital, at a meeting held in the Hospital parlor, April 12th, 1886, unanimously agreed to publish in the *WOMAN'S EXPONENT* the following expressions of their feelings on the demise of their beloved sister and co-worker, Mrs. Marinda N. Hyde.

We deeply regret her absence from her usual chair in committee assembled. Her ever calm, cheerful and dignified presence always gave us assurance of counsel and assistance in our often

arduous duties in the establishment. Her health had long been failing, but through her firm conviction that duty was imperative, and by the aid of her brave spirit, Sister Hyde was ever found duly at her post, ready, as far as in her lay, to fulfill the important duties of her position. Her kind heart was ever in sympathy with the sick and afflicted, and the poor and the needy were her especial care. In meeting with us, she was unpretentious, kind and considerate of the feelings of her co-workers, and laying out all her ability to secure love, peace and unity through all the associations with which she was connected. Her life has been one of much trial, but she came from the furnace as gold purified and refined, and always retained the cheerful happy spirit of youth, even to her closing days. We shed the natural tears of love over her sweet memory, but we know she has attained a fulness of glory, the rich reward of a Latter-day Saint, and we realize that if faithful we shall again be re-united with her in the mansions of unfading bliss.

Longfellow puts a volume in a sentence, when he says,

"There is no death! what seems so is transition,  
This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life  
Elysian,  
Whose portal we call death."

Sister Hyde will retain a share in the memories of all with whom she has in any way ever been associated.

E. HOWARD, Ass't Sec.

#### OUR CHILDREN.

How many mothers in Zion ever visit the meetings held by the Primary Association? Quite a large number of the mothers in our ward visit our Primary once a year; that is when the anniversary of the organization of the association is celebrated, and the children and officers get up an entertainment. One of those entertainments was given last week, and was in every sense of the word a complete success. Certainly every parent who attended the children's entertainment, held in the afternoon, or the "sociable" in the evening, which was a continuation of the former, given by the young ladies to the older members of the ward, must have felt gratified. But perhaps few realize how much work must be done by those engaged in such matters, to bring about such grand success, or how much good might be done by the parents visiting the children's meetings occasionally, and giving such suggestions and encouragement as they may have to offer.

Every father and every mother ought to have some good and suitable thoughts, the presenting of which would be a help to any teacher, either in our Primaries, Sabbath Schools or day schools. All these institutions are, or should be, great helps to parents in training their little ones; and should not each parent feel a profound interest in the way in which they are conducted, and an anxiety to aid in their support and constant improvement? Yes, indeed! and the best way to find out exactly what and how the children are taught, as well as to learn what is needed, and whether one can be of any assistance to those who labor for the salvation of the youth in Zion, is to make frequent visits to the meetings and schools which are carried on for the benefit of the young.

Some parents may have difficulty at times in persuading their children that Sunday School and Primary meetings are good places to go to. They will find that accompanying the little ones themselves occasionally will do more to make them like their meetings and schools than all the arguments they can offer. "If it is good to go there, why don't papa and mamma go sometimes," must be a natural question in the mind of a child, whether it is expressed or not.

Almost every parent can find time and oppor-

tunity to visit their own and their neighbor's children in their schools and meetings once in a while, and such chances should never be ignored. "Mutual improvement" is the result of the Primary meetings quite as much as of those held by our young gentlemen and ladies, and no true man or woman will visit our children's meetings without feeling refreshed and benefited.

One more hint. Never scold a child for feeling disinclined to go to school or meeting. If gentle persuasion will not render the duty an agreeable one, harsh words or means will only make it doubly disagreeable. This afternoon a little six year old boy was called in from play to get ready for Primary. He said he did not want to go, he was tired; did not want his face washed nor his hair brushed. These smaller difficulties, however, were soon overcome, and he was made ready, but still did not want to go. His mother proposed to go with him, which rendered matters somewhat better, but still he preferred not to go, and said he felt sick. The mother took him and his brother into a room by themselves and knelt down with them to pray, telling them to repeat the words after her. A short, appropriate prayer was offered up, and then the little fellow was told to go and lie down on his bed while his mother should get ready for meeting, and that if he then wished to stay at home he might do so. Before the mother had quite finished her preparations, the boy got up and put on his cap, ready and willing to accompany her and his brother to meeting. The first hymn had been sung, and prayer was being offered when they reached the schoolhouse; this fact caused the mother to reflect that in the future preparations for Primary must be commenced a little earlier, to make time for unlooked for hindrances, which are always liable to occur. She had gained a point with her son, however, for which she felt thankful.

LULA.

April 29th, 1886.

#### PUBLIC QUESTIONS WHICH CANNOT BE SUPPRESSED.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, in a sermon published in the last issue of that excellent paper, the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, speaks of woman suffrage as follows:

Another question which cannot be suppressed is woman suffrage. On the principles of aristocratic or oligarchal government of a few, then there may be reasons for confining suffrage to men. If we believe in the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, no such reason can be found. Women are a part of the people no less than men. The interests of all women, including wives and mothers, possessing property, and needing more protection than men need, ought to be represented by themselves in the legislation and administration of the country. Think of Boston, with not a woman on the school committee,\* while a majority of the teachers are women, and more than half the children are girls. Think of the hospitals and asylums and the homes for the destitute where no woman has a place or a voice. And yet you tell us that the office of the woman is to make a happy home, to bring up children, to take care of the sick and suffering! What mockery to say this, and then to shut her out of the places where she is most needed! In most of the hospitals of Boston the trustees and directors are exclusively men. The Board of Directors for the Public Institutions consists of nine men, without one woman. They have charge of the houses of industry and reformation, the alms-houses for men and women, the homes for neglected boys and girls. They may do perfectly well all that men can do, but men do not understand much about the details which make the home comfortable, the nursing of the sick, the treatment of children. The overseers

or through the publication of books on the subject of the Poor consist of twelve men and no women. Among the poor are women and children, and it would seem only reasonable that women should be on this board also. The City Hospital is under the charge of seven trustees, all men. Such is the case now with our public city charities; they are all in the hands of men. The State charities are managed,—women are put on some of the boards. But even private charities are governed largely by men. Take, for example, the Perkins Institution for the Blind, which includes as inmates men and women; it is governed by twelve trustees, all men. The Boston Provident Association is directed by fifteen managers, all men. The Children's Hospital, where one would think that the experience of women would be especially valuable, has twelve managers, without one woman among them. And the Boston Lying-in Hospital has ten trustees, six physicians, and four other officers, all men. Such a state of things is only possible where, in consequence of woman's being excluded from the ballot, it is unconsciously assumed that she is not fit to be on any board of government. This absurd state of things has come unconsciously, not intentionally; it is a habit not a conviction. Give woman the habit and you will find her soon placed wherever she can be useful.

By the exclusion of women from the ballot, one-half of the citizens of the country are excused from taking their part in public duties; they are taught not to think about public affairs, educated to take no interest in their country's fortunes, to exercise no open womanly influence in refining public morals and softening public manners. We practically say to them, "We do not want your aid; we can do better without you." And they take us at our word. Then their indifference to public affairs, and to the interests of the nation, make those who associate with them less interested. Whatever powers God has given them are excluded from their noble field of duty. Their consciences are taught to remain torpid; their hearts cold in regard to great national questions and public responsibilities. And then, when we have taught them to be indifferent, we use this indifference as an argument, and say, "Oh, women do not wish to vote. When they wish for the ballot, they shall receive it." Who does wish to vote? Not you, not I—we vote because it is our duty. Shall men and women escape their responsibilities by saying, "We do not wish to meet them?" You say, "if the ballot could be given only to intelligent women, we should willingly accept woman suffrage." But is not knowledge power? When you open the same opportunity to knowledge and to ignorance, will not knowledge get the best of it! "Yes," you reply, "if measured by weight; but not by number. In voting, the ignorant woman will be equal to the wisest." So the vote of an ignorant man will balance that of the greatest statesman. But for all that, we carry questions by argument, by persuasion, by the force of facts, by the power of truth. An ignorant majority is the raw material out of which a wise majority is sooner or later to be manufactured. By adding women voters to men, you double the number of voters, and thus you diminish by one-half the chances of bribery, and of those political tricks which take time and money to accomplish. You introduce into politics and public work the womanly power which Christian civilization has brought into families, neighborhoods, society, education, literature, art and religion. Wherever this womanly element works with the manly element, good comes. Wherever man works by himself apart from woman, he loses a good influence. This question cannot be suppressed; it is sure to rise above all opposition.

### ARMENIAN SKETCHES.

EDITOR WOMAN'S EXPONENT:

The EXPONENT continues to appear regularly, and, if I am not mistaken, is read from and translated unto some women and daughters of the Armenian people. Bro. Tanner and myself also acknowledge the receipt of the EXPONENT for ourselves, and as we are afraid it might be taken as an insult if we should send the money for our copy, we thought of showing our thankfulness in some other way. When he and Bro. Lyman left for Greece, Egypt and Palestine, three weeks ago, he said that the EXPONENT should be remembered by him.

He has forwarded to one of the sisters a book, which treats in an able way about this city and the inhabitants thereof. In a long chapter the author says a good many things about Turkish women, so that nothing remains for me to add. Most of what he says is correct; where he exaggerates to please fancy, the sisters will easily detect the mistakes, especially, also, in those places where the writer comments on principles which he does not thoroughly understand. Knowing this book now within easy reach of the EXPONENT, it would be useless to write any more about the women of the Mohammedan faith.

The author says, speaking of the Armenians, that he had no chance of entering the house of an Armenian. I was more favored, and have been in several Armenian homes. Their cleanliness and neatness give a very favorable impression to the visitor. When a stranger enters the house, the ladies therein do not have to retire, as the Turkish are requested to do. They do not talk much, but watch with open eyes and ears. The religion and people of the Latter-day Saints are misrepresented also to them, and for this reason an Elder may at times hear some straight questions. When one of these aged mothers sits down on the divan, takes her old folio-Bible upon her lap, and with the readiness of a scribe, finds points to argue on or to ask about, and then fixes her eyes full upon the man who professes to bring some great good news, she thus interviewed begins to understand the irony with which Armenian newspapers make fun of western people because they don't know whether Armenians are Christians or not. Yes, they are Christians, and I can say that great faith in the Lord is found among them, faith that has been answered by remarkable healings.

The Armenians dissented from the Catholic Church at the time of the "Nestorian" and "Monophys" quarrels, and since then have remained a Christian community of their own. As far as I can judge, these old Armenians were a good deal nearer the truth than their opponents. It was (according to the French writer, Eugene Boré,) in the year 596, that the Patriarch Abraham gathered the ten archbishops of Armenia at Tauris, then the capital of the kingdom, and there they pronounced an anathema against the fourth synod of Chaladon and Pope Leon. No wonder that the Catholics never liked the Armenians much, and that in the seventeenth century the printing office of the learned Armenian Matthew Vanatetzi in Marseille was destroyed at the instigation of the Jesuits, and that Louis XIV denied protection to the Armenians in France, notwithstanding the famous letter in which the Archbishop Daniel at Tulfa, near Teheran, pleaded for his countrymen. They were compelled to remove their office and labors to Amsterdam, in Holland. Stupendous were the works of the great and learned Armenian Mekhitar (died 1749) and his disciples and followers, the Mekhitarites; and the study of Armenian history, geography, language and literature is a continual source of surprise and astonishment.

The Armenians not unfrequently smile at

the ignorance of western Christians concerning the old country of the Lusignans and the posterity of Haik, who is said to have gone with his family from the tower of Babel and peopled High-Armenia. It was the Armenian King, Abgar, who sent a letter unto Jesus, inviting Him to come to his land: "I heard say that the Jews are persecuting and seeking to destroy Thee. I have a small, charming town large enough for both of us, where we could live in peace." The Apostle Thomas sent afterwards Thaddeus, one of the Seventies, to convert Armenia, and soon the Apostle Bartholemew followed; but the population remained indifferent to a "Semitic civilization," only the inhabitants of Edessa were baptized to "please the king and gain his favors." The general conversion of the Armenians took place in the time of the Roman empire Diocletian and the Armenian king Tiridate, through the labors of Gregory Luzavoritch (the Illuminator) the patient sufferer of thirteen year's imprisonment in a subterranean dungeon, and not until after the fearful terrors which the two "Armenian Saintesses," Rhipsimae and Gayanae, had to endure for their fidelity to principle. The following is a short summary taken from a French orientalist: "Diocletian, who lived at the time of King Tiridate, fell desperately in love with a Christian girl—Rhipsimae, who lived in Rome with other virgins under the direction of their superior, named Gayanae. In order to escape the passion of the Emperor, Rhipsimae left for Armenia with her companions. There they lived in the province Ararat at Nagbarshabad, sustained by the work of one of the girls who understood the manufacture of glass. Diocletian sent all over his empire and tributary lands to find the escaped Rhipsimae. When the men of Tiridate had found her, the latter wanted her for himself. She refused the heathen king. Gayanae was brought, a rope around her neck, to speak in favor of Tiridate. In the Latin language she exhorted Rhipsimae to persist in her resolution, notwithstanding that the guards maltreated both of them. The strong-minded Christian girl had first her tongue cut out, then her eyes plucked out, then was tied to four posts, burnt with torches and finally beaten to death with stones. Gayanae and the others were also put to death under similar sufferings. Soon after this the king took sick, lost his reason, and the whole royal family was sunk into deep affliction. However, by the manifestations of dreams and great visions, Gregory Luzavoritch was again brought to remembrance. They took him from the dungeon; he healed the king (by means of a plant) and, so it is reported by the Armenian historian Agathange, 190,000 were christianized the same day with the king's family. Tiridate died 314."

The Armenian people and their priests, in later trials, proved their faith at sundry times. During the government of the east Roman emperor Arcadius the land of Armenia was divided between him and Persia. Khosrow was the last of the Arsacides, the old royal family of the Armenians, and after his death Armenia was governed by Marzbans, Persian officers. In 439 Iesdeyerd II ascended the Persian throne. He endeavored to stop the progress of the Christian faith in Armenia, and to substitute the religion of the Mages. Some of the Armenian satrapies thought it wise to obey the Persian king; but the bulk of the people and the priests resisted. Iesdeyerd, instigated by the Mages, sent a great army to enforce the denial of the Christian faith. The archbishops, under the presidency of Patriarch Joseph, returned a reply full of submission to the tyrant, but at the same time declaring that they would sooner perish than abandon their religion. They were at once summoned before the king and imprisoned. The Armenians

waged a terrible war against the Persian armies and, although the terrific battle of Avaraiia was lost and the brave leader, Vartan, fell (2nd of June, 451) the Christians with unbroken courage continued the resistance in their towering mountains. In these gloomy times the Huns appeared on the Persian boundaries in countless numbers, defeated the soldiers, and in these misfortunes the Mages declared they saw the anger of the Persian God because the Christian bishops were yet alive. Isededyerd was urged to execute the imprisoned Joseph and his brethren. They were tortured, and as none of them would flinch, brought to death in a horrible way. The religious war went on in mad fury, and after the death of Isededyerd and his successor, Berose, who fell in a combat against the Huns, Armenia had peace once more in its blood drenched, grandiose mountain-island.

In the time of the rise of Islamism and the invasion of the Arabs, unhappy Armenia looked upon ghastly scenes. One of her historians writes: "Under the government of Abd-el-Melik, son of Meroan, our seigniors and princes, the nobles and all of the Satrap race, enveloped in a complete destruction, were exterminated in streams of blood." (Mark this Armenian style.) It is too long to give the translation of these shocking events. It may be sufficient to say that in some places whole churches full of Armenians, who would not deny, were burnt to death, but they died singing songs of praise, and the parents forgot their own tortures in seeing the fire falling upon their children. Subsequently made equal by the same fate, they all perished unto the last, when at the same time and at different places, often a handful of brave Armenians defeated great numbers of their enemies. Christianity remained, although sometimes almost choked in blood by all the adversaries round about.

It would be of high interest to cast a glance upon the Armenian literature. Wonderful works are found therein, down from Moses of Khorene and Elisee in the "golden era," fourth and fifth century, until the renaissance period of Little Armenia and the learned men of recent date. "The written monuments of the Armenians," says a French author, "are not behind the master pieces of Greece and Rome."

On the 24th of May, 1860, the 200,000 Armenians of Constantinople adopted for themselves a Constitution, and this was sanctioned by the Sublime Porte, the 17th of March 1863. Since that time the the public instruction has made rapid progress; Armenian schools have been opened through almost the whole Turkish empire, and a vigorous and well conducted journalism throws an increasing flood of light over this highly intelligent nation. Many of the richer classes have their children educated in Germany, France or England, others have teachers at home for music and languages. The Armenian missionaries have also opened schools. Within the last thirty years some Armenians have left their old church and become Catholics or Protestants. Quite a good number of Quakers are also to be found, and these are under very able guidance, and still show the spirit of their noble founders—George Fox and William Penn.

The bodily strength of the Armenians hamals (the porters of Constantinople) is proverbial, as is also their general honesty. The ability of the young Armenians to learn foreign languages is astonishing, and, as a matter of course, everything which is desirable to be learned. To-day, many men of high rank in Turkey are Armenians; and Loris Melikoff, the noted Russian general, is of the same nationality.

But another thing is a fruit of the nineteenth century. What never was reached by

the swords of the Persians, Mongols, Greeks, Arabs, Mamelukes and Seldchoukians—the overthrow of the old Armenian faith—seems going to be accomplished by the French literature of infidelity and skepticism. Many don't believe anything more; others see the defects of so called Christianity, and have lost confidence in every denomination. But then there are some who are too well gifted and too much learned not to know that the Father of the universe will, sometime, and just in time, provide for His wanting children, when the old forms are giving way.

The Lord has already established the foundation of His final kingdom on earth as a standard for every kindred, tongue and people.

There is a voice from the hill of Cumorah, a voice hidden in the time of the Armenian "golden era." There is a voice from a dying Prophet out of a bloodstained jail in Illinois; there is a voice from a whole people trodden down, yet always growing during the past fifty-six years; there is a voice from prisoners bowed down by white haired age and venerated for their integrity; and hark, a voice from ill treated mothers, women and sisters of an unjustly persecuted people in yonder mountains, and the while their fathers, husbands and brothers are incarcerated for their most holy faith, these modern Deborahs carry on, in settled confidence, the work of human enfranchisement, not only laboring for themselves, but toiling for the benefit of Adam's whole family. "The rights of the women of every nation" is no empty word, but it can never be realized save upon the principles of true religion. The greatest German writer said: "Wilt thou exactly learn what is becoming, simply inquire of noble-minded women." But then, woe unto apostate Christianity and its train of evil consequences, for behold, the noblest mothers in this century are rising indignantly to judge it, are living and suffering to advocate and propagate another religion, the religion of liberty and real peace, the religion of the coming millenium, the long lost, long sought for, and at last restored religion of truth, the everlasting Gospel of God and His Christ.

May the Lord bless His people and enlighten every honest soul throughout this whole planet, is the the prayer of

Your brother,

J. S. P.

#### R. S., Y. L. M. I. A. & P. A. REPORTS.

##### NEPHI.

The quarterly conference of Juab Stake Relief Society convened in the Nephi Tabernacle at 10 a.m., April 9th, 1886, Prest. Mary Pitchforth presiding. The branches were reported by their Presidents in a favorable and commendable manner; the members were alive to their duties, and striving to prove themselves loyal to the principles of truth.

Prest. Mary Pitchforth, Prest. Marinda Byran, Coun. Amy Bigler and others offered interesting and spirited remarks, filled with advice and counsel to the sisters, to live their religion, keep a strict watchcare over their children, and to educate them and prepare them for usefulness in the kingdom of God.

Coun. Charles Sperry, Bishop David Udall and several other brethren were present, and took part in praising God for the many blessings He has bestowed upon us as a people, and counseling and encouraging the sisters in their good work of providing for the needy and comforting those in distress. The speeches were interspersed with songs and recitations, making in all a very pleasant and interesting time. After singing and benediction, the conference adjourned for three months. Owing to a visit from the diphtheria fiend

in the month of March, our meetings and schools were suspended for few weeks; our conference was also postponed until the present date.

M. E. BUCKHOLT, Sec.

LOGAN FIFTH WARD.

#### EDITOR EXPONENT:

As it is seldom anything appears in your valuable paper from this part of the Lord's vineyard, I hope you will accept a few lines.

We have a branch of the Primary Association here, and it has been growing for five years, under the kind and faithful nursing and care of Sister Priscilla Jacobs and her Counselors, and it has become a source of much comfort and delight to all who behold it. Especially was that the case last Saturday, when its annual conference was held in the school-house as an anniversary. Present on the stand were Sister J. Molen, President of the Primary of this Stake and her Counselors, Bishop Hyde and his Counselors, Sisters Margaret Young, Nancy Clark and others, also many parents, who had assembled with the children to listen to the exercises; these consisted of songs, dialogues, essays, recitations, and select readings, interspersed with short speeches from the brethren and sisters. Much excellent counsel and valuable instruction was given. The spirit and power of God was poured out upon the speakers to such an extent that the gift of tongues and the interpretation thereof was enjoyed by some of the sisters. At the close of the forenoon meeting, a sumptuous dinner was partaken of in another room by old and young, and all seemed to enjoy the physical as well as the spiritual food.

In the afternoon another short but spirited meeting was held; then the conference closed. The whole day was one continued feasting on the good things of heaven and of earth, and, no doubt, will have good results, for it will ent.

METTINE OLSEN, Secretary.

MARICOPA STAKE.

#### EDITOR EXPONENT:

Since the last report there has been a re-organization of the Relief Society of Mesa, of which Mrs. Mabel Ann Hakes is now President; Mrs. Adelaide Allen and Ann Serrine, Counselors; Agnes McDonald, Secretary; Barbara Lang, Treasurer; Sarah M. Pomeroy, Stake Secretary.

The quarterly conference of the Relief Society of Maricopa Stake was held March 27th, at 1 p.m., at the Relief Society Hall of Mesa City, Stake President E. G. McDonald presiding. Reports were given of the Mesa, Lehi, Alma and Tempe Societies. They were very encouraging, and served to show there was an increase of faith and good works among the members, and a great zeal in attending their meetings.

Sister Susan Savage reported that the Papago Ward had no organized Society, but the native sisters were very anxious to learn the ways of civilized life, and were very much interested in their studies, and they, especially the younger ones, were improving rapidly.

Prest. E. G. McDonald felt truly thankful that she had so far been preserved as to be able to meet with the sisters in conference, but still felt very weak. She desired to live to do good, and prayed that we might have the Spirit of the Lord to direct us through our conference.

Coun. Morris made some encouraging remarks, and desired to live the life of a Saint, after which a number of brethren were called upon. Bishop Oscar Stuart, in his remarks, said the nearer we try to live to God, the more opposition we shall experience from the evil

one. We should expect trials, for they are necessary to keep us in the right track.

Bro. James Allen showed in a forcible manner the necessity of each one living up to his duties and privileges, that we may have a good record to show on earth and in heaven.

Bro. C. Hakes said he had been reflecting upon the circumstances that surrounded us as a people, and thought the principle of religious liberty was being pretty well tested. Our brethren were being imprisoned or driven into exile for their religious belief, contrary to the Constitution, and the government is violating its principles in regard to our people. The Lord has spoken and revealed His will to us, and we are called upon to obey it. We should watch ourselves and pray for strength to resist every evil influence.

Bro. Henry Rogers had felt pride in listening to the remarks and testimonies of the brethren and sisters. He had been reflecting concerning the "down-trodden women of Utah." Read the account of the Ladies' Mass Meeting in Salt Lake; hear their soul-stirring appeals, their noble patriotism, their bold defense of right, does this look like oppression? He felt it a blessed thing to be a Latter-day Saint. The wheat and tares should grow together until the harvest. We were right where the Lord wanted us to be—where we could have an opportunity of doing good to the natives. The speaker asked God's blessing upon those who were laboring so faithfully amongst them.

Prest. E. G. McDonald felt that we had received some excellent teaching, and hoped we would profit by it. Let us not judge each other harshly, but let us examine our own hearts and see if they are right, and strive to overcome our weaknesses. Let those who are called to be teachers, go forth in the spirit of their calling, that they may be a blessing and benefit to those they are called to visit. Sisters, let us never speak against the principle of celestial marriage. Let us sustain every principle that is consonant with our holy religion.

Her discourse was replete with good counsel and encouragement to those who listened to her. Our hearts were filled with thankfulness, that we once more had our beloved President with us, who had so recently recovered from a severe illness, from which, at one time, there was but little prospect of her recovery, but through faith and prayer and good nursing, she was again with us, and we appreciated the blessing.

Conference adjourned for three months by singing, "Lord dismiss us," etc. Prayer by C. Hakes.

SARAH M. POMEROY, Sec.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

**White Cake.**—The whites of three eggs, one cup of white sugar, a half a cup of butter, a half cup of sweet milk, two teaspoons of baking powder.

**Pearl Cake.**—Three cups of flour, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, whites of five eggs, baking powder, flavor with bitter almonds.

Don't flit dirt from one piece of furniture to another and call it dusting, but take it up carefully in a dusting-cloth and shake it from the window.

**To Clean Bottles.**—Put into the bottle some kernels of corn, a tablespoonful of ashes, pour it half full of water, and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottle as good as new.

For a harness blacking, use bone-black, four ounces; linseed-oil, two ounces; sulphuric acid, half an ounce; treacle, two ounces; gum-arabic, one ounce; vinegar, one pint.

**To Clean Cashmere.**—Take three large spoonfuls of beef gall to a pailful of water; put in the cloth and wash, then put it in warm water to rinse. Take out without wringing. Let it drain, and fold it down to iron before it dries.

Decay of the teeth has three chief causes: weakness of constitution, indigestion, and lack of cleanliness; so keep

your teeth in good order, be careful of your diet, and brush your teeth with a little borax and water night and morning. Also have the decayed teeth filled or extracted, as they are a source of injury to the others.

To make tea to perfection, boiling water must be poured on the leaves directly it boils. Water which has been boiling more than five minutes, or which has previously boiled, should on no account be used. If the water does not boil, or if it be allowed to overboil, the leaves of the tea will be only half opened, and the tea itself will be quite spoiled. The water should be allowed to remain on the leaves from ten to fifteen minutes.

**Snow Pudding.**—Pour one pint of cold water on a half box of "Coe's" gelatine, set this into boiling water until dissolved. Add to this two cups of sugar, and the juice of two lemons. When nearly cold add the whites of two eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, heat all together until very light, or thick. Put into a glass dish, make a soft custard of the yolks of the eggs, one pint of milk and two table-spoons of sugar. Set to cool, and just before serving pour the custard over the snow or around it.

CURE FOR DIPHThERIA.

Dr. Delthil, a French physician, has discovered that the vapors of liquid tar and turpentine dissolve the fibrinous exudations which choke up the throat in croup and diphtheria. He pours equal parts of turpentine and liquid tar, say two tablespoonfuls of each, into a tin pan or cup and sets fire to the mixture. A dense resinous smoke arises which obscures the air of the room. "The patient," says Dr. Delthil, "immediately seems to experience relief; the choking and rattling stop, the patient falls into a slumber, and seems to inhale the smoke with pleasure. The fibrinous membrane soon becomes detached, microbes are coughed up; these when caught in a glass may be seen to dissolve in the smoke. In the course of three days afterward the patient entirely recovers."

It is claimed that the experiment has been successfully tried in this country, and certainly it is so simple and harmless as to recommend itself for trial. Even if it failed to do good, it could assuredly be productive of no harm.

Class in Obstetrics.

DR. MAGGIE C. SHIPP

Will commence a Class in Obstetrics on May 3d, 1886, at 2 p.m., at her Office, No. 16 Main Street.

TUITION, per term, - - - \$10.00.

Dr. Shipp's office hours are from 10 a. m., to 5 p. m. Her residence is 34 Seventh East Street.

The doctor has given special study to Obstetrics and Women's Diseases.

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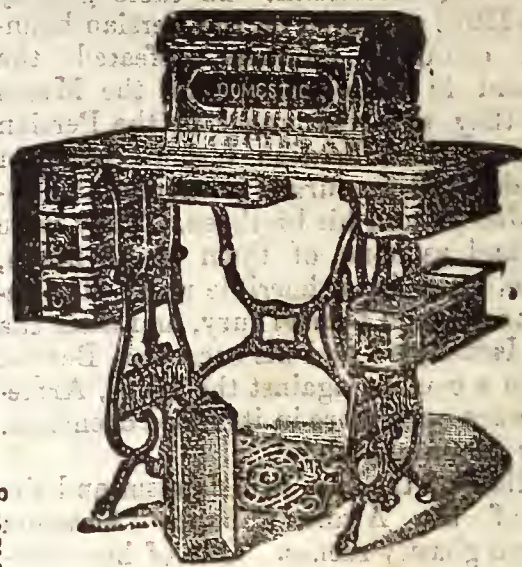
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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

VOL. 14.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MAY 15, 1886.

No. 24.

## ONLY A VOICE.

Why is it, when I hear that voice,  
A spell seems weaved around mine ear,  
That bids my heart and soul rejoice  
As if some happiness were near?  
Strange magic in its mystic sound,  
But reason cannot tell me why!—  
Silence is breathing all around,  
And heaves my heart th' unwonted sigh;—  
Strange Being is this human life,  
And strange the mystic threads that weave  
Around our heart with beauty rife,  
And all its sombreness relieve.  
Oh! are not these some little part  
Of that bright atmosphere above?  
Concocted by a God-like art,  
And purified by God-like love?  
And did we not a portion bring  
Of this bright essence from on high,  
When we agreed aside to fling  
Our glorions home and lay it by?  
And mated to a mortal frame  
To bear—to suffer—and to die,  
That we might greater glory gain,  
Eternal as the heavens are high!  
I ween, our Father's love bestowed  
These whisperings of a brighter Home,  
To lighten something of the load  
Which pilgrims bear as here they roam.  
Oh! whisperings sweet as breath of spring,  
Oh! mystic spells that wrap me round!  
THOU GREAT UNKNOWN! my heart I bring,  
That doth with gratitude abound.  
And offer it in faith to Thee,  
And bless Thee for the music there  
Whose chords respond in unity  
With Nature's Voices that I hear.  
Sweet Voice, I thank thee for the train  
Of thought—which here I've tried to trace;  
Thou'st floated brightly through my brain,  
To joy and beauty giving place.  
Speak on! and let me hear thy tones—  
Ring out, and let me hear the sound;  
It breathes the sweets of Hearts and Homes,  
And Memory's Spells it flings around.

HANNAH T. KING.

Salt Lake City, April, 1886.

## STIRRING SENTIMENTS.

### EDITOR WOMAN'S EXPONENT:

We congratulate you on the success you met in having an interview with President Cleveland, and hope the result will be favorable. We were pleased to read the Memorial of the Women of Utah, and heartily endorse the Resolutions contained therein!

This Memorial is not without effect, which is plainly seen by the removal of Governor Murray, Marshal Ireland, Judge Powers and others, the last named of these notable officials being the judge that passed sentence upon Apostle Lorenzo Snow without one iota of legal evidence by which he could be convicted of a fine, much less eighteen months imprisonment. Governor Murray and Marshal Ireland ordered a posse of soldiers to guard President Cannon when he was under arrest. This illegal act is before the eyes of all nations. Where are those notables to-day? They are removed and we are glad of it, even if they replace them by those who are more

hostile to the Mormons than their predecessors, from the fact that the more unjust and illegal their proceedings the sooner their career will be ended.

We have just read the death knell of Senator Edmunds. He has killed himself trying to disfranchise the women and pass a bill to confiscate the Church property of the Mormon. The ladies charge Senator Edmunds with aspiring to the Presidential chair; if this is true, he certainly has no conception of the influence of women even without the ballot; they are a power in the land, and the name of Senator Edmunds will become a hiss and a by word among all nations. It is already being said that he descended from the Nimrods of Massachusetts that framed laws to burn poor old helpless women that had no friends. Quakers were burned for their religion.

We would like to see the speech of Patrick Henry published in the EXPONENT to awaken an interest in the youth, that they may more fully realize the cost of liberty, and impress on them the spirit of patriotism. In solving all great problems pertaining to the progress and elevation of nations it requires a mighty struggle, and calls for valiant hearted men who are not afraid to die. Would such cruelties and grievous wrongs be perpetrated in England, as deputy marshals breaking into people's houses, pulling the bed clothes off respectable women in the night? No, the Elders have been protected from such outrages. Does the blood of the martyred Saints cry from that land, "How long, O Lord, holy and true and righteous God, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood upon them that dwell upon the earth?" How is it, in this boasted land of liberty, the dear old flag is stained with the blood of martyrs? The escutcheon of our once free and happy country is desecrated. "Hear, O ye heavens, give ear O earth, let angels bear record of the pleading prayers of the exiled Saints and the petitions of the servants of the living God are ascending from the prison walls to the throne of God. The Constitution that was given by the inspiration of His Almighty power, guarantees to all of her subjects the right to worship Him according to the dictates of their own consciences. This is not all; there are thousands of women to-day petitioning to the Chief Executive of the nation to redress them of the wrongs inflicted upon them by that infamous bill known as the Edmunds Law; but thank God there are such men as Brown, Teller and others, who have had the moral courage to speak in defence of the oppressed; may they be promoted and their names live in honorable remembrance in the hearts of every true lover of liberty.

W. EAST.

## WOMAN'S RIGHT TO THE BALLOT.

It is only a question of time when the right of woman to vote will be admitted in all civilized communities, where the franchise is exercised at all. Arguments as to the wisdom of giving to woman such a right may be multiplied without end, but such objections—those of policy—can be urged with equal force against many classes of men who now have the privilege of voting—but that it is just that woman has a right to be allowed to vote cannot be controverted, and I look upon it as only a question of time when pig-headed men who

pass for statesmen will have the fact that woman is a responsible being, capable of exercising equal judgment with men in these matters, beaten into their thick noddles. Not that it is certain to produce the good results claimed for it by those who most ardently advocate it as a panacea for all existing political ends, but as a matter of justice, pure and simple, independent of expedience or probable results. Politics is a species of lottery. One never knows how measures or plans turn out, and in voting for parties and for measures which are debatable (and what measure is not) it is simply a guess, and there is no percentage in favor of intelligence or purity when the result is purely suppositional. Politics is become so hopelessly dirty a stream one is bound to believe womankind cannot purify it. All things, however, are but furtherances of God's great plans, and whether women vote or not, whether politics are pure or not, it is certain that great problems are ever being worked out, and I have no reason to assume that intelligence or even purity are greater factors than ignorance and vice in their solution, especially as the existence of all conditions are essential to the bringing about of the ever mastering and divine purposes. There is no reason why woman should not vote, and there is no assurance that either her privilege to vote or that of man will effect any material alteration in the course of events, guiding and directing which there is an omniscient and alwise intelligence.

Even if there will be happy results from the universal extension of the franchise, which I expect to live long enough to see an accomplished fact, women lose nothing in the effort required to obtain that to which they are so justly entitled. Nothing worth having is ever "lightly won," and the franchise will be valued, like a good dress, at what it cost. Besides the struggle develops and educates the woman, and it fits her for the trust, admitting it to be such, when the right to vote is accorded. The most lamentable thing in this connection is to see the petty subterfuges to which men resort, and the degrading ideas advanced, in the hope of staying a movement which grows only the stronger from the opposition with which it is forced to contend. Some of the speeches made in Great Britain and recorded in the papers are so egregiously asinine that the more intelligent opponents of woman's suffrage should have hid themselves in shame to think that their co-laborers could be so superlatively silly. No sort of argument could speak such volumes in favor of the right of women to vote, as do some of the idiotic effusions which are intended to oppose it. The British public moves slowly, but it is reasonably sure. It will be a little difficult to educate it up to the point of woman's suffrage, but it can be educated and will grant the right freely when the enlightening process has done its work. A number of energetic women keep plodding away with a dogged persistency which gives the lie to the oft quoted passage, "Woman, thy name is frailty," as effectually as it does to a sister utterance which declares that "caprice" and "woman" are interchangeable terms, and their perseverance is being rewarded by the conversion of able men to their views who are also laboring in the same direction.

It is strange, but true, that the Irish are doing a great deal for woman's suffrage in Great Britain, but doing it unwittingly. The Home Rule meal is leavening the whole lump of

British politics. It is liberalizing ideas fast, and one of the advantages to women will be that people will more readily grant justice to women when the great principle that the right to elect the government should be shared by all the governed is accepted as the fundamental basis on which to give justice. It is not surprising that a country where they punish and imprison people for attempting suicide (unless the punishment is given as a penalty for failure) should be tardy in acknowledging the equal right of woman with man to vote; but that they should be so niggardly and mean about it in the "land of the free and the home of the brave" (save us heaven!) is one of the evidences that in America demagogues and political hypochondriacs have taken the place of statesmen, and that as a nation the United States is struggling back into the last century. The best thing that could possibly happen the United States would be a number of prominent funerals. As it is said the prayers of the righteous avail much, for heaven's sake let the righteous be persuaded to plead with Providence to give us a chance to go into a prolonged period of national mourning.

WANDERING BOY.

### DISEASED MONEY.

A writer in the *Manufacturer and Builder* gives some very pertinent advice on this subject:

In the numerous speculations as to the variety of ways and channels through which the germs of contagious disease may be disseminated, there is one to which but little or no importance has thus far been attached, but which, nevertheless, probably plays an important role. We refer to that universal circulating medium—money. It passes impartially from the hand of the millionaire into that of the beggar, constantly circulating through every class and condition of society. The person of fastidious tastes, who will turn from his path rather than risk coming into actual contact with others of uncleanly dress or person will receive, handle and carry in his pocket without the slightest symptoms of disgust, or perhaps without giving it a thought, money that has thousands of times passed through hands or reposed in pockets whose contact he would deem to be pollution.

In respect to the dangers that may arise from this cause, paper money is undoubtedly more to be feared than coin, and the indescribably filthy appearance of much of that which is seen in circulation is familiar to all who read this. That the handling of such nasty stuff is often fraught with serious danger, no sensible person can doubt. It would be well if the system said to be in vogue in certain countries of Europe, of destroying every note that comes into the banks and issuing new ones in their stead were practiced with us, though even this would only to some extent lessen and not do away with the danger.

But though paper currency is the most to be feared on the score of communicating disease, coin is by no means free from danger of the same kind. It has been shown that the blackish coating, which may be seen in the recesses and in the milled edges of coins that have been in circulation for a short time, consists of organic filth which when introduced into distilled water and examined under the microscope was found to be swarming with bacteria and fungi.

We are not sanguine enough to expect that our readers shall decline to touch or handle the stuff, for the reasons here pointed out, but we can not refrain from uttering our protest against the unutterable nastiness, of which many persons are guilty who would feel themselves deeply insulted at any insinuation of a lack of refinement or good breeding, of placing

paper currency or coin in the mouth for temporary convenience, while making change or the like. This most disgusting habit is, singularly enough, confined almost exclusively to womankind, and is an act of thoughtlessness which, if any who read this ever practiced, we feel sure they will never do again.—*Ex.*

### ENTERING LIFE.

ANNUAL GRADUATING EXERCISES OF SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Albough's Grand Opera-House, Washington, contained a large and distinguished audience, May 6th, the occasion being the twentieth annual graduating exercises of the Spencerrian Business College.

The auditorium resembled a magnificent hot-house, so laden with the perfume of many flowers was the fragrant air. While waiting for the exercises to begin, the Marine Band rendered a number of selections in its inimitable manner. The cards of invitation which had brought this congregation together were probably the most artistic specimens of engraving ever issued for the purpose in that city. One contained excellently executed portraits of the Cabinet, and the other the names of the graduates. The following was the programme:

Invocation, by Rev. T. A. King, of Baltimore. Mexican Serenade, "Mandolina;" Gentlemen's Salutatory, H. Norman Fleming; A College Song, "Nut Brown Maiden," Spencerrian College Quartett, Messrs. Newman, Phillips, Steele and Spencer; Ladies' Salutatory, Bertha L. De Graffe; Cornet Solo, "La Belle Amazone," Mr. Walter F. Smith; Gentlemen's Valedictory, Paul A. Steele; Xylophone Solo, "Schmeichelkatzchen," Mr. F. W. Lusby; Ladies' Valedictory, Augusta C. Willige; Song, "Annie Laurie," St. Cecilia Quartett; Solo by Mrs. H. H. Mills; To Lady Graduates, Vice Principal Mrs. Sara A. Spencer. Caprice, "Yankee Patrol;" To Gentlemen Graduates, Principal Henry C. Spencer. A College Song, "Upidee," College Quartett; Valse, "Olie Mama." Awarding Diplomas, by Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, United States Senate. Galop, "Fun in a Skating Rink."

### MOTHERS-IN-LAW IN HISTORY.

To support the idea that mothers-in-law have never been favorably regarded, ethnologists tell us that a singular custom, which enacts that a man shall never look upon the face of his mother-in-law after he is once married, prevails amongst numerous savage peoples apparently widely sundered by geographical distribution and differences of race. The custom obtains among the Kaffirs of South Africa, among several of the Australian tribes, and among many Polynesians, a fact which some people assume to point to a common origin of these races, but which others look upon as testimony of the existence of a natural law; as a piece of wisdom indigenous to each of these countries, and the direct growth of individual experience. The custom being found in such widely separated continents as Africa and Australia is considered as proving that it must have been suggested by some common necessity of human nature, and reasons are not wanting to show why savages discovered it was better for a man not to look upon his mother-in-law. Primarily, say the supporters of this theory, because his mother-in-law was a picture in anticipation of what his wife was likely to be. Before marriage, a man's mind may not be open to the cold process of comparison, but afterwards he begins to consider what sort of a bargain he has made, and if his mother-in-law has not improved with age, the

ghastly possibility of his wife becoming like her rises before him. Hence these savage tribes prescribe the rule that never after marriage should a man see his mother-in-law, and this in time became a social law or custom.

### FOOLSCAP.

The origin of this term in its application to paper is historical and interesting enough to be repeated here. After Charles I. of England had been executed the new government of which Cromwell was the head set to work, and one of its aims was to remove everything that smacked of royalty. The paper in official use up to that time had as a water-mark the king's crown; and when Cromwell was asked what should be put in the place of this crown; he directed a fool's cap to be put in place of the crown. This was done, and when Charles II. ascended the throne of England it was at first forgotten to replace the cap by something else, and afterward the king was afraid to do anything to recall things dangerous to touch, and so it was neglected, and the fool's cap may be seen as a water-mark on nearly all official papers in England. It was used in America, but of late it has disappeared, while the word fool's cap remains as an indication of a certain size of paper.—*G. B.*

### PROMINENT EYES.

The eye is sometimes protruded in conditions of disease directly or indirectly related to the organ. People who are short-sighted, constitutionally dropsical, or affected by hypertrophy of the membranes, have protruding eyeballs, but as a rule their appearance indicates the abnormal condition. The eye of health differs much from the eye of disease, and experience enables the observer to discriminate quickly between them.—*C. B.*

Patents have been granted to women during the week ending April 27, 1886, as follows:

Marie Ginoris, New York, Artificial Fruit.  
Mary E. Walker, Oswego, N. Y., Indicating Orthography.  
Annie Walther, Fond du Lac, Wis., Garment-fastening.  
Amelia H. Ward, Springfield, Mass., Book and Music-holder.

Princess Louise's illustrations and sketches of Canadian life and scenery are used exclusively in illustrating the new guide-book to Canada, compiled and just issued by the Dominion government.

The free Monday scientific lectures have become so popular among the daughters of the artisans of Birmingham, England, that washing day has been changed to Tuesday. The *London Globe* considers this the greatest achievement of science thus far.

There was picked up in London recently one of the fifty copies of Mrs. Browning's earliest poem, "Marathor." It was written when she was eleven years old, and was printed by her father. It is now in the hands of the keeper of printed books at the British Museum.

There was lately held in Westminster Town Hall, England, an interesting meeting under the auspices of the Rational Dress Society. Upwards of one thousand ladies attended. The desire was for a dress that shall be healthful, useful, and becoming. It was contended that a dress need not weigh more than seven pounds, instead of twenty pounds, as a fashionable dress does at present.

[For the EXPONENT.]

## A MOTHER'S WISH.

I am thinking to-night of the future,  
Of a time that will soon be our own,  
When the trials of life will be ended,  
And we'll dwell in God's kingdom alone.

When around us will be all the glory  
We've thought of and dreamt of so long,  
And within us will live all the gladness  
That falls upon God's holy throng.

And I think how we'll look upon earth-life,  
Its sickness, its troubles, its cares,  
Thanking God if its end were successful,  
That we fell not within its deep snares.

How with sorrow we'll look upon weakness,  
How regretfully think upon wrong,  
How with gladness we'll view acts of meekness,  
And know how by pain we grew strong.

We will weep that in sorrow we bore them—  
Our darlings, our innocent lambs,  
With a world full of darkness before them,  
To be grasped by their dear trusting hands.

Oh, how with devoutest emotion  
We will thank the great Father of Love;  
If united with us in devotion  
We may clasp our dear children above!

Father, grant that Thy glory and goodness  
May dwell in their hearts to the end;  
Let Thy grace and Thy care be sufficient,  
Let Thy Spirit be ever their Friend.

And as life with its struggles advances,  
Oh, strengthen their hearts for the fray,  
May Thy Spirit, which all good enhances,  
Give them strength and desire for their day.

Oh, how lovely will then be the future,  
That day of bright sunlight alone,  
Then, united in God's happy kingdom,  
We may call the Eternal our own!

RUBY LAMONT.

Glenwood, Utah.

## A FEW THOUGHTS.

## EDITOR EXPONENT:

I find myself, in spite of all my hard work, tired hands and weary brain just wishing to talk a little to you by means of the pen. Oh, how grand it would be to just be able to express one's thoughts in a satisfactory manner, but for me, that is impossible with my present stock of information. I must then try to be content with humble efforts to do good, trusting in God for aid in every attempt. Every article I read in "our paper" gives me some encouragement and helps to strengthen my determination to go on in the good labor in which we as Saints are engaged. My eyes are often dimmed with falling tears as I read in its columns of the departure to the "better land" of some loved brother or sister leaving friends almost frantic with grief. If it is a wife, tenderly beloved as every true woman should be, who can fathom the depth of a husband's sorrow; and if a protector and guide, who can read the anguish of that widowed breast? None, none save those who have drank from the same bitter cup, and that to its very dregs. As I sit and ponder over these things, I ask myself this question: Do we as husbands and wives love and appreciate each other as we should while we are privileged to live together, or must we wait till the grave has snatched one to begin to realize the duty we owe to each other? In holy places we have made sacred covenants to be true and faithful while life shall last, and when our existence here is ended we expect to be re-united and enjoy each other's society throughout the countless ages of eternity. I am led to believe that when our Heavenly Father and the holy angels witnessed the sacred ceremony that united us, it was intended we should tread

life's pathway hand in hand as loving, trusting companions, and be *one* in very deed, sharing joy and sorrow alike, and if pure kindness is a characteristic of life O how much we may lighten care and soften the many trials that fall to our lot. Why I really believe there are men who do not realize that the poor tired woman they call wife ever needs a tender word or a caress after the first months of wedded life. They forget that her heart remains the same. Though the pink may fade from her cheek and lip, and her eye seem less bright, her natural desire to be loved, and especially by him, is unchanged, and ever will be if she be a desirable wife. I also have met wives who possessed the most devoted husbands and yet they would repulse their every act of endearment, and were as cold and indifferent towards the fathers of their children as a Northern iceberg. It is true that some natures are quiet and undemonstrative, but surely there is a way that those so near and dear can be assured of the perfect love and trust of each other. It is cruel, and contrary to the will of God for His children to drag out a miserable existence on this earth, heart-hungry and weary, when He placed the desire in the bosom of every person to be loved and impart love to some congenial spirit. If we truly share our husband's joy and sorrow we will love not only our own dear children, but we will have a tender watchcare over all those who belong to his family. We will regard the rights of those who stand as our equals in every respect in the eyes of God. Their little ones we will love; their interest we will seek, and while they are unhappy we cannot rejoice. My sisters, let no idle gossip fill your hearts with unkindness toward any member of the family to which you belong. Remember, it is Satan's mission to make you unhappy and destroy you body and soul, if you give him power to do so. Tell him with power to stand back. Do not take him to your bosom and regard him as a friend, even if he presents himself in the form of some one you have felt to trust. That one is a false friend if he tries to destroy your confidence in any it is your duty to respect.

Let all understand that a mischief maker is detestable to you, and the book of God has condemned all such. Does it not say, "Blessed is the peacemaker, for he shall inherit the right to dwell in His kingdom?" Also, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Do you think the tale bearer, the evil speaker, who creeps into our hearts and homes with his wily hypocrisy, can be classed with either of these?

Now a word to those who are inclined to talk: Be sure you always speak the truth, and remember, it is not only a sin to say that which is false, but it is also very wicked and contemptible to tell every little thing you may have heard for facts, when you are aware the telling may wound hearts and injure good names and destroy friends. None can imagine the extent of the harm you may do just to gratify the curiosity of your hearers and your own insatiable desire to mind that which does not concern you. Let me implore of you to try to overcome this fault. Pray for our kind Father to help you, and He will hear you and answer your petitions if you are determined. All good men and women will learn in time to trust you, and how much more satisfied you will be with yourself than when you were a mere tool to carry on the practices of Satan and his train. My sisters, this is plain talk, and it is not given to wound one tender heart, but to remind us of the great and important duties we owe to husbands, wives, and in fact to all the human family.

We are living in an eventful time, when great things are about to transpire, and we must begin to make hasty preparation if we desire to regain the time we have lost in our

slowness to comprehend the things in store for the faithful, and the necessity of our watching our every thought and word and deed.

I pray that heaven may aid us to overcome every weakness of our nature, that we may live so pure with each other that we may one day be worthy to enjoy this "perfect love."

VIOLET OWENS.

May 4th, 1886.

## A TRIBUTE.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I am in doubt as to whether you ever cast a thought out here to this central portion of the U. S. A., being so absorbed in your various cares at home, that you do not find time to roam, perhaps, even in thought so far away. It seems an age waiting to hear direct from you.

Glorious spring! arrayed in all her magnificent robes of beauty, is around me, yet the world is so full of chaos, caused by the very essence of sin poured out unsparingly by the arch fiend, that I cannot rejoice as I otherwise would in nature's brilliant adorning at this most delightful and unusually advanced, gracefully budding and blooming season. The EXPONENT for May 1st has been tardy in appearing, but pays for delay in its variety and charmingly interesting make up—from "The Marriage of the Flowers"—

Such a pretty thing in rhyme,  
It set my thoughts a roving  
To gardens sweet with thyme;  
To blooming fields of clover,  
I crossed on time's bridge over,  
And soon became a rover.  
In youth's enchanted clime;  
Where sweetest notes were sounded  
In strains that were divine,  
And I would continue further,  
But excuse me, just this time.

Each article in its place was duly read and traced all through, each little column, from Household Hints to advertisements, and although some things related made me a shade more sad, others compensated and made me rather glad; as for instance, "Why Is It?" "Watch the Children's Feet," "Armenian Sketches," excellent! "Washington Notes," unique! The poem to Mariuda, fresh from a loving heart, was justly due to memory, as she holds a sacred part with all the good and true and I fain would add my tribute of sincere praises too. "Spring!" Beautiful, vernal queen, crowned with bays supernal, by Royalty well sung, subject most prolific for ready pen or tongue. It sent my pulses bounding to read its praises o'er, and hum that old song over, oft trilled in days of yore, when but a very childling on the threshold of life's door. Thanks for the inspiration, 'tis worthy of a King, to stir the chords of memory, folded beneath time's wing, till there comes a grand rehearsal of life's early days in spring, and grateful thanks we render to our Sister Poet King.

L. M. HEWLINGS.

Atchison, May 19th, 1886.

The women suffragists seem to be quite encouraged upon the whole by the recent fortunes of their cause. The slowest and hardest place is perhaps Massachusetts.—*Salem Observer*.

The Indians of Alaska are skillful silversmiths, and their silver bracelets are in demand. A lame workman is in special repute; he sells dozens of bracelets at good prices on the arrival of each steamer. This Indian is a very rapid workman; from a piece of coin he will make a beautifully chased ring in an hour or so with his rude tools.

# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, Editor.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1886.

## OUR LITTLE PAPER.

One can realize most fully when absent from Zion or the valleys of the mountains what a power in the hands of the women of this Church a newspaper is. We are well aware that many of our sisters think very little of the "WOMAN'S EXPONENT," and look upon it as too insignificant for them to patronize, or even read, but they do not comprehend its importance, if they did, they would be anxious to sustain it by their influence, and by subscription as well. People open their eyes in wonder when one tells them the Mormon women publish a paper, and were we to mention all the facts in our possession concerning this matter collected since we have been roaming abroad in the Eastern States it would fill a book.

The fifty copies we took from here were given away during the first few weeks and we have many orders to fill of single copies promised when we shall return, at which time we intend to use our utmost exertions to secure more subscribers. How is it that our sisters are not alive to the fact that the little "EXPONENT" proclaims the doctrines of the Church from a woman's point of view, the very side of the question that is agitating Congress, etc., at the present time. Is it not legitimate to pay money towards circulating a paper to explain principles and doctrines and defend woman's position on the question of plural marriage giving woman's own testimony? There are very few sisters who actually come in contact with the women of the world to give verbal testimony, but they have, through this channel the opportunity of expressing their views and opinions in favor of the practice of an unpopular principle, and that testimony, if it be genuine, has its effect notwithstanding the opposition that seems so strong at present. Thoughtful women who see and deplore the condition of society are impressed with the eternal truths that have been received and embraced by the Latter-day Saints and it is possible to bear strong testimony to men and women in high places through the pages of the "WOMAN'S EXPONENT." The sisters should awake to this fact. Since we have been absent we might have given away thousands of copies of the EXPONENT had we been provided with them, and it attracts particular attention because it is by "Mormon" women.

The agents for the papers in all the wards and settlements, and all who are interested in the spread of truth and the growth of Zion, should double their diligence at this critical time in the history of the Church, and see what can be done among the faithful ones to secure more subscribers, that the influence of Mormon women may be extended, and the women of the world who are unenlightened in regard to the motives, methods and practices of this people may have the privilege of the experiences and testimonies given on this important principle of our religion. Remember, this number closes the fourteenth volume, and the next number will commence the fifteenth volume, when the young and timid maiden is just

entering into the broader field of usefulness, and comes to more mature thought and development. Trusting it may be so with our dear little EXPONENT, we would entreat our sisters to give this silent messenger of their views and expressions more liberal patronage and careful attention in the near future.

## WASHINGTON JOTTINGS.

It is very difficult out of so much material to know which will be the most interesting to the readers of the Exponent, but we will try to touch briefly on some of the most important events now in progress or just past. Easter festivals were pretty generally celebrated. Easter lilies, and other flowers of the choicest varieties were plentifully used to decorate and the great abundance of Easter cards and gifts were as varied as the tastes of the purchasers. The Roman Catholics celebrations surpass all others in point of grandeur and imposing effects, and consequently draw great crowds of people to see the ornamentation. Early morning masses were the first exercises and afterwards services for the people and sermons with the most impressive music. Easter Sunday is the great festival of the Resurrection, and all the pomp and ceremony possible, one would imagine, is observed to represent the risen Christ. The candles burning among the most beautiful lilies and foliage lend a sort of enchantment to the scene and the rich music and ceremonials of the robed priests and nuns are all calculated to produce solemnity and awaken sentiment in the hearts of those who have not known a "better way," a more sublime method of recognition of the Savior's ascension. The sanctuaries of the churches were most elaborately decorated and brilliantly lighted. The carol singing was full of melody, and the children in white with their long veils and bouquets of flowers, marching through the aisles of the Church were a lovely and imposing sight.

Another very pretty practice, and one very interesting to the children is egg rolling. Monday after Easter large numbers of children gather on the White House grounds and enjoy this annual custom of rolling Easter eggs down the grassy knolls. They take a lunch out with them and have a regular picnic on the grass and thoroughly enjoy the sport. This year we were told President Cleveland shook hands with hundreds of these happy little people.

Now the gay season after Lent has begun and a great variety of entertainments are already on the tapis. One of the most unique entertainments now open is "The Village Fair at the W. L. I. Corps Armory. Like the Fairs in England it was opened by the Squire, who made a speech in "bonbastic phrase." He was a jolly looking, stout English Squire in breeches and hose, short of breath followed by a troop of village maidens. One of the distinctive features of the evening was the appearance of the great physician to the Emperor of all the Chinas, who performed magic tricks and exploited the great cures effected by his nostrums. Strolling players, a Turkish booth and the white Elephant of Burmah and a shadow pantomime were attractive parts of the show. Another famous social event is the Kirmes which was given at the National Theatre. The affair was managed by leading society ladies. There were a variety of dances given in costume the Tyrolean by sixty dancers all in the peasant holiday dress of the Tyrols, then the flower dance—thirty two young ladies as flowers and twelve as bees. Of the flowers there were eight poppies, eight daisies, eight roses, eight violets. Then followed the Swedish in costume, Indian dance composed of young people of the families of Senators and Representatives, Minuet, Japanese, and Gypsy dances. On the stage were the musicians and four booths, the central portion being oc-

cupied by the ladies of the committee. On the left of the stage was the Oriental booth and adjoining was the gypsy encampment.

There have been two deaths recently of distinguished Roman Catholic clergyman. Father Ryan well known as the "Poet Priest" died on the 22nd of April in Louisville. He distinguished himself recently as a lecturer, but as an author he is more widely and favorably known. The writer while traveling in the East during the past winter heard some very interesting incidents concerning the deceased, and become much interested in his poetry. The poems most admired by the masses are "The Conquered Banner" and "The Sword Of Lee." After the funeral exercises in Louisville, the remains were taken to Mobile. The last tribute laid upon his coffin was an immense passion cross of lilies surmounted by a Niel rose crown and resolutions were read by Gen. Alpheus Baker. These resolutions are something very different from those ordinarily prepared for like occasions.

The other priest alluded to as having passed away was Father Maguire, whose funeral services were solemnized in the Church of St. Aloysius in this city. Arch bishop Gibbons and many priests, about fifty in number, were present.

That which will interest our readers most is of quite a different character to the events already alluded to.

The arguments before the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Apostle Lorenzo Snow begun April 28th, and continued two days. The opening of the case was made by Hon. F. S. Richards, and while listening to the presentation we could not help feeling a good degree of pride in our young friend and brother for the masterly manner in which he laid the matter before the Chief Justice and his associate judges. He covered the ground carefully not failing in a single particular. He was followed by George Ticknor Curtis, Esquire, an eminent lawyer and author of several standard books, a man held in very high esteem in literary and social circles and a man thoroughly versed in the Law. He made a grandly eloquent and pathetic appeal, as well as presenting logical and unanswerable arguments on all the points in question. His manner was earnest, impressive and thoroughly genuine, he evidently spoke from the depths of his heart. His speech has since been published in pamphlet form, and a part of Mr. Richards' along with it. It was a brilliant effort and plea for justice and religious liberty and rights of conscience, and we trust copies of it will be widely circulated.

The Assistant Attorney General represented the government, and his speech throughout was bitter, and some parts of it scathing in the extreme. He seemed to forget the dignity of the position he occupied, and of the temple of justice in which he stood and the august presence of the Judges before whom he was arguing for this free and glorious government, one might have thought that he was totally oblivious to all save the simple fact that he stood there not to interpret the law and ask that it be observed or enforced, but to vent his own spleen upon an unpopular people, and pour forth a tirade of abuse such as we trust has never before been heard at the most exalted tribunal of this great and free Republic. Mr. Richards closed and submitted the case in such a calm, fervent and unimpassioned manner, after all the taunts and aspersions of his opponent, that it would seem impossible for any one who possessed an honest soul not to discover the difference between the spirit of the two arguments. Mr. Richards deserves the highest encomiums of praise from the people he represents, for the very able and impressive speeches made in this important case before the Supreme Court of the United States.

The hearing before the Sub-Committee of the Judiciary of the House of Representatives fol-

lowed close upon the case in the Supreme Court. The first argument on our side of the question was made by Mr. Chandler, attorney at law. He was very positive and made strong points, bringing forward abundant testimony from standard legal books to substantiate his assertions. Baskin had already been granted a hearing, and had made many erroneous statements, that required contradiction.

The next day F. S. Richards and A. M. Gibson occupied the time, covering, it would seem, the entire ground in the most able and dignified manner. Their arguments were deep, far reaching and sound, and ought to have impressed all who listened to them with their genuineness and matter of fact style of logic. They stuck to the subject, not rambling off into unknown regions for the sake of effect, or skimming over the ground without plunging into its depths, but faithfully summing up the whole matter in brief, so that all who were not blind might see the situation clearly.

George F. Boutwell, formerly a member of Congress, from Mass., and also Governor of that grand old State, made one of the most eloquent speeches that it was possible for anyone to make on the unconstitutionality of the Edmunds bill. His age, his tone of voice, his prestige, and above all his impressive eloquence of style, all told powerfully in favor of those he represented. He was followed by Mr. Chandler on some particular points in question, who referred to authorities on the subject, and the next in order was Mr. Baskin, the representative of the so-called "Liberals" in Utah, who gave his startling and bombastic tirade on Monday, May 3rd; it lasted four whole hours. He pictured the "Mormons" as the most despicable of all human beings. To hear him talk, they are too wicked to be suffered to live on the earth, yet Mr. Baskin stood there and told them that he had lived right among this people for twenty years. O consistency, where hast thou fled? The man literally wore himself out abusing the "Mormons;" he completely exhausted all his energies, physical and mental, and on his face was the look of abject despair as he closed his speech, and one would suppose from his manner he was also ready to give up the ghost. The next morning Hon. Joseph A. West, of Ogden, occupied a part of the time, and refuted many of the unjust and cruel aspersions cast upon the "Mormon" people by Mr. Baskin, who is not at all above associating with our people at home, but in Washington one would suppose to hear him that he could not look upon a Mormon with any degree of complacency. Our Utah Delegate to Congress, Mr. Caine, made a long and exhaustive argument, meeting and explaining away all the objective points made by Mr. Baskin. It positively seemed as if the opponent had not a pin's head to stand upon.

Throughout the entire proceedings the Chairman, the Hon. John Randolph Tucker, maintained the most perfect equanimity and good nature. He seemed not only willing, but anxious to arrive at an understanding of all the matter in dispute on either side, and to accord the best opportunity possible for free and full discussion of the subject. He deserves gratitude for the unprejudiced and unbiased spirit he manifested throughout the entire proceedings.

One important fact, that impressed itself most powerfully upon the writer, was that the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ were being taught in the Capitol of the nation, and in the Judicial department, the Temple of Justice, the Supreme Court, the highest tribunal to which appeal can be made in this free and enlightened country; also in the Committee room of the Judiciary of the House of Representatives, and everything brought up against us by the opponents of "Mormonism" only gave greater opportunity to defend the people and advocate and explain the principles and institutions that exist in the Church, surely "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to per-

form." There are many interesting items connected with these hearings that may be summed up at another time, but lest our readers tire of these topics, we forbear for the present, hoping when at home again to devote more time to the articles which have always been sent off in haste while journeying from place to place, or sojourning at the Capitol.

#### GOLDEN WEDDING.

The fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Elder Joseph Horne and his wife, Mary Isabella, was celebrated at the old homestead in the Fourteenth Ward of this city, on the 9th of May, with family and friends, and was a most unique and enjoyable gathering. It is a rare occurrence in the lives of married people to live half a century without one or the other passing away; and perhaps rarer still to have so numerous and noble a posterity as Bro. and Sister Horne have around them. They were married on the 9th of May, 1836, and two months afterwards they were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Orson Hyde, so that the date of their marriage and baptism is within the same year. A sumptuous dinner was prepared by the children at the paternal mansion, and many sons and daughters and grandchildren sat down to the abundant repast. The evening was spent in social, family enjoyment, and the grandchildren entertained the older ones with music, recitations and songs.

On Monday evening the family and many of their relatives, nearly a hundred in all, assembled at their residence, though many friends were not able to attend, and sent flowers, gifts and good wishes instead. Of those who had desired to be present, and were not well enough, was our beloved and venerable sister and mother in Israel, Eliza R. Snow Smith. The Eldest son being absent in Arizona, Joseph, the eldest one present, read to the assembly letters of congratulations from particular friends who were absent addressed to the venerable pair on their having reached a half century of united married happiness, and these letters also contained expressions of good wishes and blessings. A telegram of sincere congratulation was also received from Mrs. E. B. Wells, sent from Washington, D. C. Following these a presentation was made by Elder Joseph Horne to his father, with a few pertinent remarks, of an elegant gold watch and chain from his children, and a handsome charm locket from his grandchildren. To the mother he made a presentation of a watch chain and slide with cameo, and a pair of gold rimmed spectacles from her children, and a heavy gold ring with three pearls, from her grandchildren. One of the daughters, Mrs. M. H. Tingey, read a very appropriate poem written for the occasion by Mrs. E. H. Woodmansee. Dr. E. S. Barney read an address in behalf of the sisters, and presented from several of them a handsome gold thimble. From other friends Mrs. Horne received several other valuable presents—a gold collar button, with diamond, pretty charm for watch chain, gold and moss agate, silver and gold tankard, silver and gold spoonholder, gold scarf pin, and other pretty and useful articles.

The only person present at the golden wedding who had witnessed the marriage ceremony of the host and hostess, fifty years before, was the sister of Mrs. Horne, Mrs. Harriet Ellis of Bountiful. Bro. and Sister Horne have had a very large family—fifteen children in all, ten of whom are living, all honored and useful members of society, sixty-seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. The opening speech, was made by acting Bishop Brown, who mentioned in his remarks that it had been talked of that an entertainment should be arranged by the ward at the hall,

but it was given up when it was known that the family had already made their preparations. Interesting remarks were also made by Bishop Weiler, and Brother Geo. Price. To these Bro. Horne responded in an appropriate speech. Some of the ladies also made short speeches Sisters S. M. Kimball, E. Howard and Sister Swartz.

There were many floral offerings, gifts of friends, choice flowers were tastefully used to decorate the rooms, and the portraits of Brother and Sister Horne were wreathed around with smilax and myrtle artistically arranged. The bride of fifty years was dressed in a handsome brown silk dress with real lace collar and cuffs and she looked so fresh and well preserved one could scarcely believe that she had lived half a century as wife and mother, and had passed through so many of the changing scenes of life and the drivings and mobbing which the Saints have suffered from time to time.

We join with the many genuine friends of Brother and Sister Horne in wishing them continued prosperity, happiness and long life with their numerous and noble family. We expect to publish in our next issue the poem written for this happy occasion by our esteemed poet sister Emily H. Woodmansee.

#### OUR CHILDREN.

A pitiful and also very instructive story was related to me the other evening by a lady friend. It was of a little girl, who, from birth, was the idolized pet of her father, mother, relatives and friends. When she was four years old, she was presented with a fine baby brother. Being of a gentle, retiring nature, the little girl listened with marked attention to the praises and compliments showered upon the new baby, without giving utterance to her own opinion of him, or the feelings his presence created with her.

Not long after the birth of the baby boy, the parents were alarmed at the discovery that their cherished first born, who up to that time had been remarkably well, was gradually failing in health, and to render the matter still more serious, no clue could be obtained to the cause of the child's decline, though the parents employed their best efforts, assisted by competent medical advisers. The child could give no reason herself why she no longer had any desire to eat, why her playthings were all uninteresting to her, or why she seemed nervous and restless in her sleep; yet certain it was that she had changed from a happy, rosy little girl to a pensive, pale one, and still grew paler and weaker every day.

She was one day quietly sitting by herself, as children often do, when her father drew very near to her without attracting her attention. He watched her carefully, and listened earnestly to catch the words she was uttering, hoping to find some trace of the cause of her late apathy, and he was rewarded. He heard her say, "Tommy is everything now, everybody loves Tommy, but they don't care anything about me any more!"

The truth burst suddenly upon the father's mind—his little girl was pining for the love she thought she had lost in the advent of her baby brother. She had given no sign of vengeful feelings, as some little ones do who consider their rights infringed upon, but her sensitive nature could not well endure the sudden change of hearing and seeing another take the first place in every one's affection, which had formerly been her own. It was a well timed and most fortunate discovery. The parents took good care that their little daughter did not again feel the want of love and attention, and she was soon nursed and petted back to her wonted health and happiness.

When I heard this story it forcibly reminded me of two lovely little girls who recently lived near

me. Both were very sweet in their dispositions and smart to learn, but in some respects the younger surpassed the elder. It often occurred to me that too much notice was taken of these differences, by those who loved the children best. I never looked into the face of the elder sister without seeing there a pale, soft melancholy, which always won my sympathy, and I never listened to recitals of the younger one's superiority without wishing in my heart that something might also be told concerning the worth of the other.

These are subjects well worth careful consideration. Little hearts are often so sensitive that they grieve over very little things. The never ending variety which exists in all the creations of our Father, is no where more noticeable than among our little ones. Their faces, their voices and their dispositions all differ in one way or another, giving to each certain marks of individuality.

What a study is here offered for parents! How to train their children that each one may be most useful and happy in his or her particular sphere; how to measure for each a just amount of time for work, for study and for play; a reasonable share of reproof, without which scarcely any child can be wisely reared; and enough and no more of encouragement and praise.

Very much is contained in the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants that will greatly aid parents in the all important duties of training their children, and every mother should seek diligently to learn the revealed word of the Lord on this weighty subject.

LULA.

## CHAFF.

Women are either fat or scraggy in New York, and in full dress resemble either the fat lady of the circus or an anatomical study in bones.

The New York women have pretty faces.

English women are well formed; Scotch are larger boned, and Irish (in the north) raw boned.

American women have small hands and feet; British women have large hands and feet. The former cannot walk, while the latter are good pedestrians.

The Edinburgh women are among the neatest and most tasty dressers in the world. They are also decidedly original. In New York and Washington women run into styles, and you may see hundreds with the same things. This is not true of Edinburgh. The costumes are remarkably neat, differ greatly, and what is still more remarkable, they are all very quiet.

The Edinburgh men are homely, generally loud dressers, and few of them have good figures, in which they contrast greatly with the women, who are pretty and exceptionally well formed.

Scotchmen, with rare exceptions, do not know how to treat women. They are rude and boorish compared with women, while the women make themselves so cheap that the tendency is to still greater rudeness among the poorer classes in England and Ireland. The women, as a rule, are very badly treated, especially when compared with the manner in which New Englanders view women, or appear to view them.

In America the prettier women are among the wealthier classes. In Great Britain they seem to be among the poorer, and for this reason so many are ruined at an early age, and in the streets which they frequent one is astonished to find so great a number of lovely women hopelessly lost.

No wonder we can point with such pride to what civilized monogamy has done for women. We should be proud of it indeed!!

W.

## LETTER FROM ARIZONA.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

I believe you have, through the columns of your paper, extended an invitation to the different settlements to write to you occasionally. When you

hear from us if you always hear something about a surprise. I hope you will not think we have nothing to do but study up something of the kind. I trust our hearts are at least partially alive to the duties in the great work in which we are engaged, and as our motto has always been to look on the bright side, though the clouds may hang heavy above us, if we will watch and wait we are sure to see the silver lining, our lives are composed of sunshine and shadow and an agreeable surprise is like a ray of light across our paths.

April 6th the members of Y. L. M. I. A. with united guests from the Relief Society, and our honored Stake president C. Layton and lady, also a number of brethren from the ward met to present Sister Nancy M. Rollins (their late President) with a token of respect. The company were there seated around the hall, and the tables were spread with the good things of the land ere she made her appearance. She was met at the door by President Janie Wright and Counselors who gave her a hearty welcome and led her to a seat, she was then presented with a nice dress pattern, and appropriate resolutions of respect were read by Counselor Almeda Welker, to which she responded with a short address. Said she would not attempt to describe her feelings but could truly say she was surprised and pleased to meet with us on this occasion.

The company were there seated around the table and all partook until they were satisfied, after which the programme was engaged in as follows: songs, recitations, select readings and the Young Ladies' manuscript paper was read by Counselor Louisa Peel. President Layton and Brother Weech of Pima made some very interesting remarks.

President Janie Wright thanked the company for their kind attention and hoped they had been well repaid for coming. Singing. Benediction by Bro. Peel.

On the evening of May 8th the Primary Association gave a surprise to their late President, Sister Annie Packer. The evening was spent in singing recitations picnic etc., both old and young seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

The Relief Society is in good running order, and take us all around I believe we are doing as well as we can under the circumstances.

ALMEDA WELKER, Secretary pro tem.

## R. S., Y. L. M. I. A. &amp; P. A. REPORTS.

SMITHFIELD.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

Thinking a brief report from the Relief Society of this ward might be of interest to you as well as your numerous readers, we very respectfully submit the following:

At a meeting held on the 21st of December last, 1885, a reorganization of our Relief Society was effected, this reorganization having been made necessary by the removal from our ward of the late esteemed President, Sister A. Barber. The following officers were unanimously sustained: Sister E. T. Juchaw, President; Sisters M. Williams and M. A. Hylliard, Counselors; Mary Woodruff, Secretary; Sister Margaret Story, Treasurer.

The association is in a prosperous condition, being well united, and determined to press forward in good works and fulfill the object for which the Society was organized.

MARY WOODRUFF, Sec.

HEBER CITY.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

A conference of the Relief Society of the Wasatch Stake of Zion was held in the Heber City Hall, May 7th, 1886. Present on the

stand were President Emma Brown and Counselors, the presidents of a number of the different branches, President Hatch and a number of the brethren. Meeting was opened in the usual manner, prayer being offered by Bishop R. S. Duke. The minutes of the former conference were read and adopted. The reports, both written and verbal, were well rendered, showing an increase of members since last reports.

Prest. Emma Brown and Counselors gave their usual motherly advice, dwelling strongly on the subject of rearing and training our young in the proper path.

Resolutions of respect to the memory of Sister Mary Bronson, who so efficiently occupied the position of Stake Secretary, and who departed this life February 9th, 1886, were read and adopted.

The congregation was addressed by Prest. Hatch, Coun. T. H. Giles and Bishop R. S. Duke, who encouragingly exhorted the sisters to continue faithful to the cause they had espoused. Prest. Brown, after a few closing remarks, announced that conference would be adjourned for six months. Singing. Benediction by Prest. Hatch.

JOSEPHINE C. JONES, Sec. pro tem.

HYRUM.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

Thinking that perhaps a line from Hyrum might be acceptable I send a synopsis of the 18th anniversary of the Relief Society, which was held at 10 a. m. in the public hall, Hyrum, May 8th, 1886. The hall was neatly decorated for the occasion by the young ladies. There were present, Prest. Adaline Barber, Sisters Zina D. Young, Crowther, Pike, Wolf and Turner. Bishop S. M. Molen and Counselors several other brethren, and a large attendance of members of the Relief Society and Y. L. M. I. A. After opening exercises the report was laid before the meeting and accepted and officers sustained as they stood before.

Sister Zina D. Young addressed the meeting on training our children aright, said a child's education should begin as soon as it is born. It is the duty of every mother to instil into her children the principles of the Gospel; spoke of the persecutions that are heaped upon us as a people. If we have faith we will come out all right. Also spoke in behalf of the Hospital.

Prest. A Barber said, if we are faithful we have nothing to fear, the Lord has promised to be our battle axe. Teach your sons and daughters to keep the commandments of God. Your report is excellent, always keep a copy of your report. Gave very good counsel on different subjects. Sisters Wolf, Pike and Crowther each spoke a short time; were pleased to meet with the sisters in Hyrum, and to hear the excellent instructions.

Miss S. Thorn of Brigham city next sang a song entitled "Some day I'll wander back again."

Patriarch O. N. Liljenquist gave very good and fatherly counsel, exhorted all to faithfulness.

Singing. Benediction by Bishop Molen.

At the close of the meeting the tables were spread on the stand, and a very nice dinner was partaken of by a large majority of the brethren and sisters. The feast was for the benefit of the widows, and missionaries wives and the aged sisters. H. A. Shaw, E. Peterson M. Neilson and S. McBride were the committee for the occasion and they spared no pains to make all happy, all went off well and every one felt that it was good to be there.

Very respectfully,

N. M. NEILSON, Secretary.

## OPINIONS OF A GENTILE

ON THE EDMUNDS BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:

Sir:—Your editorial of Saturday evening, on the Anti-Mormon Bill that has just passed the Senate, evinces the fact that you are not ready to countenance a law that looks to the confiscation of a religious community's property because some of its members are alleged criminals.

The proposition to put fourteen United States officials into a religious corporation, against thirteen honest fanatics, avowedly to outvote the representatives of the rightful owners of the property, and thereby to *steal*, in the name of the United States Government, substance that belongs to the Mormon community as justly as Trinity Church belongs to the Protestant Episcopal Church, seems a cumbersome and expensive mode of robbery.

It differs, however, not in spirit—only in its *modus operandi*—from the proposition of one of the leading lights in Massachusetts theology and ethics, who proposed to set a watch for William Penn and his co-religionists, that they might be captured, before landing, their substance taken, and their persons enslaved. The early New England saint thought it sufficiently stimulating to the enterprise of his co-saints, to point out the fact that the pestilent Quakers were rich; especially their leader, and that their substance should be laid hold of for the use and benefit of the orthodox. He did not propose to limit the expedition to a bare majority, in order to accomplish the robbery; nor did he propose to make the thieves salaried officers of the Commonwealth; but he did propose that the Commonwealth should stand by and protect them by their great moral worth and godly influence.

Political and ethical evolution have wrought their refinements since the days of which I have spoken, and Mr. Edmunds, a New England saint, adjusted to the environment of modern hypocrisy, proposes to rob a whole community because some of its members are alleged to be guilty of "lascivious cohabitation," a thing that he knows is common throughout the United States, yea, in his own town, his own State, and in an aggravated form, in the great capital, where a strict enforcement of the law would place some of those who helped to make it, behind the bars.

Should the House pass this bill, and it become a law, its reactive influence will be so great and rapid that in the near future the Mormons will have to be enumerated by millions, instead of by hundreds of thousands, as at present.

Legislation so palpably unjust, unconstitutional and tyrannous, is sure to defeat the subject aimed at, and raise up friends and supporters of the persecuted.

To pass a law that would compel the public registration of all marriages in Utah, and other Territories, so that the Mormon so-called celestial marriages could not be kept secret, and thus facilitate the trial and conviction of those guilty of an indictable offence, would be the work of statesmen. But to enact this infamous measure, which would turn loose upon an honest, industrious, religious community a band of legalized, salaried robbers, would be something that ought to cause the modern Turk to hang his head in guilty shame.

Furthermore: If this bill should become a law, it will give the Supreme Court a finer job of hair-splitting and "outside work to establish its constitutionality, than did the Reynolds' case, under the Cullom-Poland law; which decision was confessedly 'outside of the Constitution.'"

The "perpetual emigration fund," the objective point of this legislation, is, in the

strictest ecclesiastical sense, a "religious fund," gathered in strict, voluntary obedience to the divine law of tithing, as given by Moses: Consecrated by the sweat and tears and prayers of the fanatics who earned and gave it for the purpose of "gathering the faithful to Zion."

The Constitution says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion; or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

This bill proposes to violate both ends of this Constitutional prohibition. It not only proposes to "prohibit the free exercise" of Mormonism, but to "establish," regulate and administer the ism.

The Supreme Court will hardly say that *money*—which is always and everywhere orthodox—voluntarily gathered according to the Mosaic law of tithing for religious uses, is not "religion" in the constitutional sense.

If this goes through, and the Supreme Court sustains its constitutionality, what is to hinder the Romanists of New York from going to Albany, in solid phalanx, where they could hire cheap legislators enough to assist them in passing a law, giving the State, thus Romanised, the power to administer the funds of Trinity Church corporation—which is no more genuinely religious, nor honest, in its holy purposes than is the Mormon emigration fund—in the interest of the State, by Roman Priests, appointed by a Romanised Governor? What Rome could do in New York and Louisiana, Methodit-ism and Baptist-ism could do in many of the other States.

BALLARD S. DUNN,  
Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## MORMON WOMEN.

It is known to comparatively few people, perhaps, that there is a commission of Mormon women from Utah in the city. They seek redress for wrongs in the names of over 2,000 ladies who assembled at Salt Lake City in mass meeting March 6, 1886, representing the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of the whole territory. A Republican representative met the commission by appointment at the headquarters on Grant place yesterday afternoon and confronted four well-favored agreeable and intelligent women. Mrs. Emeline B. Wells, the editor of the WOMAN'S EXPONENT, published semi-monthly at Salt Lake City, seemed by common consent to be the chairman. Mrs. Wells is the plural wife of Gen. D. H. Wells, who was counsel to Brigham Young. Mrs. Wells was born a Puritan in Massachusetts, but was converted with her mother and went to Nauvoo, Ill., in 1884, and was married in Salt Lake City in 1852. Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson was born at Cambridge, Eng.; was married in London, and came to this country in 1875, in consequence of embracing the Mormon faith in Illinois. Her husband died in 1880, and both were Mormons, but were never in polygamy. Mrs. Emily S. Richards and Mrs. Josephine West were born in the Mormon church of parents who lived in polygamy. They were young women, have each been married several years, and have had numerous children, and Mrs. West has an infant with her.

In answer to a question concerning their mission to the capital, Mrs. Wells said:

"Our mission to Washington at this present time is to present memorials which we brought ourselves, being properly accredited, for the President, the senate, and the house. The first was delivered to the Chief Magistrate on April 3, when we had an interview with him; that to the senate was presented by Mr. Blair on the 6th. He was selected because he voted against the Edmunds bill, and is besides a woman's suffragist, and ex-Gov. Long, of Massachusetts, who is a suffragist also, had

charge of the document for the house, which has been referred to the judiciary committee. In the senate the memorial was allowed to lie on the table, and appeared in full in The Record of April 7."

"Having presented your memorial, what do you propose to do further in the matter?"

"We shall do all in our power to correct the evil and sensational reports that are daily being disseminated among the people of the east from the pulpit and by the press. We have some books and pamphlets which we will gladly give to inquirers, and we invite investigation, and are ready to answer questions."

"What is the condition of affairs in Utah that compel you to make this protest?"

"The Edmunds law, which was passed in 1882," said Dr. Ferguson, "with a view of prohibiting and doing away with polygamy, has been the means of inflicting much suffering upon the people who do not come within the penal scope of the law, through the maladministration of officials. As will be seen from our memorial we complain that young children are brought into court and plied with indecent questions; tender women in delicate health are asked impertinent and insulting questions in court, and many of our leading men and priests of Mormonism are driven into hiding by the exactions of the officials. The juries are composed of men known to be antagonistic to Mormonism, and no Mormon is permitted to sit upon juries. The men and women living in polygamous marriage have been disenfranchised, but monogamous Mormons, men and women, still vote. It is not true that the women vote at the dictation of Mormon officials. The ballot is secret and no one has any means of knowing how another votes. The Gentile ring in Utah," continued Dr. Ferguson, "is not making a crusade against polygamy but is agitating matters and moving for adverse legislation in order to get the local and elective offices of the territory under their control. The elective and territorial offices are now all held by Mormons. Should the ring succeed in disenfranchising monogamous Mormons, although greatly in the minority, they would manipulate territorial affairs, to suit themselves. All we can do to foil the political conspirators is to enlighten public sentiment on all that pertains to Mormons and Mormonism."

In reply to a question as to what made the Church of the Latter-day Saints so fascinating to women, Mrs. Wells resumed. "We feel that the doctrines are the truth, and feel like clinging to them at any sacrifice. I know there is more liberty for women in the Mormon Church than in any other in the world. The women vote not only upon all political questions, but upon religious tenets as well. We believe in a pre-existence and future state of progression and the discipline of plural marriage is a corrective to supreme selfishness. The great wrong congress is doing in enforcing the Edmunds law is the breaking up of families, the ruin of hearts and homes, and disgracing the women and making their children outcasts.

"Mormons believe that a man can love more than one woman just as a mother's love is not confined to one child," said Mrs. Richards. "My husband and I talked the matter all over before marriage. We both came from parents who lived in polygamy, but we were the children of the first wives, and no Mormon youth would marry a girl who was not a good Mormon in all that the word implies. We were born and brought up in the church, and when we arrived at years of responsibility we adopted the faith as our own. We have seen the power given the saints; that the Lord prospered them in temporal things as well as in spiritual things."

Mrs. West is the daughter of an apostle of the Church; and avers that if she had a score of children would bring them all up to be Latter-day Saints. She is enthusiastic about the superior principles of her religion, and says Mormons are not living for the present only, but for the glory of eternity, and are willing to make sacrifices here for the future exaltation.—*Washington National Republican.*

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Large charity doth never soil, but only whitens soft white hands.

Charities should be diffused. Grain will not grow if piled in a heap; it must be scattered.

A bill of fare book is a good thing. A plain, strong blank book is what is needed. Every day when the morning's work is done, sit down and write therein what you will have for the next dinner, supper and breakfast. In this way a pleasant variety and a better class of cooking will be secured and all needed preparations can be made methodically, instead of a harum-scarum, hurried manner at the last moment. This is good for all; but especially useful where a servant does the cooking.

"The Punishment of Children" was the subject of Prof. Felix Adler's recent lecture before the Society of Ethical Culture, in Philadelphia. Professor Adler said:

"Never punish a child in anger. Let the anger burning within you subside. An angry person is always liable to overshoot the mark—can never be perfectly just. Whether corporal punishment is ever admissible is an open question. There are reasons outside of sentiment against it. Corporal punishment tends to brutalize a child; it tends to make children cowards and it blunts the sense of shame."

Many a tired housewife thinks that when she is able to keep help she will lie abed in the morning till breakfast is ready and take it easy. But when she gets help, and good help, too, she will find that the work of the household will not go to suit her, unless she goes before it and through it and all around it herself. If the mistress takes a long morning nap, the maid is pretty likely to conclude that a morning's nap is nice for her, too; and the result is a delayed breakfast, spoiled in the hurry of cooking, and a general disarrangement of the morning's work to follow. It may not be a restful thought, but it is true, that if a mistress would have a servant prompt, tidy, honest, and thorough, she must herself set a worthy example of all these qualities. She must be up betimes in the morning to lead and plan and direct the starting of the household machinery. A company of soldiers won't accomplish much unless the captain rides at their head.—*The Housekeeper.*

### NOTES AND NEWS.

Miss Alice Freeman, president of Wellesley College, will be the essayist at the May meeting of the Round Table Club.

Miss Catherine Craft, of New Jersey, in celebrating recently her ninety-eighth birthday, recalled the fact that she had voted for Jefferson for President.

Astronomers predict that a bright comet will be visible just before sunrise during the latter part of May. It is the comet of 1886" recently discovered by Professor Barnard.

Three women students of Indiana Medical College attended the lectures during the en-

tire term, and it is anticipated that they will be formally and regularly admitted next year.

Miss Mary E. Bird, astronomer of Carlton College, Northfield, Minn., is at the Minnesota educational exhibit at the Exposition, in charge of ten clocks illustrating the time system.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A little borax put into the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

When making a new carpet, always save the ravelings for use in darning the carpet on some future day, as the colors will match better than any yarn you are likely to find.

*Sugar Cookies.*—Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one nutmeg, flour enough to make a soft batter, and a little salt.

An excellent and simple disinfectant for sinks and waste pipes is made by mixing one large tablespoonful of copperas with one quart of boiling water. This solution is odorless, and it deodorizes instantly.

Turn lamp wicks down below the top of the tubes when not lighted, and you will not be troubled with oil running over on the outside of the lamps. If this caution is observed, they may be kept clean and dry.

*To Make a Tough Fowl Tender.*—The French have a way of making a tough fowl tender in the roasting which is worth following. It should be seasoned and tied up securely in two thicknesses of soft white or pale brown paper, and put into the oven half an hour earlier than the time one would choose to assure its being done. It will steam slowly in this way, and if delicately dredged with flour when the paper is taken off at the end of the half hour in a hot oven it will come out brown and easily carved.

*Boiled Icing.*—The whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and two good sized cups of sugar, granulated preferred; pour enough water on the sugar to dissolve it, and allow it to boil till quite thick syrup, then pour over the whites, stirring briskly till cool. Spread on cake with a knife previously dipped in cold water. This icing will not crackle when cut, and hardens in a few moments.

*Excellent Sponge Cake.*—Four eggs, two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one cup of boiling water, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, and flavor to taste. Method: Beat eggs and sugar to a froth, add a little at a time of the boiling water, stirring briskly. Sift and add the first cup of flour, put the yeast powder in the last cup of flour, sift twice to thoroughly mix the powder; this makes a thin batter; bake in a moderate oven. This is a good cake for dyspeptics.

I have used the above recipes many times, and am sure they are first class. M. C.

### OBITUARY.

DIED, at Wanship, Summit Co., Utah, March 24th, 1885, Maria Horton, wife of Edward Horton, aged seventy-two years. She was born at Batsall, Warwickshire, England; joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1851; emigrated to the United States in 1855; came to Utah in 1860. She died in full faith of the Gospel.

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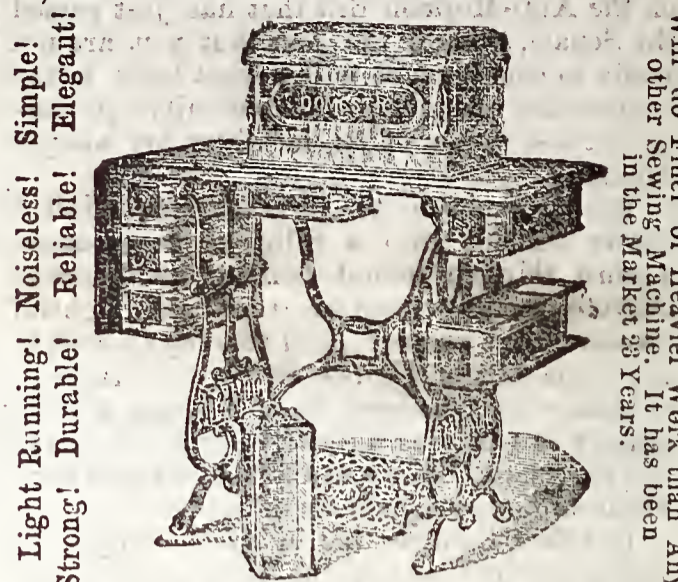
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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

VOL. 15.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JUNE 1, 1886.

No. 1.

## THE LEGEND OF THE PASSION- FLOWER.\*

When from Eden's garden banished  
By a just, offended God,  
Those two exiles,—angels followed,  
Sprinkling with their tears the sod.

Where those jewels fell, bright flowers  
Sprang to life in dale and wood.  
One, amidst the thorns and briers,  
Grew in mystic similitude.

With no comrade but the night wind,  
Pressed its loneliness like pain,  
Till it bowed its head in anguish,  
Asking o'er and o'er again

Of the centuries sweeping past it,  
In their ever changing mood,  
"Why, unlike all other flowers,  
Am I doomed to solitude?"

"Sympathies unmeasured for them  
Poets sing in sweetest lays.  
Must I unknown thus forever  
Dwell where none may love or praise?"

"Ah!" the breezes softly answered,  
As they kissed its tears away,—  
"Bliss unknown to others waits thee.  
Patience but another day."

With the morning light came soldiers,  
On their cruel errand sent,  
To the crown for Him they plaited  
Its sweet charm the flower lent.

When upon the cross they crowned Him,  
One in whom was found no guile;  
Crushed amid the thorns this flower  
Sweetest fragrance gave the while.

Through the darkness and the horror  
Of that terror-stricken morn,  
Brightly gleamed this mystic symbol,  
Where of anguish Love was born.

Ah, revealed! at last its mission,  
Fulfilled its destiny.  
Emblem of the Crucifixion,  
Passion-flowers bloom to-day.—*Ex.*

Brunswick, Me., 1886.

FAITH.

\*The column of this flower represents the pillar to which Christ was bound; its fringes, the crown of thorns; the tendrils, the cords that bound Him; the styles, the nails; the stamens, the hammer that drove them through His tender flesh.

## EXPLANATORY.

Salt Lake City, May 26th, 1886.

DEAR AUNT EM:

Agreeable to your request, I send you a copy of my article, which was prepared for the late Mass Meeting, but through some oversight did not appear in the published pamphlet:

### SOME HARD QUESTIONS.

Has Senator Edmunds a wife or a daughter? If he has either, what must be her feelings towards him? How must she regard his injustice to woman? How can she tolerate the inhumanity of his nature, which is so apparent in the laws he has framed for Utah? laws which are to take away the political rights, not only of those women whom he chooses to call offenders, but those also who have committed no offence.

And the government officials, who, here in

Utah, are carrying out some of Edmunds' unjust suggestions even before they have become laws. Is it possible that they, at least some of the most cruel of them, can have wives, daughters, or sisters? It is to be hoped not! After heaping the insults and indignities upon "Mormon" women that they do, how could they ever have the assurance to speak to or look at any woman again? They must have had mothers—are they dead? It is a great pity if some of them are not. Supposing it to be the case, that either of the gentlemen operating in the federal court here has a wife, how would he like to have such questions asked of her, as have been asked of other men's wives, and in open court?

It is to be feared that these gentlemen, in all their studies and researches after knowledge, have failed to come across, or else have entirely overlooked the GOLDEN RULE. It would be a charitable work to get that beautiful law printed on Sunday School cards and send it to them by an army of the little "Mormon" children whose papas are now in prison. In prison for no crime, except that they own and support them and their mammas, and some of the leading ones of the nation choose to call this wrong. "If you would only renounce polygamy!" some of them have said; but how is it now, if non-polygamists are to be disfranchised the same as though they were really among the offenders? Can they not see that they are showing us before hand that we need not anticipate any good from them, however we might turn, so long as we choose to serve the Lord instead of the evil one, so long as we will live pure lives instead of corrupt ones? If they don't see it we do, and we are all the more determined to love the Lord and serve Him with all our might. May He have mercy on us and save us, and may He have mercy, and if possible turn them from the error of their ways. We do not ask them to have pity on us; we have learned better; but from the very bottom of our hearts, great, warm, loving hearts, such as they know nothing about—we pity them and pray for them. We are shocked and wounded now by their cruelty towards us, by all that we see and hear of them; but oh! it will be far more terrible to see and hear them in the near future, when they are calling for rocks and mountains to fall upon them, and hide them from the presence of an offended and all powerful God!

LULA GREENE RICHARDS.

March 5th, 1886.

## CELESTIAL MARRIAGE.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

DEAR SIR—Something over twelve years ago, by my solicitation, Brother William Clayton, at that time and for many years Territorial Auditor, wrote a brief history of facts which came under his observation relative to the writing of the Revelation on Celestial Marriage, as now found in section 132, Doctrine and Covenants, page 463, and first published to the world in 1852, at a general conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held in Salt Lake City. I now forward this document to you for publication, believing that the perusal of it will prove interesting to your numerous readers just at this present juncture, when the subject seems to be

the all absorbing topic with respect to the Latter-day Saints, and "Mormonism" in general. It may prove a stumbling block to some, but it will throw light upon many points heretofore obscure, and but little understood by many, which I trust will prove not only interesting but instructive and profitable. It will at least prove a guide to all, in connection with the abundant and incontrovertible evidence already had on this point to the identity of its author, under God, for which, all who love the truth, cannot but feel thankful. It must be borne in mind that this great and glorious principle was first revealed to Joseph Smith in 1831—or 1832 (I have not the exact date with me,) but being forbidden to make it public, or to teach it as a doctrine of the Gospel, at that time he confided the facts to only a very few of his most intimate associates. Among them were Oliver Cowdery and Lyman E. Johnson, the latter confiding the fact to his traveling companion Elder Orson Pratt, in the year 1832. (See O. Pratts' testimony.) And this great principle remained concealed in the bosoms of the Prophet Joseph and the few to whom he revealed it, until he was commanded, about 1842, to instruct the leading members of the Priesthood, and those who were most faithful and intelligent, and best prepared to receive, it in relation thereto, at which time, and subsequently until his martyrdom, the subject, in connection with the great principles of baptism, redemption and sealings for the dead became the great themes of his life, and, as the late Prest. Geo. A. Smith repeatedly said to me and others, "The Prophet seemed irresistibly moved by the power of God to establish that principle, not only in theory, in the hearts and minds of his brethren, but in practice also!" he himself having led the way. While this doctrine was thus being taught by the Prophet to those whom he could trust—those who had faith, righteousness and integrity, to believe and accept it, with all its consequences, (which are no trifling things) it remained an "unwritten law" and commandment of the Almighty to the faithful only of His Saints, designed to be enlarged as intelligence and fidelity to the laws of God increased; until the 12th day of July, 1843, when a portion of the revelation was written in the manner, and (at that time) for the purpose set forth in the statement of Elder Clayton's now submitted to the world, and as indicated in the revelation itself, as follows, v. 66: "And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter; therefore let this suffice for the present."

Let all the Latter-day Saints know that Joseph Smith, the martyred Prophet, is responsible to God and the world for this doctrine, and let every soul know that he and his brother Hyrum did practice the doctrine, in their lifetime, and until their death, notwithstanding their seeming denials as published in the *Times and Seasons* and which are so fervently relied upon as evidence against the fact by a certain class of anti-polygamists. Those denials can be explained, and have been, and while they are true in the sense, and for the purpose for which they were designed, they are not denials of plural or celestial marriage as taught by Joseph Smith and practiced at the time by both of them, and many others in prominent standing in the Church. These seeming denials themselves are specific proofs

of the existence of the *true coin*, the counterfeit of which they denounced.

Let every Saint know by unimpeachable testimony, as well as by the spirit of inspiration to which each Saint is entitled, that God Almighty revealed this doctrine to Joseph the martyr, and that under God he was and is the founder, by precept and example, of the same in the Church.

Praying God to bless this testimony to the comforting of the Saints and the confusion of their enemies, I have the heartfelt pleasure to remain eternally yours for the truth, "if it wake the dead."

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

STATEMENT OF WILLIAM CLAYTON.

Copy.

Inasmuch as it may be interesting to future generations of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to learn something of the first teachings of the principle of plural marriage by President Joseph Smith, the Prophet, Seer, Revelator and translator of said Church, I will give a short relation of facts which occurred within my personal knowledge, and also matters related to me by President Joseph Smith.

I was employed as a clerk in President Joseph Smith's office, under Elder Willard Richards, and commenced to labor in the office on the 10th day of February, 1842. I continued to labor with Elder Richards until he went east to fetch his wife to Nauvoo.

After Elder Richards started East I was necessarily thrown constantly into the company of President Smith, having to attend to his public and private business, receiving and recording tithings and donations, attending to land and other matters of business. During this period I necessarily became well acquainted with Emma Smith, the wife of the Prophet Joseph; and also with the children—Julia M. (an adopted daughter), Joseph, Frederick and Alexander, very much of the business being transacted at the residence of the Prophet.

On the 7th of October, 1842, in the presence of Bishop Newel K. Whitney and his wife Elizabeth Ann, President Joseph Smith appointed me Temple Recorder, and also his private clerk, placing all records, books, papers, etc., in my care, and requiring me to take charge of and preserve them, his closing words being, "when I have any Revelations to write, you are the one to write them."

During this period the Prophet Joseph frequently visited my house in my company, and became well acquainted with my wife Ruth, to whom I had been married five years. One day in the month of February, 1843, date not remembered, the Prophet invited me to walk with him. During our walk, he said he had learned that there was a sister back in England, to whom I was very much attached. I replied, there was, but nothing further than an attachment, such as a brother and sister in the Church might rightfully entertain for each other. He then said, "Why don't you send for her?" I replied, "In the first place, I have no authority to send for her, and if I had, I have not the means to pay expenses." To this he answered, "I give you authority to send for her, and I will furnish you the means," which he did. This was the first time the Prophet Joseph talked with me on the subject of plural marriage. He informed me that the doctrine and principle was right in the sight of our Heavenly Father, and that it was a doctrine which pertained to Celestial order and glory. After giving me lengthy instructions and information concerning the doctrine of celestial or plural marriage, he concluded his remarks by the words, "It is your privilege to have all the wives you want." After this introduction, our conversations on the subject of

plural marriage were very frequent, and he appeared to take particular pains to inform and instruct me in respect to the principle. He also informed me that he had other wives living besides the first wife Emma, and in particular, gave me to understand that Eliza R. Snow, Louisa Beman, Desdmona C. Fullmer and others, were his lawful wives in the sight of Heaven.

On the 27th of April, 1843, the Prophet Joseph Smith married to me Margaret Moon, for time and eternity, at the residence of Elder Heber C. Kimball; and on the 22d of July, 1843, he married to me, according to the order of the Church, my first wife Ruth.

On the 1st day of May, 1843, I officiated in the office of an Elder by marrying Lucy Walker to the Prophet Joseph Smith, at his own residence.

During this period the Prophet Joseph took several other wives. Amongst the number I well remember Eliza Partridge, Emily Partridge, Sarah Ann Whitney, Helen Kimball and Flora Woodworth. These all, he acknowledged to me, were his lawful, wedded wives, according to the celestial order. His wife Emma was cognizant of the fact of some, if not all of these being his wives, and generally treated them very kindly.

On the morning of the 12th of July, 1843, Joseph and Hyrum Smith came into the office in the upper story of the "brick store," on the bank of the Mississippi river. They were talking on the subject of plural marriage. Hyrum said to Joseph, "If you will write the revelation on Celestial Marriage, I will take and read it to Emma, and I believe I can convince her of its truth, and you will hereafter have peace." Joseph smiled and remarked, "You do not know Emma as well as I do." Hyrum repeated his opinion and further remarked, "The doctrine is so plain, I can convince any reasonable man or woman of its truth, purity and heavenly origin," or words to their effect. Joseph then said, "well, I will write the revelation and we will see." He then requested me to get paper and prepare to write. Hyrum very urgently requested Joseph to write the revelation by means of the Urim and Thummim, but Joseph, in reply said he did not need to, for he knew the revelation perfectly from beginning to end.

Joseph and Hyrum then sat down, and Joseph commenced to dictate the revelation on Celestial Marriage, and I wrote it, sentence by sentence, as he dictated. After the whole was written, Joseph asked me to read it through, slowly and carefully, which I did and he pronounced it correct. He then remarked that there was much more that he could write, on the same subject, but what was written was sufficient for the present.

Hyrum then took the Revelation to read to Emma. Joseph remained with me in the office until Hyrum returned. When he came back Joseph asked how he had succeeded. Hyrum replied that he had never received a more severe talking to in his life, that Emma was very bitter and full of resentment and anger.

Joseph quietly remarked, "I told you, you did not know Emma as well as I did." Joseph then put the Revelation in his pocket, and they both left the office.

The Revelation was read to several of the authorities during the day. Towards evening Bishop Newel K. Whitney asked Joseph if he had any objections to his taking a copy of the Revelation; Joseph replied that he had not, and handed it to him. It was carefully copied the following day by Joseph C. Kingsbury. Two or three days after the Revelation was written Joseph related to me and several others that Emma had so teased, and urgently entreated him for the privilege of destroying it, that he became so weary of her teasing, and to

get rid of her annoyance, he told her she might destroy it and she had done so, but he had consented to her wish in this matter to pacify her, realizing that he knew the Revelation perfectly, and could re-write it at any time if necessary.

The copy made by Joseph C. Kingsbury is a true and correct copy of the original in every respect. The copy was carefully preserved by Bishop Whitney, and but few knew of its existence until the temporary location of the Camp of Israel at Winter Quarters, on the Missouri River, in 1846.

After the Revelation on celestial marriage was written Joseph continued his instructions, privately, on the doctrine, to myself and others, and during the last year of his life we were scarcely ever together, alone, but he was talking on the subject, and explaining that doctrine and principles connected with it. He appeared to enjoy great liberty and freedom in his teachings, and also to find great relief in having a few to whom he could unbosom his feelings on that great and glorious subject.

From him, I learned that the doctrine of plural and celestial marriage is the most holy and important doctrine ever revealed to man on the earth, and without obedience to that principle no man can ever attain to the fulness of exaltation in celestial glory.

(Signed) WILLIAM CLAYTON.  
Salt Lake City, February 16th, 1874.

TERRITORY OF UTAH, }  
County Salt Lake. } ss.

On the sixteenth day of February, A. D. 1874, before the undersigned, a notary public, in and for said county and Territory, personally came Wm. Clayton, who, being sworn in due form of law, says, that the foregoing statement is true in every particular where the facts are stated as coming under his own personal observation, and where the language of others is quoted the exact sentiments and as near as possible the exact words are given in every instance.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my Notarial Seal at my office in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, the day and year aforesaid.

(Signed) JOHN T. CAINE,  
Notary Public.

At the recent commencement of London University thirty girls were made bachelors. Several of them took high honors, Miss Mary Madeline Adamson taking first honor as bachelor of science over her male competitors. One young woman who took a prize in medicine is described as looking "as if surgery in her hands would need no anæsthetics."

Mrs. Joshee, the Hindoo lady who lately graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, has carefully preserved her caste since coming to this country, since if she lost it, she could not be of professional use in high-caste families in India on her return home. Every particle of her daily food she has cooked for herself, and has served herself at table.

The following letter, addressed to Professor Maria Mitchell, tells its own story:

DANVERS, Mass., 3rd Mo. 31, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I hear thou art raising funds for the Vassar Observatory. I enclose check for —, just to show my good will, as I am unable to make a subscription in accordance with my wishes. Hoping that thy efforts will be successful, I am thy sincere friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

To Bro. and Sister M. I. Horne on the Fiftieth Anniversary of their wedding day, May 9th, 1886, with the sincere congratulations of the author, Mrs. Emily H. Woodmansee.

Think of fifty years departed  
 Since as plighted mates ye started—  
 Coupled friends so happy-hearted—  
 Hand in hand life's wedded way!  
 All the birds their songs commingled,  
 All the bells of nature jingled,  
 Earth with teeming gladness tingled,  
 In that joyous month of May.  
 Fifty years of married glory  
 Tell their interesting story;  
 Hail! ye wedded veterans hoary,  
 With such olive branches crowned;  
 Love's delightful off'rings bringing,  
 Children's tongues your praise are singing,  
 Yea, like bursting buds upspringing,  
 Generations gather round.

What a wondrous retrospective,  
 Food indeed for minds reflective;  
 What a host of souls collective  
 Lend their lustre to your name.  
 Endless glory from a kernel;  
 Endless lives and power eternal;  
 God's own precious gift, supernal,  
 The supremest wealth and fame.

Bards might laud in language glowing  
 This grand boon of heaven bestowing,  
 Ever widening, ever growing,  
 Inexhaustible the theme.  
 Could my simple strain befit it,  
 Time and space will not permit it,  
 Time and space prescribe a limit  
 To the poet's loftiest dream.

Back my wand'ring fancy glances,  
 Tracing all the great advances  
 Dimly seen by seers in trances,  
 That our natural eyes behold,  
 From the birth, or restoration,  
 Of the plan of full salvation  
 Promised to this dispensation,  
 You have seen what seers foretold.

You have witnessed such progression,  
 That in spite of man's transgression,  
 Leads us all to this confession,  
 Wonderful our age and fate!  
 Giant strides the world has taken,  
 Narrow grooves are now forsaken,  
 Sleepy souls must needs awaken,  
 Or be counted out of date.

Schemes and plans, by skeptics scouted,  
 Are established facts undoubted;  
 Science every foe has routed,  
 In this looked-for, longed-for time,  
 Swiftly as with eagles' pinions,  
 To earth's uttermost dominions,  
 Fly the messengers of mercy  
 To the meek of every clime.

As the prophet bards predicted,  
 Truth with error has conflicted,  
 Faithful Saints have been afflicted,  
 Fierce and furious is the strife;  
 Hunted oft, and persecuted,  
 Oft from hard-earned homes uprooted,  
 You have borne the brunt of battle  
 Nearly all your wedded life.

To the scornful, proud oppressor,  
 Zion bows, yet heaven doth bless her;  
 All the foes who now distress her  
 One by one will pass away.  
 Banished be the sound of sadness,  
 Dedicated unto gladness,—  
 For the sake of love and friendship—  
 Is this "Golden Wedding Day."

AN ADDRESS TO MR. AND MRS. HORNE.

To write at a time so potent with events, and produce something that may charm, edify and amuse, I fancy would tax the ability of the

most adept scribe, but an effort sometimes has resulted in a great success. We have by invitation assembled upon this occasion to participate in one of the great events in the lives of the family of Bro. and Sister Horne. Our numbers are many, yet scores there are of their friends that are not able, from different circumstances, to be present, and we are reminded that some of those are their dearest friends, deprived of this right through oppression's hand; were it not so we doubt not that our beloved President, John Taylor, and others would be here.

To mingle with such a throng—truly we can say it is an occasion rare. These, their chosen friends, have endured, and are numbered with the people of God, and having thus the varied experience of years, none but Saints can feel for and talk to the inmost soul better than these tried and proven ones. While we mingle our spirits together on this enjoyable occasion, may we be reminded that it is a *fac simile* of a union, and a friendship which we hope to continue while eternity lasts.

I will here say to the members of the family, may their works and faith so blended be a tie to hold to this earth's embrace their parents dear, as long as life shall be desirable, and may their offspring each aspire to be the noblest and the best.

In conclusion I will here present to Sister M. I. Horne a gold thimble, with her name engraved, on this memorable occasion, as a memento of friendship.

DR. E. S. BARNEY,  
 In behalf of several sisters.  
 Salt Lake City, May 10th, 1886.

FAULT-FINDING.

One of the greatest faults connected with this people is that of "fault-finding." We are all too liberal in showing to the world the faults and weaknesses of our fellow beings.

Why do we not stop and scan our own selves and see if all is well—if we have not the misfortune to possess some little trifling faults, perhaps unperceived by us, still plainly visible to others? faults that, however small they appear, will balance equally with the larger, and seemingly more important fault in our neighbor?

We are but weak mortals, prone to do evil, to be guided by the splendor and hollow mockery of the outside world, to stray from the path of rectitude, to forget Him from whom all blessings flow; the hearer of our prayers, the one born of meekness and love, who died for the redemption of a world, that frail, erring man might live; live to multiply in iniquity, to erase, as much as possible, from the mind the deeds of love and kindness, of goodness and truth, sown by the hand of that Supreme Being who sacrificed so much for mortal men. "To err is human," but can we not repay Him in a different way? Can we not cease to complain of the faults of others, to criticise our own lives and actions with more scrutiny, to wield an influence over our associates worthy of imitation, an influence that only the good and pure are capable of wielding? Yes, I think so.

Let us cease all such immoral habits, and form in our minds resolves of reform; let us place, in the distant future, a mark to guide us as we journey on through life, and with that mark in view, let us strew along our pathways deeds of love, of kindness and of truth, that we may thereby lay up treasures in heaven, where "moth cannot corrupt, and thieves break through and steal."

Alpine, April 30, 1886.

HYACINTH.

NO CHANCE FOR PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS.

If the prodigal son had been a prodigal daughter there would have been no fatted calf killed. She would have crawled in at the back door, and on her knees begged simply for a crust and shelter, knowing that these, if accorded at all, would be accorded most grudgingly. She would have known that if the parents were willing to kill the fatted calf that the neighbors would not come to the feast. The opinion of centuries would have borne on her with such crushing weight as to cause her to hide upon the approach of her old-time friends had they desired to approach. The women of the neighborhood would have refused to meet her.

And of the men? They would probably have been willing to meet her, but how few of them would have met with manly intentions of uplifting and upholding her? Not one out of fifty. The great bulk of them would have met her with the intention of dragging her still lower. This is a truthful statement of woman's position as compared with man's. Man is an important factor in the household, in society and in the State. There is much rejoicing when man is born; he is worth sacrificing for; he is worth forgiving when he slips from the path of rectitude. But his sister is of less importance; she makes a misstep and is lost; she is of no value to the State; she is not a money producing factor in the household; she is a dependent and adds to the family cares, and when she falls she is hardly worth saving. If she attempts to reform what has she to reform to? It is felt by herself and her friends that she never had any independence to lose, and, therefore, she has none to regain.—*Our Country*,  
 HELEN WILMANS,  
 New York.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Dr. Dio Lewis died lately at his home in Yonkers, N. Y., of croup, after a short illness.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has been seriously ill, but at the last accounts is getting better.

Mrs. H. L. T. Wolcott gave a reception recently at the Vendome to Mr. and Mrs. Joshee.

Frank H. Dyer was confirmed as United States Marshal for the Territory of Utah in Washington, May 28.

Two lady physicians of the M. E. Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, in Northern India, and one assistant, treated last year 28,253 patients.

Miss Jane Andrews gets praise in high quarters for her latest book, "Ten Boys who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now." Whittier says, "It is the best child's book I ever read." James Parton described Miss Andrews as the best teacher in the world.

Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, at the Annual Meeting of the New England Woman Suffrage Association, said she had never before so deeply felt the deep injustice toward woman of not giving her a voice as to the legal and moral safety of her own children. The latent convictions of the men and women of this Commonwealth need to be aroused as to the importance of the suffrage question in relation to the welfare of children, as well as on the question of temperance.

Patents have been granted to women during the week ending May 18th, 1886, as follows:  
 Gracie S. Roberts, Rockville Centre, N. Y., Sewer pipe.  
 Amanda E. Stout, Lakewood N. J., Shoulder-brace.

## WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, Editor.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1886.

## HOME AGAIN.

At last, after an absence of some months, traveling hither and thither, up and down, visiting scenes of interest and places specially dear on account of childhood's associations, clasping the hands of those of our own kindred from whom we had been many long years separated, and sojourning sometimes temporarily among strangers, it is particularly pleasant to be at home once more among the Saints, and to meet the kindly and cordial welcome from familiar friends and acquaintances, in addition to the embraces of the loved ones of our own household. The city, too, is in its most beautiful attire, and the air is fragrant with the perfume of roses and honeysuckle, and everything seems to denote happiness and comfort, and nature rejoices upon her thousand hills and in her peaceful vales. Zion is indeed beautiful, as we have often described it to those we met while away, and such a delightful feeling as one has in one's own mountain home and among the Saints—so different to that which a "Mormon" has to meet in mingling with the world outside, who are so filled with prejudice and bitterness towards those who have accepted the doctrine of celestial marriage. The present crusade against this people has had its influence in embittering many who were before unprejudiced, and the antagonism to the doctrines in which we believe and for which this people have made many sacrifices, has greatly increased during the last seven years. The temper of the nation seems to be aroused, and yet there are many honest thinking people, who, because of the persecution waged against Mormonism, are anxious to know the truth, and are making inquiries, below the surface, that is apparent to the world. In this way, unwittingly, the Gospel is being taught, and the opportunity given to those, who, perhaps, might never have made any inquiry to know concerning the doctrines for themselves and to decide in their own minds for or against.

We met people often that had never seen a "Mormon" woman, and who had no idea that any plural wife could be either cultivated or refined. However, altogether, journeying about as we did, there was seldom anything unpleasant except occasionally the bitterness manifested by individuals. One thing we can say, which might be astonishing, and that is the people who treated us best and seemed to interest themselves most in learning of our faith and practice were those of the finest culture and highest attainments educational and social.

Newspaper reporters make capital out of Mormons: the situation at present is a fertile subject, and the more extravagant the articles the better they take with the masses, who swallow down any scribble if it is sensational, no matter how highly colored or far from the reality it may be. There is something new in this generation, at least, when a man marries women and makes them honorable wives, and provides for his children instead of keeping them secretly, and dis-

owning his own offspring, as is so often done in the world. And when women are so unselfish and self-sacrificing as to wish for other sister women to have the same rights and privileges they themselves enjoy, only such a state of things is scarcely to be credited by the women of the world, who fancy they possess the unqualified affection of the husband and cannot for a moment countenance the idea of any other women having part or lot in either the affection or attention of the man, who is in their estimation at least, wholly and solely their very own.

Knowing as society women *must* do the many serious evils that exist, and that mar the peace and happiness of many a household, and indeed break up and often utterly destroy domestic tranquility therein, yet these very women who realize the situation have no idea of helping by the sacrifice of their own selfishness to aid in solving the great social problems that agitate the public mind, and that cannot, nor never will be remedied without woman's actual assistance. No great effort for the higher advancement of the human family can ever be permanent without woman as well as man taking part in the earnest endeavor. And for the sake of so great a good the equality of all women to the rights of home and maternity, may not women of large hearts and generous souls be willing to endure the scorn and ridicule, that is sure to follow the introduction of any new and strange theory, which conflicts with the established traditions and customs of the country. There are a thousand objections brought forward to prove the position taken by the outside world that monogamy is the natural relation of men and women, and however strong the testimony of an individual may be to prove the doctrine of a plurality of wives, when argument fails on the side of monogamy "the law of the land" and the "sixty millions of people who have made up their minds," is brought forward as the climax, and that is thought to be the end of all controversy. There is this difficulty, which seems apparent through all, a sort of vague fear lest there might be something in it, and therefore those who are puzzled about the matter want to convince themselves that there is no need for alarm, and indeed that there is nothing in it. Then why trouble about the matter at all, if it is so weak it has no strong props to uphold it, and if there is nothing anywhere to substantiate such strange doctrines, they will very soon be forgotten and sink into oblivion. But this very fear, or dread, or horror, that it might be true, is what many of those who are so furious in denouncing it are greatly afraid of. It is like the lady who, having been among this people sometime, and having seen and heard a great deal of doctrines and practices, was greatly afraid there was something which demanded obedience to principle in the "Mormon" faith, and said "I have put my "Mormon" books in the very bottom of my trunk, and I dare not read them lest I should be converted!" And lest they should actually accept a faith so intensely obnoxious to the prejudices and traditions of the world, they denounce it violently and circulate every sensational report that has ever been sent abroad, and thus try and pacify their own consciences and justify the selfish course they pursue.

There are many progressive thinking women who advocate reform in the connubial relation, who see plainly that there is imperative need of a radical change, and advocate that woman be more the mistress of her individual self—with time at her disposal for improvement and advancement in the great questions of the age and the hour, but do not and will not see that with the opportunities given in plural marriage she may not only fulfill the first great commandment, fill the measure of her creation and satisfy the natural desire for motherhood, but withal have that larger freedom from the daily and continuous routine

that is often wearisome and a barrier in the way of woman's intellectual culture. There are many good physiological reasons why a plurality of wives would be elevating to society if practised according to the laws of purity and chastity; but it must be from exalted motives, and consequently only those who are willing to sacrifice for the sake of a noble purpose are ever likely to accept it as a rule of life. Therefore, there is little fear of its being wide spread in the United States, and the great law makers of the nation have small need of puzzling their brains to obstruct its operations, for when forty years have passed since the Revelation was given, and so few, comparatively, of the Latter-day Saints have been willing to enter into it with all its conditions and consequences, it seems absurd in the extreme to suppose it will supplant monogamy.

Mrs. Angie F. Newman, the agitator for an Industrial School in Utah, and who recently appeared before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, and made something of a sensation by her eloquence, is the woman who sometime ago, it will be remembered, lectured in Cincinnati on the "Mormon" question, making the most absurd statements. The *Cincinnati Enquirer*, containing notes from her lecture taken by the reporter for that paper, was sent to the writer at the time, and in an editorial in the EXPONENT, published immediately after, we quoted her own words as published in the Cincinnati papers forwarded to us. Some comments made upon the subject at the time by a Gentile lady in that city were also used in the same paper, and Mrs. Newman was confronted with these facts when she made her first call at this office in 1884; also with the articles written by young women, giving their views upon plural marriage, and some practical experiences in their own homes, and indignantly protesting against any interference with their domestic relations. Mrs. Newman's quotation from the WOMAN'S EXPONENT in the Committee Room shows how she misrepresents. The clippings sent in a letter to us in Nov. 1883 were from the *Commercial Gazette* as well as the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and accompanied by a letter as before stated, it was from this letter she quoted, and tries to palm the whole report off on to a "Mormon" scribe. Does the "*Commercial Gazette*" or "*Cincinnati Enquirer*" keep a "Mormon" reporter to take notes at Anti-"Mormon" lectures? We presume not. That is far-fetched, but there are Gentile ladies who have listened to Anti-"Mormon" lecturers and felt disgusted, knowing the unfaithfulness of many men in the "marriage relation," and the depths of bitterness in the hearts of the wives of such men. But Mrs. Newman and other women who quote from their own lectures and the WOMAN'S EXPONENT should be careful to do it correctly, and not blame "Mormon" reporters or "Mormon" Editors for sentiments uttered by those who sat and heard them and have no interest whatever in making mis-statements.

We are very sorry for Mrs. Newman that she should use her talents to injure and oppress those who have sought all the day long to keep the commandments of God and obey the Golden rule, because she will have to account for the talents given her, and to whom much is given, from him much will be required. There are plenty of women in the world who need help and assistance but "Mormon" women are very independent, and will take care of their own without assistance from the Home Missionary Society, and the members of Congress know pretty well that the women of Utah who helped to settle and beautify the desert have taught their children to be self-reliant, and they do not need Mrs. Newman to speak in their behalf. If Mrs. Sara Andrews Spencer could not, with all her impressive eloquence and strong arguments, induce Congress to appropriate money to establish such a house right

in the District of Columbia it is not at all likely Congress will make such a liberal appropriation for the Territory of Utah.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE quarterly conference of the Relief Society of the Salt Lake Stake will be held on Friday, June 25th, in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, commencing at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. It is expected there will be a verbal report from each Society in the Stake, either from the President, her counselor, or some other officer.

FROM Mrs. Sarah Sears, eleventh Ward, we have received a large and handsome bouquet of choice flowers, which came soon after our arrival in the city, and for which we were deeply grateful. There is nothing more expressive of sentiment and affection than these silent messengers, that are so beautiful to the eye, and so grateful to the sense in the sweet fragrance they bring. What would the earth be if it were not for the flowers? The cultivation of them gives one a touch of kindness and delicacy, for they require the most perfect care and constant attention. Mrs. Sears has a charming variety, and her success with plants, vines and shrubbery is no doubt owing to the thought and tender care bestowed, and they have repaid her well.

TO MRS. M. O. KELTING, of San Bernardino, we wish to express grateful acknowledgements for a box of beautiful flowers received during our absence in mid winter, and most fully appreciated by the girls, though mother was not at home. Orange blossoms and roses at a time when the earth was mantled with snow came like blessed harbingers of the happy future, and brought sweet thoughts and tender memories to cheer the hearts of all. The sentiment which came as a sort of introduction or tie between giver and receiver, was beautifully suggestive.

"If but a pure drink of water is given in love and sympathy it may prove a true link in the chain of our union. The good Giver will take care of his own children. Yours in faith as pure as the contents of this can.—M. O. K.

ANOTHER Home Book has been printed and issued here, that is suitable for the libraries of our young people's associations. The Author is Elder John Nicholson, and he wrote the book during his imprisonment in the Utah Penitentiary. The story is "The Martyrdom of Joseph Standing," and is perfectly true. The details were related to the writer by Rudger Clawson, and are extremely thrilling and pathetic, and should be perused by all the youth of Zion. Beside the narrative, the book contains a graphic description of the Utah Penitentiary, enclosure and buildings, its management and prison fare; also a brief sketch of each of the brethren who have been incarcerated there for conscience sake, or because they have practically accepted the principle of plural marriage, and believe it to be a divine theory. The "Conclusion" by the author is very finely written and very impressive, and cannot fail to have an effect upon any one who will read it.

THE Deseret University commencement exercises were held at the new University building, May 27th. The Chancellor and Regents occupied the platform with the Professors and His Excellency, Governor West. Prof. Weighe led the orchestra, which discoursed sweet and select music. First of the programme, Wm. Allison, of Coalville, delivered the Valedictory; next, an address by Dr. J. R. Park, Principal of the institution, to the Normal graduates; then a song by Mrs. M. F. Bassett—"Once Again"—one of her best efforts. The second part of the programme opened with an essay by B. F. Howells, "Influence of Passion"; T. D. Lewis read an essay on Socrates. Prof. Park addressed the graduates in

the Scientific Course; they were the first to receive the degree of Bachelor of Science in the history of the University. After this, excellent music by the orchestra, then an address by Chancellor O. F. Whitney. Governor West made a brief extempore speech. The entire programme was an excellent one, and there was a great deal of applause. The University singing class rendered a fine serenade, and Regent Stewart pronounced the benediction. Dr. Park, in his address, gave a concise history of the Deseret University—establishment, growth and progress, which we intend to publish; we shall also publish the addresses of the Chancellor and speech of Governor West.

RESPONSE OF THE "MORMON" PRISONERS.

TO GOVERNOR WEST'S OFFER OF CONDITIONAL AMNESTY. THEY PREFER PERPETUAL IMPRISONMENT OR DEATH TO DISHONOR.

UTAH PENITENTIARY, May 24, 1886.

To His Excellency, Caleb W. West, Governor of Utah:

SIR:—On the 13th instant you honored the inmates of the Penitentiary with a visit, and offered to intercede for the pardon of all those enduring imprisonment on conviction under the Edmunds law, if they would but promise obedience to it in the future, as interpreted by the courts. Gratitude for the interest manifested in our behalf claims from us a reply. We trust, however, that this will not be construed into defiance, as our silence already has been. We have no desire to occupy a defiant attitude towards the Government, or to be in conflict with the Nation's laws. We have never been even accused of violating any other law than the one under which we were convicted, and that was enacted purposely to oppose a tenet of our religion.

We conscientiously believe in the doctrine of plural marriage, and have practiced it from a firm conviction of its being a divine requirement.

Of the forty nine Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints now imprisoned in the penitentiary for alleged violation of the Edmunds Law, all but four had plural wives from its passage to 35 years prior to its passage. We were united to our wives for time and all eternity by the most sacred covenants, and in many instances numerous children have been born as a result of our union, who are endeared to us by the strongest paternal ties.

What the promise asked of us implied you declined to explain, just as the courts have done when appeals have been made to them for an explicit and permanent definition of what must be done to comply with the law.

The rulings of the courts under this law have been too varied and conflicting, heretofore, for us to know what may be the future interpretations.

The simple status of plural marriage is now made, under the law, material evidence in securing conviction for unlawful cohabitation, thus, independent of our act, ruthlessly trespassing upon the sacred domain of our religious belief.

So far as compliance with your proposition requires the sacrifice of honor and manhood, the repudiation of our wives and children the violation of sacred covenants, heaven forbid that we should be guilty of such perfidy: perpetual imprisonment, with which we are threatened, or even death itself, would be preferable.

Our wives desire no separation from us, and were we to comply with your request, they would regard our action as most cruel, inhuman and monstrous, our children would blush with shame, and we should deserve the scorn and contempt of all just and honorable men.

The proposition you made, though prompted doubtless by a kind feeling, was not new, for we could all have avoided imprisonment by making the same promise to the courts; in fact, the penalties we are now enduring are for declining to so promise rather than for acts committed in the past. Had you offered us unconditional amnesty; dearly as we prize the great boon of liberty, it would have been gladly accepted; but, we cannot afford to obtain it by proving untrue to our conscience, our religion and our God.

As loyal citizens of this great Republic, whose Constitution we revere, we not only ask for, but claim, our rights as freemen and, if from neither local or national authority we are to receive equity and mercy, we will make our appeal to the Great Arbitrer of all human interests, who in due time will grant us the justice hitherto denied.

That you may, as the Governor of our important but afflicted Territory, aid us in securing every right to which loyal citizens are entitled, and find happiness in so doing we will ever pray.

AS WITNESS OUR HANDS,

LORENZO SNOW,	GEO. C. LAMBERT,
ABRAM H. CANNON,	GEORGE H. TAYLOR.
HUGH S. GOWANS,	HELON H. TRACY,
RUDGER CLAWSON,	JAMES MOYLE,
WM. WALLACE WILLEY	HYRUM GOFF,
DAVID M. STUART,	H. DINWOODEY,
HENRY W. NAISBITT.	JOSEPH MCMURRIN,
L. D. WATSON,	HERBERT J. FOULGER,
CULBERT KING,	STANLEY TAYLOR,
WM. D. NEWSOM,	JAMES H. NELSON,
WILLIAM GRANT,	FREDERICK A. COOPER
JOHN PRICE BALL,	JAMES O. POULSEN,
AMOS MAYCOCK,	ROBERT MCKENDRICK,
OLUF F. DUE,	ROBERT MORRIS,
JOHN Y. SMITH,	SAMUEL F. BALL,
JOHN WM. SNELL,	S. H. B. SMITH,
HENRY GALE,	GEO. B. BAILEY,
THOMAS C. JONES,	NEPHI J. BATES,
JOHN BOWEN,	JOHN PENMAN,
WM. G. SANDERS,	THOS. BURMINGHAM,
ANDREW JENSEN,	WM. J. JENKINS,
JOHN BERGEN,	THOMAS PORCHER,
JOSEPH H. EVANS,	C. H. GREENWELL,
JAMES E. TWITCHELL,	WM. H. LEE.

ANOTHER STRONG TESTIMONY.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

After a number of weeks silence it is with grateful heart that I can again take my pen to give expression to a few of my thoughts, thanks to Him who suffers us to be stricken and afflicted occasionally that we may learn the needful lessons more fully, and to practice the virtues of patience, and endurance, and to say, "In Thee alone I trust." A lesson that all must learn sooner or later, and nought but experience will ever teach it. That no one may infer from this that I am sad and desponding, I will say that, though I have been seriously ailing, and enfeebled in body, hope has never deserted me, nor the interest which I have so long felt, in this glorious cause.

No one need despair when there are so many rich blessings laying within their reach, shedding forth rays of hope and gladness to cheer the hearts of all who have a mind to grasp them. Even the lowliest hovel may become a paradise when adorned by these treasures one which a gold mine could not purchase, nor all the Anti-"Mormon" crusaders, or judicial powers that the evil one may send, have the power to rob them of. To such even the monster death is shorn of its sting. Though we as a people are being scourged, and can look for no clemency from the earthly powers that be, no community ever had greater cause for gratitude for the numerous mercies that are being bestowed by the hand of a kind indulgent Father, in these days of death, and destruction, which is being dealt out without measure to the inhab-

tants of this once blest and peaceful land, as well as to all the nations of the earth, bringing devastation and ruin on every side, and the most appalling distress to all classes, and we know that this is just the beginning. We cannot take up a paper that does not tell us of disasters by land and by sea, and destruction in the most terrible forms. The tragedies that are being daily enacted by mobs, "anarchists" and "strikers," etc. And the latest horror is the tornado that passed over some of the Western States, from whence we were so cruelly banished after being treated in the most brutal manner by fiends in human shape. Even that part which passed over Ohio on the night of the 15th, published in the *Deseret News* of the 17th inst., is enough to curdle the blood in our own veins. The destruction of lives and property and the suffering which it has wrought cannot be estimated. "Trees were uprooted by the acre, and hundreds of orchards are completely gone," and even whole towns are swept away. Two or three story brick houses were taken up like feathers and dashed to pieces. "Feathers were torn from chickens. Trees were stripped of their bark, the ground was plowed up," and the "terrific time on an express train threw every passenger into a paroxysm of fear. The sleepers were transformed into dens of wildly excited men and women." In Seneca County one man declared that the air was filled with balls of fire. He saw a strange light. Others corroborate this story and say that the light under the dark cloud looked like that from a large gas well." I have barely touched upon the scenes described in that one telegram. All these things we understand to be among the judgments that were to come upon the earth in the last days, and which every Latter-day Saint ought to read and profit by, that they may escape the wrath of the Almighty, and not be found among those who know not God, and do not acknowledge His hand in all things.

All these things serve to remind us of the past and of the Prophet's words after we had been so mercilessly treated in the State of Missouri—not because of polygamy, but because we differed from other sects in religious principles, and our petitions to Congress were unheeded. That if this nation did not repress those wrongs "the time would soon come when they would have mobbing to their hearts content." The Lord commanded that His servants should importune at the feet of the Judges, the Governors and the Presidents, which they have done faithfully from that time to the present. "And if the President heed them not," He said, "then will the Lord come out of his hiding place and in his fury vex the nation. And in his hot displeasure, and in his fierce anger, in his time, will cut off those wicked, unfaithful, and unjust stewards, and appoint them their portion among hypocrites, and unbelievers, even in outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Though we are now witnessing His fierce judgments no true Saint—notwithstanding they are suffering under the bitter injustice, that is being done to them by this nation, could gloat over another's woes, or wish for them to suffer in retaliation. But they pray for those who despitefully use them, and are fighting against their Redeemer, that their eyes may be opened to their true condition, and the frightful debt that is accumulating against them in persecuting an innocent people. For the meek and long suffering have a sure promise that notwithstanding the persecutions, which were needful to purge out iniquities from among them, as no plan would be untried to overthrow His Kingdom He would strengthen Zion in the valleys of these mountains and bring deliverance to His people. Their wicked snares will take only those whom the Lord has designed that they should, and everything we see and hear is calculated to increase our faith, and serves as an assurance that these whom the world hate are the favored of God.

What then have we to fear when His arm is outstretched in our behalf only to disobey His commands? For He said, "He that seeketh me early shall find me, and shall not be forsaken. And after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people."

In the Revelation and Prophecy given through him in 1832 concerning the war between the Northern and Southern States, which has been fulfilled in part, we find the following "And it shall come to pass after many days slaves shall rise up against their masters, who shall be marshalled and disciplined for war:

And it shall come to pass also, that the remnants who are left of the land will marshall themselves, and shall become exceeding angry and shall vex the Gentiles with sore vexation.

And thus, with the sword and by bloodshed, the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn; and with famine, and plague, and earthquakes and thunder of heaven, and the fierce and vivid lightning also the inhabitants of the earth be made to feel the wrath and indignation and chastening hand of an Almighty God, until the consumption decreed hath made a full end of all nations; that the cry of the Saints, and of the blood of the Saints shall cease to come up into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, from the earth, to be avenged of their enemies.

Wherefore, stand ye in holy places, and be not moved until the day of the Lord come; for behold it cometh quickly, saith the Lord. Amen."

H. M. WHITNEY.

#### REFLECTIONS UPON GOV. WEST'S VISIT TO THE PENITENTIARY.

Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.

How forcibly these words came to my mind as I read of Governor West's visit to the penitentiary. He was so sincere and energetic in his attempt to make peace between the two parties known as Latter-day Saints and Gentiles, or in other words our people and the Federal officials.

Governor West has given his attention to the laws of his country, and perhaps to that alone. Is he blind to the weakness of human nature and the frailty of man when left to himself, without the aid and inspiration of an all wise Providence, who sent His Son with laws to educate and prepare all who will accept His message to come again into His presence?

For twenty-four years I looked at the subject as Governor West does. \* \* \* Since that time I have resolved to accept the message sent us to prepare for a reign of peace, taking the laws of Jesus Christ for my guidance, which do not in any way conflict with the Constitution and Declaration of Independence we all love so dearly. It is now forty-four years since I began to apply my mind to this rule of action. The first was like learning the alphabet, and placing the letters together to make words; the next, our Savior's law, was like the study of mathematics. If you enjoy this study and obtain the spirit of its author, your mind will become enlarged by it, you will develop the germ of the Diety, which all possess to a greater or less extent; then you find you can solve and understand the designs of our Father as readily as you can solve the problems of arithmetic. Each one who knows the rule can solve and understand the same alike, if in possession of the same spirit of truth and intelligence.

The joy and satisfaction this gives every lover of true principle is incalculable, because of its divinity. We feel that our course is upward and onward, and that this theory, practically developed, will bring us again into the presence of our Elder Brother, the Savior of the world, who said in holy writ, "If you keep my Father's laws, you shall be heirs and joint heirs with me."

How awkward should we feel to be placed in

this position, without the same light and intelligence which He the Savior, has in His possession. Accordingly, we must apply our minds to the same rule of action to obtain the same result. It would be childish to suppose anything else; yes, worse than children, for they in their purity are fit for the kingdom of God.

How could we, after becoming acquainted with these laws, and knowing the result of the same, lay them aside and do as Judge Zane told Brother Smith he must—"serve the finite before the Infinite." We serve the Infinite when we do good to the finite, for it is written, "He who says he loves God and hates his brother, is a liar and the truth is not in him."

We feel that we are serving God in every good act we perform, and that His smile is resting upon us in approval; we also feel, when we have an eye single to His glory, that we have the light and intelligence of His Holy Spirit to guide all our efforts. With this faith and assurance how could we give up our religion and again accept the vague systems of Christendom, who ignore and reject so much light and intelligence? No, never! death itself would be preferable to such a gloomy picture as this.

In my opinion Governor West would do a work to his satisfaction, and also to all others concerned, if he could reconcile the people to observe and obey Christ's sermon on the Mount, given by Jesus, the Savior of the world, which, when kept in all sincerity of heart, will produce a reign of peace on the earth. Let us look at this subject in the light of reason and common sense, and we will not fail to see this is a correct idea.

M. E. K.

Logan, May 21st, 1886.

#### SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT WINTER QUARTERS.

BY HELEN MAR WHITNEY.

(Continued.)

I here produce a few extracts from a letter written by Father Whitney to his sons Horace and Orson, then with the pioneers, which he wrote June 14th, 1847, and directed as follows:

Camp of Israel in the West.

MY SONS HORACE AND ORSON:

I have just started a team for the mountains. \* \* \* I intended to have sent two or three teams and wagons, but the mill dam going down stream a few days since, I could not procure bread stuff for more than one wagon, and that is in charge of Bros. Archibald Hill and Stillman Pond. They have for you near two hundred pounds of flour and one small cheese, say eight or ten pounds, if you need it. Should you not want all the flour, take as much of it as will do you and let them keep the balance, as they are rather scant of bread stuff. If my team should meet you on your return you will give Bros. Pond and Hill a list of all my property which you may have left the other side of the mountains, and in order that they may get possession of it, and take care of the same until I come, and give them all the instructions you can about matters appertaining to my business, etc., in that country, as they have gone expressly to attend to my business, as also their own. It is a general time of health in this place, but there are quite a number of poor on our hands, which makes it rather hard times; but as we have a large quantity of grain growing, we hope we shall be able to do better by them by and by. We have been hindered in starting a company early, as anticipated when you left, in consequence of not being able to procure a sup-

ply of bread stuff sufficient to warrant it, and some other reasons might be assigned.

We have concluded to fit out but one company to the mountains this season, and it is expected that it will consist of not less than from four to five hundred wagons, from the present calculations, and the most of them will be under the necessity of taking the greater part of their grain unground. Bro. Eldredge takes a pair of small mill stones with him, and the necessary irons, etc., to set a mill in operation by horse power or otherwise, in a short time after his arrival at the place of destination.

Your mother has written you at some length, she says, and it is therefore unnecessary for me to touch on any matter except business, but would say that you have our prayers night and day for your prosperity in all things, as also all of your company, that you may prosper and return safe to us this fall, and *I am sanguine you will*. But remember to be prayerful and show yourselves approved before the Lord, and heed the counsel of those whom the Lord has ordained to give counsel, and it shall be well with you. This from your father, who blesses you in the name of the Lord.

This is confidential, but you can show it to H. C. K. if you choose.

N. K. WHITNEY.

P. S. Give my good wishes to Bros. Brigham and Heber and all the others; tell them things are right in the main, and it is a hurrying time, as usual, or I would have written them; but I suppose their families have written them fully on all matters. May the Lord bless you all.

N. K. W.

Early in October Bro. William Clayton, with a few others who had preceded the camp of pioneers, arrived at Winter Quarters, weary and worn down by travel, and having been for some time destitute of provisions, and dependent solely upon the killing of wild game for subsistence. They were a sorry looking set, and words would fail to express our feelings when we saw them in such a ragged and forlorn condition, and were told that they must be eight or nine days in advance of the main company; but every one being interested, they went to work with a will, the women cooking, browning coffee and preparing every good thing that our limited means would admit of. There was no rest nor sleep till every thing was ready to start, and many a loving message commenced in the midst of it took till far into the night to finish. It had been so long since there had been any communication between us, and some of us were in doubt as to our husbands being with them, as some, we were told, had gone to California, and the feelings that thrilled our hearts under such various and trying circumstances can be better imagined than described; but we did not allow our fears to stand in the way. Every one did all in their power, and it was something surprising how quickly two wagons were loaded—one for father and another for President Young—with grain and vegetables, all of the latter that could be taken, or whatever could be mustered in the way of provisions. I had two apples, which I packed up carefully with bread, cakes and various little parcels—one apple for Horace and the other for Orson, though this particular circumstance had passed from my recollection till reading of it in my husband's journal with other things received from his father, via., Wm. Kimball—he driving father's team, and George D. Grant the President's. In a short letter, hastily written by Sister E. B. Whitney, the present Editor of the WOMAN'S EXPONENT, who acted as scribe, Mother Whitney expresses herself as follows:

"We are all well, and hope and pray you are, but we have neither flour nor meal, and have not had any for several days, or we should

have baked something to send you, so we send you a bag of sea biscuit and a cheese, with a little coffee and sugar. \* \* \*

The greatest comfort I have had in your absence has been in getting alone to pray for you, that you might be blessed, and I have always been blest in so doing. I can say that almost my very breath has been prayer for you ever since you left us, that you might return home in safety, and nothing hinder or harm you. \* \* \* May the Lord bless and preserve you and return you safe to us, is my constant prayer for you—be faithful and diligent in prayer. I will not write any news, for I shall want to tell you that when you come. I must close, so good bye.

YOUR MOTHER.

On the morning of the 8th of October we bade our brethren good bye with a prayer to Him who had preserved us as within the hollow of His hand, to speed them on their way to the relief of our fathers, husbands and brethren, and let their lives be precious in His sight, and strengthen them, and also their teams, that they might not perish on the plains, but be spared to meet us once more.

#### R. S., Y. L. M. I. A. & P. A. REPORTS.

##### TWENTIETH WARD PRIMARY.

The Twentieth Ward Primary Association held their fifth annual meeting April 21st, 1886. Prest. Emma Toone presiding. After the usual opening exercises, the following programme was carried out: Recitation, Hugh Sainsberry; Recitation, Isabel Romney; Song, Irene Daynes; Recitation, Elliot Airnet; Recitation, entitled, "Order Rule," by the Association; Duet, Mary Smellie and Olive Simmons; Essay, "Punctuality," Lizzie Prichard; Recitation by four small boys; Song, Ettie Calder; Dialogue, Levi and Willie Richards; Recitation, Katie Sansome; Duet, Ida and Lennie Savage; Reading, Edgar Neslen; Essay, on "Baptism," by Annie Airnet; Song, Rose Romney; Dialogue, George Ottinger, Ralph Cutler and Ellen Hilton; Recitation, Pauline Held; Organ Solo, Bell May; Recitation, by a number of small boys and girls; Recitation, Alice Evans; Questions were then asked by Miss Alice Phillips and answered by the children, Song, by the Association. Brief remarks were then made by Sister Ellen Clawson, Bro. Dunbar, Sister Presendia Kimball, Bro. George Romney and Sister Howard. Duet, by Alice Clowes and Eva Ellis.

Bro. C. R. Savage said, "I want to offer some prizes next year; one for the best writing of any little boy or girl in the meeting, one for the best drawing and one for the best needle work. I pray God to bless Sister Toone, all who assist her, and you little children."

Sister Wells, Prest. 13th Ward Primary, and Bros. Richards, Sansome, Neslen, May, George Romney, Jr., and Charles Wright expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the good order. The last two named gentlemen had formerly been members of the Association, and testified to the good they had derived from attending the meetings.

Sister Davis, Prest. of 21st Ward Primary, related an instance showing how to be truly happy.

Meeting adjourned for one year. After the closing hymn, Bro. C. R. Savage pronounced the benediction, and refreshments were passed round.

In the evening the parents and a few of the friends of the children assembled in the school-house and had a sociable time together. After singing and prayer, the following programme was rendered: Speech, Bro. Dunbar; Song, Miss May Romney; Reading, D. R. Lyon; Song, John James; Remarks, Sister Toone; Address, Bro. Geo. Romney; Remarks, C. Sharp.

Refreshments were then passed round, and general conversation ensued. Song, Miss Fannie Savage; Speech, C. R. Savage; Remarks, Bro. Puzey; Song, Peter Elliot; Recitation, Geo. Romney; Song, Samuel Allen; Recitation, C. W. Stayner; Organ Solo; J. J. Daynes; Speech, Wm. Eddington.

C. SHARP, Sec.

BLOOMINGTON.

#### EDITOR EXPONENT:

A few lines from the Y. L. M. I. A. of Bear Lake Stake will be welcome, no doubt, knowing your paper to be an able supporter and representative of woman's rights and privileges, as we understand in the fullest and most complete sense of the word.

There are at this date eleven organizations in active operation, presided over by Mrs. N. G. Pugmire, a daughter of the late Charles C. Rich, who, by her untiring efforts and unflinching energy to advance the interests of the young people of this Stake, has won the love and confidence of all with whom associated. Her watchword has ever been "come" to all, and thus her influence has been felt rallying to the front. There are enrolled 347 members, with a fair average attendance. We have ninety-nine volumes of good reading matter, costing \$121. Our Stake receipts amount to \$377.10; disbursements, \$280.69, \$230.59 of the amount was donated to the Logan Temple. We have a stake paper, entitled, "The Literary Garland," in which each association is represented in our meetings of Literary Exercises, held annually.

Spiritually we are feeling well, although somewhat isolated, and deprived of the associations and instructions that they enjoy down in the other valleys that are more easy of access. We could but think, when reading the farcical termination of the Snow Case, before the Supreme Court of the United States, in regard to the infamous rulings of the Utah Court, that it was in keeping with the general treatment of the Saints by this boasted grand republic. But all is well, for God lives, and he will bring them and the nation, who so persistently fight against Him, to the punishment they merit, and whether it be sooner or later it matters not to us, as long as we do our duty, and keep sacred the covenants we have made.

Last August we were favored with a visit from Sisters M. I. Horne, E. S. Taylor and S. M. Kimball. We hope to see them again ere long, for they brought with them words of cheer and comfort, which built us up, and we felt to thank God that we were associated with so noble a band of sisters, and from the depth of our hearts we say, "God bless them; may He be merciful to them and lengthen out their days, that they may for many years to come continue the noble labors they are now engaged in."

Politically, the horizon looks dark, and, as you are aware, we are almost helpless, owing to that infamous test oath, passed at the setting of the last Idaho Legislature, depriving all who have certain religious convictions of the privilege of casting a vote.

Coun. Alice M. Rich is still suffering from acute rheumatism, and although afflicted now over a year, and unable to travel in the interest of the Stake, as in the past, she feels patient and resigned, and willing to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in this affliction as in other things. I see by the last *Deseret News* that you have reached home again, after an absence of several months, in the interests of the down-trodden women of Utah.

L. M. HART, Stake Sec.

RIVERDALE.

#### EDITOR EXPONENT:

The Young Ladies' Conference was held at

the residence of Mrs. Bybee, May 13th, 1886, there being forty-one members present. After the usual opening exercises, the minutes of the previous conference were read and approved. We next heard the statistical and financial reports, which showed that the sisters were doing a good work financially as well as spiritually. We listened to an excellent programme, which gave the sisters great credit who took part therein. The first was "The Young Ladies' Instructor," read by the Editor, Martha Stimpson, which contained a great many good instructions. One essay worthy of mention was the one written by Mary Stimpson upon "Usefulness;" next an Essay by Nellie Child, following which was a Dialogue by five members of the Association; we were next favored with a Song, entitled, "Nearer Home," from Jessie McDonald; the last on the programme was a lecture from the Bible, by Eliza W. Child. The speaker lectured from the second chapter of the Epistle of James, stating that we should not think too much about riches and respect rich persons and despise the poor, but rather be kind and merciful to all, and ever strive for a living faith, such as Abraham had.

Prest. Russell: The Lord is pleased with us when we try to do right, and to attend our meetings while we are blest with health and strength thought if we would all try to fill our part in the meetings we would be more able to keep the Spirit of the Lord with us. Was pleased to see some of the elder sisters in our midst; asked the Lord to bless all with His Spirit.

Coun. Bybee felt thankful to see so many of the sisters present, that we might rejoice together and call down the blessings of the Lord; felt to say, "God bless the sisters in their undertakings." The young and new beginners were blessed and would be in trying to fill their part in the meetings. We should visit the lonely and try to comfort them in the absence of parents and friends; asked God to bless all, that they might speak by the Spirit of the Lord.

Coun. Bingham was pleased to be among the sisters again; felt to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all things; asked the Lord to bless us with His Spirit, that we might continue in the good work we had begun. Singing by the Association, after which Sister McDonald bore her testimony to the work of God; felt to uphold all the officers in the Church, and to continue to do good so as to obtain an exaltation in the kingdom of God.

Sister M. Mitchel said she had not premeditated anything to say. The Lord has been kind and merciful to me in giving me a testimony of this work, which I am happy to bear. The Spirit of God will be withdrawn from us if we do not live our religion as we ought and as we have been taught. Thought it very difficult to speak to an audience of Latter-day Saints, and we needed the Spirit of the Lord.

Sister Hannah Child bore a true testimony to the work of God; felt always to try to do His will, and asked to be dictated by His Spirit what to say, both to the old and to the young. We should heed the promptings of the Spirit of the Lord; prayed continually that she might be able to set a worthy example to those who were around her.

Sister Annie Bybee said she had a testimony to bear. Asked the Lord to grant us the desires of our hearts, and to hear and answer our prayers. We should not go ahead of our leaders nor their teachings, but heed their counsels and strive to obey them.

Sister Dye had been well pleased with the programme, and felt it had been rendered by the Spirit of the Lord. May God enable us to perform the duties placed upon us.

Sister Bingham said she felt to put her trust in the Lord, and asked Him to dictate her what to say. Had always desired to live hum-

ble and prayerful, and prayed for wisdom to guide her. This was one of the greatest blessings God could give His children. We should not get careless in our duties, nor be negligent, for if we are the Lord will punish us by allowing us to suffer persecution. We must try to prove ourselves worthy of the blessings of God and to look over each other's weaknesses. We should try to assist the priesthood in all things and look after the poor; we have been blessed of God for our good works, and we must give Him thanks for his guidance. It is wisdom to study the welfare of each other; we should bear with each other and have charity for all. Desired to be able to keep the commandments of God, and be subject to those placed over us.

Prest. Russell said, "We have had the Spirit of the Lord in our midst; had often felt the Spirit of God in our meetings. If we are faithful and prayerful we will be blessed in sickness; we all have weaknesses to overcome, but we should put our trust in the Lord. We need great faith and wisdom in raising our families." Exhorted all to try to attend Sunday School.

The officers of the Association were then presented for approval. Singing Benediction by Coun. Bingham.

ELIZA W. CHILD, Cor. Sec.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The wings of turkeys, geese and chickens are good for washing and cleaning windows, as they leave no dust or dirt on the surface of the glass.

It may not generally be known that if the sauce pan in which milk is to be boiled be first moistened with water, it will prevent the milk from burning.

*The Way To Clarify Soup.*—Just before the soup boils the scum that has risen to the top during the process of heating should be carefully removed. A little cold water poured in will assist the particles that compose the scum to rise. After the soup has boiled it should be strained; this may be repeated; then if the soup is not as clear as you would like to have it, mix one egg and its broken shell with a teaspoonful of cold water, then to this add about a teaspoonful of the hot soup, then stir it all into the boiling soup; let it boil up well, then set the kettle upon the back part of the stove, and when it is somewhat cool strain it.

#### For Sale at this Office.

##### BOOKS BY ELIZA R. SNOW.

PRIMARY SPEAKER, Nos. 1 and 2, - 25c. per copy  
MUSIC BOOK for Primary Hymn Book, 40c. "  
POEMS, by E. R. Snow, Vol. 1, - \$1.00 "  
" Vol. 2, containing steel engraving of the author, bound in morocco, 1.25 "  
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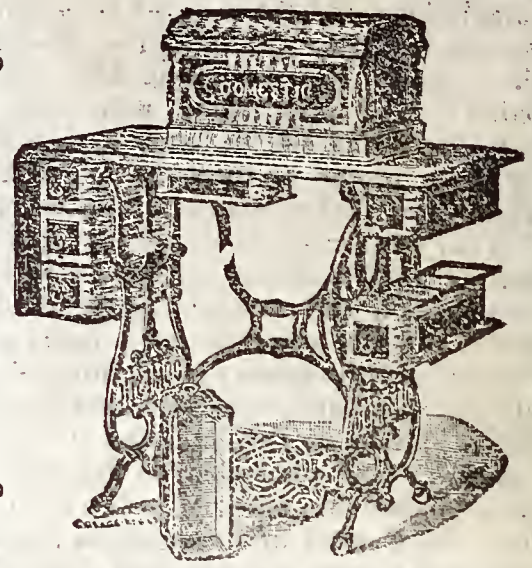
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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.

VOL. 15.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JUNE 15, 1886.

No. 2.

## BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Written by Hannah Cornaby for the celebration of Brigham Young's birthday, held in Spanish Fork, June 1st, 1886.

Successor, he, to Joseph Smith,  
First in this dispensation,  
Whose blood was shed in Carthage jail—  
A stain upon this nation,  
His mantle fell on Brigham Young,  
The chosen one to lead  
God's people in these latter days,  
His gathered flock to feed.

The sheep were fed and safely kept,  
Within the Gospel fold,  
For wolves were ready to devour  
The young as well as old.  
E'en as the Prophet Moses led  
The ancient chosen band,  
So Brigham, in these latter days,  
Led Israel to this land.

For more than thirty years was he  
The mouth piece of the Lord;  
And thus by revelation taught  
The precepts of His word;  
And, Moses like, when full of years,  
He left his labors here;  
'Twas but to labor in God's cause,  
Though in another sphere.

The memory of the just is blest.  
It will not pass away,  
Though kingdoms crumble into dust  
And nations should decay:  
The great and good, the pure and true  
Forever will endure,  
As firm as the eternal hills,  
As lasting and as sure.

Since earth's foundations first were laid,  
And men began to be,  
Their deeds of worth are handed down  
To live in history.  
Each age we know has added some  
As worthy of a name,  
Among their fellow men renowned  
With never dying fame.

But few among the favored throng  
Have won a name so great  
As he, the Prophet of the Lord,  
Whose birth we celebrate.  
A Seer and Revelator wise,  
His mission made him so,  
For God was with him to instruct  
And guide His people too.

His mantle on John Taylor fell,  
Who next in order stood;  
He, through each trial had been found  
Most loyal, true and good.  
God bless our aged President,  
And make his heart rejoice,  
May we receive his teachings long,  
Although denied his voice.

All hail we say, to Brigham Young,  
The day that gave him birth  
Should e'er be kept and handed down  
'Mong choicest days of earth.  
Children were his especial care,  
'Tis good for them to raise  
Their hearts and voices on this day  
In words of love and praise.

## A FORCIBLE PROTEST.

MY DEAR EDITOR:

Considering it my duty to help maintain the right of franchise, awarded us by our Legislature, and seeing it endangered by the pas-

sage of the new Edmunds bill, through the Senate, I take the liberty of entering my protest. Claiming that the right of suffrage is a part of a voter's property, its value is inestimable; you can as well make a law to deprive us of our homes if the right of franchise can be taken away or impaired. It is a right we highly prize, because it is the right preservative of all other rights. Why is it that we are to be deprived of this right? Because we have dared to vote for an honest government, and against rapacity and fraud; because we have dared to vote for our friends—for men that have borne the burden, and helped to develop and make the Territory; men who sought to establish a perfect Union, who strove to insure domestic tranquillity, to promote general welfare and secure the blessing of justice. And we say to those who would deny us this right, the right to vote for men of our choice, to pause and consider before they are plunged into the gulf of political disgrace, ignominy and ruin.

Who ever heard of such disgraceful doings in courts of justice as we hear of in the courts of Utah. Our judicial courts are a disgrace to any nation. Why our judges, and even deputy marshals, presume to take, or assume as much authority as the most despotic king that ever wore the ermine, and we are denied the right of trial by a jury of our peers, but have test oaths and perjury. None are allowed to sit on a jury that even believe in the principles of our religion. We ought to be able to look to the judicial tribunal for protection against illegal or unconstitutional acts; we ought to have independent judges and enlightened juries as citadels of popular Liberty, as well as for private justice. "What we possess is hardly fit to be called our own, unless we feel secure in its possession, and this security, this feeling of perfect safety cannot exist under a wicked or even a weak and ignorant administration of the law. There is no happiness, there is no liberty, there is no enjoyment of life unless a man can say, when he rises in the morning, I shall be subject to the decision of no unjust judge to-day."—Webster. Can we as a community say that we shall be subject to the decision of no unjust judge to-day or to-morrow? No, we do not know, when we lay down at night, whether we will not be dragged from our beds before morning to testify before an unjust judge against our husbands (which is unconstitutional) and after being insulted, and plying with questions that are indecent, and which ought to cause the blush of shame to mantle the brow of any gentleman, held under bonds for contempt. Can such things be done with impunity? Oh, no! The Lord will deal out even-handed justice to those who have used such despotic and unwarrantable power, and have manifested such unhalloved and wanton disregard of their oath of office. Let them beware! for the wrath of an offended God will overtake them and cut short their days of wickedness, for so far can they go and no further, and although it may look dark for an oppressed and outraged people, those who live according to the will of God, and are humble before Him, there is a bright future, and they can see the bright sunshine behind the cloud, and the day of their deliverance is nigh. Although our brethren, and some of our sisters, free citizens, have been, and are imprisoned, immured in prisons, counting the slow revolving hours of their captivity, and spending their nights in prayers and

dreams of their wives and children, counting the time when they will again enjoy their society, and the blessings of home, they are happy and contented, for they know that they have the love and confidence of their families, the blessing of Almighty God, and the esteem and respect of all lovers of equal rights and constitutional Liberty. True heroes! who can hold up their heads with the emblems of true nobility, honor, trust and integrity stamped upon their brows, suffering for the truth, like unto their Master, and woe be unto those that fight against God, for they will have their portion in the day of judgment. Jesus says, "Inasmuch as they persecute you, blessed art thou, for so did they unto me, and the servant is not greater than his Master."

It is said to-day, "Why does not the Lord take care of His people, if you are the Lord's people? Why does He not confound your enemies and prevent His servants from going to prison?" Just so they said in the days of the Savior: "If Thou art the Son of God come down from the cross, and we will believe;" and they spat upon Him and mocked Him, and gave Him vinegar to drink, until He was fain to cry, "Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass." Then why should we fear the frowns of men, or why should we murmur? No, we will not complain, but seek for strength to enable us to stand firm and true to our integrity to God and our religion, and as there is no middle course, let us be found on the right side. As we will be held accountable to God for the use we make of the talents the Lord has given us, if we hide them under a bushel, it is our duty to defend our rights and our religion, and not be ashamed to acknowledge our Father before the world, and to defend every principle of truth revealed to us for our salvation, and let our walk and conduct be such that we can have the approbation of our Father in heaven; let us nobly take our part in the great work of the last days. We have the right to worship God according to our own convictions, and no one has the right to say what we shall incorporate in our creed as our religion. Although Congress may take the responsibility, they do it in opposition to the spirit and intent of the Constitution. We ask the members of the House to stop and consider, and we ask all lovers of constitutional liberty, equal rights and free governments to use their influence with the members to vote against the bill now before the House, as it is a bill against all the laws of a Republican government, and strikes at the very foundation of this Republic, and will be a disgrace to the American people; it is the essence of despotism, and will have a tendency to create discord and unsettle the union, will effect the nation at large, and it will cause trouble nearer home than Utah.

S. A. FULLMER.

Orangeville, Emery Co., March, 1886.

## JOSEPH SMITH AND CELESTIAL MARRIAGE.

The communication from President Joseph Smith, with the accompanying affidavit of William Clayton, which we publish in this issue, will be interesting to a large number of our readers. It will tend to clear up in the minds of those who are not familiar with the details of the manifestations of the Prophet

Joseph Smith on the subject of celestial marriage, some apparent discrepancies which are perfectly harmonious when correctly understood.

The revelation on celestial marriage published in the Doctrine and Covenants, was given July 12th, 1843. The principles it contains, with further intelligence on the same subject, were revealed to the Prophet many years before, but not formulated in writing for the Church. Acting under instructions from the Lord, the Prophet had several wives sealed to him before the date of that revelation, and they are referred to in verse 52. There are other matters spoken of in the revelation that pertained to the time when it was written, showing that the statement in the heading, as it appears in the book, is correct; namely, that the revelation was given on that date, although the doctrines it contains were made known and had been acted upon under special instructions previous to that date.

Those opponents of plural marriage who deny that it was taught and practiced by the Prophet Joseph, in face of testimony enough to establish any fact beyond the possibility of rational contradiction, frequently refer to the utterances of the leaders of the Church in Nauvoo against the teachings of certain persons on polygamy; and also the denials and affidavits of several ladies concerning polygamy and spiritual infidelity. These statements are cited as evidence that Joseph and Hyrum Smith were opposed to plural marriage, and that it was denied by some of the ladies who afterwards avowed their own marriage to the Prophet or his brother Hyrum.

But examination of the history and the facts will disclose that there is no real contradiction between the alleged conflicting statements, nor between the action of Joseph and Hyrum in regard to polygamy and the doctrines laid down in the revelation of July 12th, 1843. Polygamy, in the ordinary and Asiatic sense of the term, never was and is not now a tenet of the Latter-day Saints. That which Joseph and Hyrum denounced and for preaching which without authority an Elder was cut off the Church in Nauvoo, was altogether different to the order of celestial marriage including a plurality of wives, which forms the subject of the revelation.

So with that spiritual wife doctrine which lustful men attempted to promulgate at that period. Joseph the Prophet was just as much opposed to that false doctrine as any one could be. It was a counterfeit. The true and divine order is another thing. The errors which those ladies who signed the affidavits declared were not known to them as doctrines of the Church were not, are not, and never will be part of the creed of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They were conscientious in their statements. Joseph and Hyrum were consistent in their action against the false doctrines of polygamy and spiritual infidelity, instigated by the devil and advocated by men who did not comprehend sound doctrine nor the purity of the celestial marriage which God revealed for the holiest of purposes.

It has been frequently asserted by the enemies of the Church that President John Taylor, in France, publicly denied that the Church entertained the doctrine of plural marriage. Investigation for the purpose of learning facts will show that he did no such thing. Directly he denied nothing; indirectly he disputed the assertion that polygamy and certain infamous doings were part of the creed of the Church. In answer to the charges he simply read a section of the Doctrine and Covenants relating to the subject of marriage.

Until the open enunciation of the doctrine of celestial marriage by the publication of the revelation on the subject in 1852, no Elder

was authorized to announce it to the world. The Almighty has revealed things on many occasions which were for His servants and not for the world. Jesus enjoined His disciples on several occasions to keep to themselves principles that He made known to them. And His injunction, "Cast not your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet and turn again and rend you," has become as familiar as a common proverb. In the rise of the Church the Lord had occasion to admonish his servants in regard to revelations that were afterwards permitted to be published:

"I say unto you, hold your peace until I shall see fit to make all things known unto the world concerning this matter."

"And now I say unto you, keep these things from going abroad into the world until it is expedient in me."

"But a commandment I give unto them that they shall not boast themselves of these things, neither speak of them before the world, for these things are given unto you for your profit and your salvation"—(Doc. & Cov.)

Under these instructions Elders had no right to promulgate anything but that which they were authorized to teach. And when assailed by their enemies and accused of practising things which were really not countenanced in the Church, they were justified in denying those imputations and at the same time avoiding the avowal of such doctrines as were not yet intended for the world. This course which they have taken when necessary, by commandment, is all the ground which their accusers have for charging them with falsehood.

The doctrine of celestial marriage, including the plurality of wives, was revealed to Joseph Smith the Prophet by the same power and from the same source as all the other revelations contained in the book of Doctrine and Covenants, and they stand or fall together. The Church was commanded at its inception to receive the revelations and precepts which God would manifest through him, and this is one of them, to the truth of which the heavens have borne witness at least as much as to the divinity of any others. That Joseph practiced what he taught and was himself the husband of several wives in the holy order of celestial marriage, has been thoroughly authenticated, and the affidavit of William Clayton forms one more strong and important link in a chain of evidence that is so complete and convincing as to leave no room for reasonable controversy.

The world may not receive the glorious doctrine of eternal matrimony by which husbands and wives are made one forever, nor the principle of plural marriage, which is an essential part of that doctrine. But those who have come out of darkness into light, and have learned how to know the voice of the Good Shepherd, will see the beauty and divinity of that comprehensive revelation, and hearken to the spirit which leads in the way to the continuation of the lives, wherein are exaltation and dominion and power in the presence of God and His Christ throughout the eternal ages.

*Deseret News*, May 20, 1886.

#### EXTRACTS.

##### MISSIONARY BOY'S LETTER.

DEAR MISS IDA:

\* \* I received the letter, \* the counsel was good, and just such as we were given by the brethren of the Twelve. Send me another like it, only a great deal longer. I have not heard from Milo since we separated on the 29th ult., but he was to go to Virginia after visiting his relatives in Kentucky. Leav-

ing him was the next thing to leaving home and mother.

The scenery over the D. & R. G. cannot be surpassed. It is awfully grand! My companion, James Campbell, of Salt Lake City, and myself, have been out on two trips, but did not get an opportunity to preach, our labors being confined to private conversation. Some parts of our field of labor have been canvassed by the Elders in times past, and in other parts the people have never seen an Elder. In the mountain districts, among the poorer classes, we find some people who are very friendly, and appear quite willing to investigate the principles of the Gospel, but the more wealthy, who are located on the low lands, manifest a total indifference, and care to have nothing to say to us after they find out who we are. The day will come, and that speedily, when they will be willing to accept the truth, and when they know not where to find it.

This is truly a day of gleanings, and the blood of Israel is hard to find. The people are bound down by sectarian traditions and a false Christianity, from which it seems they cannot extricate themselves. This country is worn out and unfruitful, and the religion of the people more barren than the soil, for the soil does bring forth some fruit, but the fruits of their religion are evil. We are generally treated far better by those who make no professions of piety. The people are generally very poor, but they give us the best they have. No one could ask more. Those who possess more of this world's goods have no place for us, or the principles we teach, as a rule. One night we were hunting lodgings until 9 o'clock, being passed from one place to another until we had been turned away nine times, but by strong argument, we prevailed on the tenth one to give us a bed, but we had no supper. Next morning they gave us breakfast and seemed quite friendly, but wanted no "Mormonism."

I do not feel as well here as I do in Utah, but still I cannot complain much. I have felt quite cheerful and light-hearted, generally, and if I can have the faith and prayers of the Saints in my behalf I shall enjoy my labors. I have had but one letter from Utah since leaving, but I learn from Elder Morgan that matters are getting worse. \* \* \*

Ever praying for the welfare of all the Saints in Zion, and craving an interest in your faith and prayers, I remain,

Your true friend and thankful student,

GEO. W. BAKER.

May 20, 1886.

#### PRESIDENT YOUNG'S BIRTHDAY.

How President Brigham Young's birthday was celebrated at Provo City, by the Primary Associations, June 1st, 1886.

At 2 p.m. a very large crowd of fair young juveniles assembled at the Brigham Young Academy to commemorate the natal day of President Brigham Young. The hall was decorated with flowers, and the bust of our late worthy President was on the stand. A very interesting programme was carried out by the children, consisting of songs, recitations, etc., after which addresses were made by President A. K. Smoot, Prof. K. G. Mæser and Sister A. K. Smoot, giving a characteristic sketch of President Young's life. After this dancing was participated in until half past six, and all returned home feeling it was a day long to be remembered.

We have not heard from the other wards yet, but it was decided that it should be universally celebrated throughout Utah Stake.

A. K. SMOOT, Prest.,  
GRACE SMITH, Ass't Sec.

DO YOU EVER THINK OF ME?

When the shades of eve are falling  
O'er the blue and lonely sea,  
When the whip-poor-will is calling,  
Do you ever think of me?

When the great church bell is swelling  
Its music o'er the lea,  
When of absent friends you're telling,  
Do you ever think of me?

When the silver stars are gleaming  
Through the blue immensity,  
When of other days you're dreaming,  
Do you ever think of me?

And, oh! when the white clouds linger  
In the blue and azure sky,  
When fond fancy's trembling finger  
Like a needle points on high,  
Do you then with sighs remember,  
Hoping in the yet to be—  
How we parted in December,  
And breathe a prayer for me?

Does the moon light softly glowing  
On shrub and flower and tree,  
Does the sound of waters flowing,  
Bring to you sweet thoughts of me.

BELLE DALTON.

January 31st, 1886.

A FEW REFLECTIONS.

If God will grant the Spirit's aid,  
To write I'll make an effort;  
There is so much that might be said  
To edify and comfort—  
To my dear sisters I address  
The thoughts that may be given;  
I'm sure the Lord delights to bless  
His daughters here in Zion.

I'm sure the Saints of latter days  
Are blest beyond all measure,  
Above the rest of Adam's race,  
With Gospel's richest treasure.  
What God revealed to Joseph Smith  
Should claim devout attention,  
For it embraces all the truth  
That I can think or mention.

First, we repent and are baptized,  
So are our sins forgiven,  
And then the Holy Ghost receive—  
Most precious boon from heaven;  
God's spirit granted from above  
Doth strengthen good endeavor;  
It teaches charity and love,  
And peace and virtue ever.

It teaches us in mortal life  
A gentle, kind behavior;  
To carefully avoid all strife,  
And imitate the Savior,  
Who's full of wisdom, grace and love,  
And is our Mediator;  
He pleads before the throne above  
Our cause with the Creator.

We've various gifts the very same,  
That Jesus said should follow  
Those who believed upon His name,  
And in His footsteps follow;  
A mighty gift to mortal ones,  
The gift of healing, surely;  
We cannot set a price upon,  
It is God's mercy purely.

It is His will that we should claim  
The gifts, which He is granting,  
To humbly call upon His name,  
And faith should not be wanting,  
That we might reap the rich reward,  
The healing of distresses,  
And not forget to praise the Lord  
Whom He so richly blesses.

A gift there is, to Saints most dear,  
The gift that is discerning  
Of spirits, that we may beware,  
And know of them concerning,

That we may not be led astray  
By those who are deceivers,  
But follow in the narrow way  
Of firm and true believers.

There's many a grace and many a gift  
To Saints on earth are given;  
Lord, lead our tongues in purest drift  
To praise the God of heaven;  
O may we have, from day to day,  
A greater inclination  
To keep in wisdom's narrow way  
In walk and conversation.

Oh, Thou! who know'st our weaknesses,  
Help us in each endeavor  
To lead a life of righteousness,  
And worship Thee forever.  
So may we triumph in thy might,  
Thy Spirit guide our speeches,  
Be valiant in the cause of right,  
And gain eternal riches.

MAREN MITCHELL.

Riverdale, June 8, 1886.

A COMPARISON.

Only a piece of water-soaked wood—yes, that is all, but shall I tell you what it shows to me? A morning, dull, cloudy, fierce winds and fiercer sea; a road, grass-grown and smooth; a carriage, drawn slowly on, now near the spray-dashed shore, now lost to sight of sea and spray, but always with the rude, hoarse roar of the ocean's voice resounding in our ears. The place, the Sandwich Isles, which little mission of easy, happy Saints, has held more missionaries from dear old Utah than any other on this big, whole globe, according to its size.

That sea—no words could ever tell its matchless glory, no brush could ever paint its glistening, rapid, restless grace. How could they do so, when God it is who speaks to us, weak finite mortals, through the awful roar, and He whose finger paints the ever changing hues and shades on ocean's broad old face.

The storm had been a furious one, and high and heavy dashed the surf, and as we rode along we all were hushed to that slow silence that falls alike on all who feel themselves so near to nature's heart-beats. How small, how infinitely small one weak and puny arm would be to put between a soul and all eternity in such a sea! Vast are Thy wonders, O God!

At last, as mortals do, we broke the spell of silence and began to talk of all we saw around us. The shore was strewn with relics of the last night's storm. Broken shells and bits of sponge, with chalky looking corals, and all along a very network of green and pale pink sea weeds, and as we wandered on, now picking up some pretty toy, or turning over rubbish in search of something rare, my friend held up to me this rotten piece of wood. He brought it, saying it had traveled many a weary mile on just such waves as now beat down upon the shore. "Tis redwood," said my friend, "and all the way this tiny chip has come from those huge forest trees, that grow on California's hills." And so I took it; and as I looked at it, so many curious thoughts arose unbidden in my mind—how long it had been cut from off the parent trunk, whose hand had felled the giant tree, how many years its glorious crown of green had shaded some sweet spot of earth.

Our talk soon flew to other things, and, after that, we turned our horses homeward. But in and out of all our chatter, that bit of wood and its attendant history was dwelling on my mind. We passed along the road, now dotted on each side with the natives white-washed cottages, while here and there a brown grass hut, that stands among its haowri (civilized) neighbors, with quite an air of low apology, as if 'twere well ashamed to look them in the face. And then I thought of that

small block of wood—a fragment from the parent tree, broke off by some relentless power and cast, like these poor natives' far away progenitors, from off the parent Nephite stem, and cast adrift to bear the ocean's moods, and land at last on these fair, sunny isles, and they, like it, are soaked and sodden—sodden with vice and soaked in all the waters of inconstancy and lust; and they, like unto it, have now at last been gathered up by an Almighty hand, and He is sending here His workmen, that on them may shed the light of His pure, Holy Spirit, so drying up the dull waters of pollution, and with His tools He will mould and fashion them at last into one of those clean and chosen vessels, which shall be lifted up at that last day, saith the Lord God of Israel!

HOMESPUN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The way to do good is to be good. There must be light, then it will shine.—*Cannon Fleming.*

There is nothing so sweet as a duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.—*Jean Ingelow*

God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

While reason is puzzling herself about the mystery, faith is turning it into her daily bread, and feeding on it thankfully in her heart of hearts.—*D. F. Huntington*

If we practise goodness, not for the sake of its own intrinsic excellence, but for the sake of gaining some advantage by it, we may be cunning but we are not good.—*Cicero.*

The best name by which we can think of God is Father. It is a loving, deep, sweet, heart-touching name; for the name of father is, in its nature; full of inborn sweetness and comfort.—*Luther.*

In eternity it will amount to more to have given a cup of cold water, with right motives, to an humble servant of God than to have been flattered by a whole generation.—*Dr. Cumming.*

The warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.—*Herder.*

All that is good, generous, wise, right,—whatever I deliberately and forever love in others and myself,—who or what could by any possibility have given it to me but one who first had it to give? This is not logic: this is axiom.—*Carlyle*

Trust Him when you cannot trace Him. Do not try to penetrate the cloud which He brings over you and to look through it. Rather keep your eye fixed steadily on the bow that is on the cloud. The mystery is God's; the promise is yours.—*Macduff*

The defeat of the Home Rule bill in England is to Irishmen what the defeat of the woman suffrage bill in this country is to women. In each case the final triumph is deferred.

The Woman Suffrage Society of Englewood, Ill. will celebrate July 4 as "Foremothers' Day." The Rev. Olympia Brown and Mary Allen West have been engaged as speakers. The ladies will send refreshments, and an interesting programme has been prepared.

## WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS,

Editor.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - - - JUNE 15, 1886.

## MRS. NEWMAN'S EXTRAVAGANZAS.

We have had the privilege of perusing the pamphlet containing the "Notes of a Hearing before the Committee on Education and Labor," United States Senate, May 7th, 1886. The hearing was referred to in the last number of the WOMAN'S EXPONENT. It says, first of all,

"Proposed establishment of a school under the direction of the Industrial Christian Home Association of Utah, to provide means for the self-support of the dependent classes in that Territory, and to aid in the suppression of polygamy therein." Then follows the Memorial, which sets forth the arrangements entered into, in detail, and closes by saying, "The demand for such an institution is found."

First. In the anomalous condition of Utah Territory under Mormon regime.

Second. In the fact that there is not a single benevolent institution in the Territory for the dependent classes.

Moreover, it is hopeless to expect a Mormon legislature to appropriate funds to meet a condition of things which the Mormon leaders declare does not exist, or to establish an institution which shall contribute towards the disintegration of the Mormon Church.

"Hence national obligation is apparent.

"The principle is fundamental in a republican form of government to protect its helpless minorities, especially so when these minorities are women and children.

"The question of self-support is based in the solution of the problem of the disruption of polygamous households.

"It is a well-known fact that there are many who would voluntarily abandon polygamous relations if facilities for self support were provided.

"Furthermore, it is futile to legislate against existing relations and make no provision for the terrible exigencies which arise in the execution of law.

"Fathers and mothers whose moral nature has survived the wreck of polygamous life will at least hesitate to impose upon their children immediate disaster by either voluntary or enforced obedience to national law.

"Therefore, it is with confidence in that justice which is the apotheosis of mercy, that we your petitioners, in behalf of those who cannot speak for themselves, except by their silent appeal to the nation's God, ask of your honorable body the appropriation of \$100,000 to the Industrial Christian Home Association for the construction and equipment of such an institution as is herein specified.

Respectfully submitted,

JEANETTE H. TERRY, Prest.,

Park City, Utah Territory,

MARGARET D. ZANE, Vice Prest.,

Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,

CORNELIA A. PADDOCK, Secretary,

Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.

Also signed, George A. Lowe, Ira E. Lyons,

Hector M. Scott, James M. Darling, George E. Ellis, Henry W. Lawrence (per Angie F. Newman, Vice President at Large, Trustees Salt Lake City.) Testimonials from clergymen and others, well known as anti-Mormon, are next given, after which follows the argument. We had thought to take it up in full and correct the false statements, but it would perhaps be a waste of time; therefore we will only notice a few glaring errors. In the first paragraph of her argument she says:

"I am here in behalf of women whose lips are sealed by the Priesthood, whose hands are shackled by their own ballots, of which I can give proof if necessary; women who are denied the right of petition by the very men who enfranchised them. A notable instance of the right of petition is when 473 women of Utah petitioned to the national Congress against the admission of Utah as a State, and when the names were reported in Utah many of these women, under the most severe pressure, were obliged to make public retraction, and to declare that their signatures were fraudulently obtained."

We would very much like to know when this all happened, if Mrs. Newman, or any of these trustees, whose names are attached, can give these particulars definitely; we should be glad to learn how and when all this occurred, and who any of these women are who were "obliged to make public retraction?" In fact, we would like one single name furnished us. This is all nonsense: it is impossible to imagine where Mrs. Newman could have fished up this story.

In the next paragraph Mrs. Newman says she has a right to speak in behalf of "motherhood outraged and compromised children crying for bread." There are no children in Utah crying for bread, nor any lack either of food or clothing; there are no poor houses or orphan asylums needed for "Mormon" children, but the same cannot be said of other States and Territories. She also says: "I am here because in my veins flows the blood of the Pilgrim Fathers," and so on. How many "Mormons" there are who might say the same thing if that would entitle them to special privileges. It is utterly impossible in a newspaper article to take up the argument entire; one can only touch some particular points, and show, perhaps, a trifle or two concerning the manner in which she deals with the subject, and the unfairness with which she treats women who have expressed decided views upon plural marriage; women who have lived in it, and consequently must know more about it than she possibly can; women as pure and as noble as any the blessed sun ever shone upon, women of education, cultivated taste and refinement.

The lady goes on to say, "The foundation, the perpetuity of this government is based upon the subjugation of women. Polygamy, whatever one says to the contrary, is the initiative and the ultimatum. The primal effect of polygamous life is to build prison walls about its victims, whose ponderous gates never swing outward except to crush the hand that tampers with the locks." This may be very pretty and sensational, and may move the hearts of the Committee and of Congress, but it lacks the vital element of truth, and will not stand the test of reason, common sense, or the facts, which are and must be evidence as against sensational reports or pathetic appeals. She invalidates her own statement, when she says, in another part of her argument, how easily divorces are obtained, but she grossly misrepresents when she says, "There are scores who have been divorced from one to ten and fourteen times, of which there is abundant record." Here is another statement made which Mrs. Newman should be prepared to prove. But it is as false as it is cruel. When the lady makes such assertions as these she should bring forward the proof, by telling of at least one instance in which there has been a number of divorces.

Mrs. Newman says that in the Mass Meeting in the theatre "the American flag was draped in irony above the speakers." Have not the Latter-day Saints as much right to the flag as other citizens? and they certainly honor it quite as much, and the liberty, of which it is the symbol, is as dear to them as to Mrs. Newman, or any one else. She further adds, "I listened for four hours to a repudiation of national sovereignty, a vilification of the Federal officers, and a vindication of illicit alliances, which made me shiver. The report of that meeting has been greatly toned down, as my own notes and the notes of Dr. Jackson, of Fort Douglas, and others, will amply attest." Then she adds that she will use their own stenographic notes, that she may not be charged with injustice, and goes on to make quotations from Dr. Pratt, Laura Minor and Dr. E. R. Shipp. However, she proves nothing, but to repeat the slander and falsehoods that have been going the rounds of the country for years. Speaking of the number of wives she declares that "in Utah a patriarch has ten, fifteen or twenty." Here is another chance for her to tell who these men are who have this extra number of wives, as we who live here do not know of such families. She also asserts that one half of this people are in the practice of plural marriage; another false statement. Her information, according to her argument, is of the most complete and varied character; she knows more than any old settler in the country, but what she affirms exists only in her inflated imagination.

Does Mrs. Newman fancy that "Mormons" don't know the deceit, treachery and infamy that prevails to an alarming extent in the world? Congressmen need not go outside the District of Columbia to find unhappy and unhalloved marriage relations in monogamy, and this woman, no doubt, knows it well. If Congress wants to make an appropriation for women to be educated to earn their own living, the best place to begin is at the Nation's Capitol, for in Utah such charitable institutions are not needed, nor will they be patronized by "Mormons." Not at all.

After expatiating largely upon a national flag she brought here from Cincinnati, and, by the way, the "Mormons" brought the first national flag that ever was brought here, and planted it on the tops of the mountains, and had as much pride in seeing it wave—aye, more than Mrs. Newman, with all her boasted patriotism, for to them it did mean liberty and freedom, and she would destroy the freedom, happiness and peace of the homes created under its shelter and protection, she brings in the following sensational paragraph, which she no doubt thinks will stir the feelings of those sage congressmen to the very centre of their souls. It reads thus:

"Gentlemen, I do not make to you a needless plea, for night after night I have stood on some table land in that fair valley. I have looked upon that silvery lake, asleep in the quiet moonlight, the silent stars keeping their watch in the sky, the shadow of the granite mountains falling over the city, and stilling the pulses of my own throbbing heart, I have heard a wail, long, deep and terrible, coming up from thousands of hushed voices, from lips dumb in their cold agony, come sweeping up to the ear of the Omnipotent, and in its choral tone. I have heard the refrain of the Kathayan slave, in the pen at Oung-pen-la: 'My Father, I cannot die so; I cannot die so. Send some blessed evangel to open the gates of thy mercy.' Gentlemen, shall we find in you the 'blessed evangel' of their long vigils?"

There is much more in a similar strain. Now, we will tell you what she *might* have heard if she *did not*, instead of the mournful refrain she pictures, the prayers and hymns from a thousand homes arising in gratitude to God for His favors and blessings, and interceding with Him to protect them and their little ones from those, who under the guise of law, are bringing sorrow, misery

and desolation, ruined homes, blighted hopes, and, all the attendant evils, cruel and remorseless, that result from religious persecution. If Mrs. Newman has a human heart, if she can feel for those whose sorrows should make them sacred, especially so to all their own sex, who possess genuine womanly tenderness, she *must* know the torture the anguish of soul the Edmunds law is inflicting upon innocent women and children; and to insult them by asking alms from the National Congress, to which they themselves are appealing through petitions, eloquent and strong, with forcible truths for simple justice and a humane administration of law, is too great an insult to be borne without remonstrating, protesting and declaring against such measures. The tables will turn by and bye, and the persecutors of this people will need aid and assistance far worse than the "Mormons" need it now. The relief the "Mormons" want is justice, and those rights and liberties guaranteed by that glorious Constitution of our common country, nothing more. Having these and the blessing of God upon their efforts and endeavors, happiness and prosperity will abound, and many people will flock hither and find peace and security, and oppression and bondage will be unknown.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Relief Society, Y. L. M. I. A. and P. A. conference of Tooele Stake was held June 12th and 13th, in Grantsville, Mrs. M. A. Hunter presiding. Sisters E. Howard and H. M. Whitney of this city were in attendance, and give an interesting report of the proceedings.

THE annual meeting of the Sixteenth Ward Relief Society of this city will be held to-day. Notice of these meetings will appear in our next issue. The annual meeting of the Relief Society and Y. L. M. I. A. of Granger will be held to-day in the ward house at that place; Sisters M. I. Horne, B. W. Smith and Nellie Colebrook will attend.

THE conference of the Relief Society of this Stake will be held on Friday, the 25th of June, in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Rooms in this city. It is desirable that there should be a good attendance of the officers and members from all parts of the Stake. The Primary conference will be held on the Saturday following, June 26th, in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall.

THE Tucker Edmunds Bill has been reported by the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives of the U. S. Congress. It is harsh and cruel in its measures with respect to Utah and those who respect the liberty of conscience could scarcely wish for its passage, whatever opposition they may feel towards "Mormonism." It is not very likely to be reached this session, at any rate, and before another session of Congress there may be great changes in the affairs of the nation.

FROM Sister Betsy C. Glover and from Sister Catherine Woodbury we have received charming bouquets of choice and fragrant flowers to grace the editorial table. Many thanks for these beautiful remembrances, which call forth sentiments of love and esteem. Flowers are always a fitting gift, though simple; the modest wild flower carries as many memories with it as the most highly cultivated exotic, perhaps even more. We also extend our thanks to Sister Mary Gray for the delicious cherries sent us, not only this year, but it seems to have become an annual token of her affectionate generosity. It is sweet to be remembered by one's friends, and trifles often tell more than an elaborate display.

#### SOME SOUND REASONING.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

DEAR SISTER:—In reading the papers one is struck with the unqualified and groundless expressions, so frequently falling from the lips, and flowing from the pens of speakers and writers on those questions which relate in any manner to the Latter-day Saints. I notice a fair sample of this wholesale, unreasoning declamation against an unpopular people, in a short letter, recently published in the *Deseret News*, over the signature of Helen M. Gougar, copied from the *"Inter Ocean."*

She makes use of the following language: "every right minded woman in the country wants polygamy in Utah Stamped out, and the sooner the better."

As a woman I claim the right to dispute this proposition as emphatically as it has been made. I am aware how very unpopular it is in the world to take this position, but America is a great and a free country and I presume I have the same right of free speech, and to my opinion, and perhaps as good authority to sustain my position as she has.

The strong prejudice in the mind of this lady, as in the minds of those of her class, and the public generally, perhaps, upon this subject, arises from their education, traditions and the many other circumstances surrounding them which influence their thoughts.

But there are thousands of women "in the country," not excepting Utah, who have been brought up under these same traditions and circumstances, and educated in the same schools of learning and experience in the world, who through deeper research and thought on the subject and more thorough investigation have come to the opposite conclusion which warrants my emphatic denial of the charge as above stated.

The presumption is, and it is a fair presumption from my standpoint, that the lady who made this broad assertion has studied the politics of the country more thoroughly, and has paid more attention to the subject of woman's suffrage than ever she has done to the subject of plural marriage among the Latter-day Saints, and while I readily concede to her the right to speak for her political friends, I doubt her authority as to the "wants," or desires of "right minded women," or upon the question involving the right mindedness of women, at all on this subject let her speak for herself, and for those who hold the same views that she does, if they do not object, but that this class will include "every right minded woman in the country," is a part of her assertion which I deny. I claim that intelligent ladies who have passed through the narrow limits of the views entertained by this lady, upon matters of religion, in all their details, into broader conceptions of God's law, and who have, perhaps studied politics, equally with herself, but through earnest inquiry and investigation, and prayerful study and reflection have become convinced that plural marriage, as designed, sanctioned and commanded and blessed by Almighty God from time immemorial, as demonstrated by the Holy Scriptures; and as practiced by the Latter-day Saints, is neither criminal nor sinful, will come as near to being "right minded women," as this "prominent lady" does, or those of her class; and it is my opinion that there are thousands of these "right minded women in the country," who do not "want polygamy in Utah stamped out" nor to hear it interfered with in the least, either by such bigoted, presumptuous, arrogant and tyrannical men as Senator Edmunds, the Congress of the United States, or by the supposed "right-minded women of the country" who do not understand the Latter-day Saints nor their religion, and are not authorized to speak for them.

Again this lady says:—"polygamy can be

done away with on constitutional principles." When the Constitution is silent upon the question of polygamy," and does not refer to religion at all, except that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States," and, in its first amendment, that, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," it would certainly be interesting to know how plural marriage in Utah, an essential part of the religion of the Latter-day Saints, "can be done away with on Constitutional principles?" Yet she further says; "If men in Congress are incapable of killing this monster of polygamy, that they have nursed by their shilly-shallying, lo, these many years, then let the Loziers take their seats for a time and it will be done without adding another wrong to the great wrongs already inflicted." She has an idea it would seem, that the "great wrongs already inflicted," are the failures, from time to time, of Congress to settle the Mormon question and that the methods of doing this, or killing the monster of polygamy "to be adopted by the "Loziers," would be speedy, effectual and harmless!

This can be regarded only as a meaningless boast or hoax, unless she can show us that the ruination of our homes, the destruction of peaceful and happy families, the unjust and cruel interference with the sacred rites of religion, by secular authorities, and the innumerable attendant, terrible consequences, that must ensue, would not be as "great" and as infamous wrongs if committed by the cold blooded, heartless *Nero* of the Senate Mr. Edmunds, and a male Congress, who have already demonstrated, notwithstanding all their cunning ingenuity and sophistry to gloss over the ugly fact, how utterly impossible it is to touch the question of plural marriage in Utah, except by the passage of cruel, proscriptive, retro-active, or *ex-post-facto* and unconstitutional laws, including stringent, "religious test" oaths which are directly forbidden by the Constitution, expunging the rights of citizens without process of law, also the violation of sacred contracts, and the disruption of pure and peaceful communities, and the plundering of helpless families, and ruining them by fines imprisonment and costs, inflicted upon their natural protectors, and attempting the utter spoliation of an industrious, peaceful, moral, religious and intelligent people, a people law abiding from the beginning, and still so, in spite of the illiberal, partial, cruel and unjust laws enacted exclusively against them, and mercilessly and wantonly enforced; the attempted political capture, and degradation and corruption of one of the most prosperous, best governed, purest, happiest, and best Territories of the United States involving untold and unspeakable anguish and sorrow and misery, needlessly—wantonly upon honorable men, innocent women and helpless children. Would all these evils become less if committed by the "Loziers" temporarily filling the seats of congressmen? Could the women suffragists accomplish, under the Constitution, or by constitutional means, what they have no warrant for doing, nay, what they are forbidden to do by the constitution, any more innocently or harmlessly than perfidious politicians are now trying to do?

There is but one way for them to do any differently and that would be to wisely withdraw from the attempt, as they only can do constitutionally, and leave the great "Mormon problem" to settle itself. But in the judgment of this lady, polygamy is a "monster" which must be grappled with and "killed!" Thus her inconsistency becomes apparent. While she opposes interference by congress with the established rights of female suffrage in Utah, she soundly berates Congress for "shilly-shallying, lo for these many years" with the Religion of the Latter-day Saints, and the sacred rights of their plural marriage rights established for long years before there.

was any law of Congress making plural marriage a misdemeanor, and with which constitutionally Congress had no right to interfere; and because Congress had not violently and without just cause or provocation abolished plural marriage which she regards without reason as a great "monster" which should be killed." O consistency! thou art a jewel!"

I am, affectionately, your sister in the Gospel.

J. L. S.

### DESERET UNIVERSITY.

CHANCELOER O. F. WHITNEY.

*The Hon. Board of Regents, the Faculty and Students of the University.*

*Ladies and Gentlemen*—I confess that I appear before you in the role of a speech-maker on this occasion with a great deal of reluctance. The task of addressing an audience like this is one so new and strange to me that I naturally shrink from the undertaking. I feel something like a boat loosed from its moorings and left to drift wherever the winds and waves list to carry it.

But while the experience of this occasion is entirely new to me, the subject upon which I suppose it is expected I should say something—that of education—is one that is near and dear to my heart. Not because I am a practical educator, or school teacher, for I am not; nor because of the office which your legislative representatives have done me the honor to place upon me. But because I have a deep and abiding interest in the great cause of human advancement, and desire to befriend any and all agencies having that as their object.

Before me and around me are some of the educators of the present and the future. Some whose hairs are silvered with the frosts of coming age, who are growing gray in the service to which they have devoted the best part of their lives; others, younger in years and experience, but active and efficient workers in the tutelary harness; to these it would become me to say but little. I was a schoolboy under Dr. Park, as were also several members of the present Board of Regents. I prefer to address the burden of my remarks to another class—those who are pupils still, or teachers who have only just passed their novitiate, and are standing on the threshold of their professional careers.

If I say that a great future is opening up before you, I say it not with the tongue of flattery, but with the solemn voice of friendship. Whether you become great or correspond with that future is another thing entirely, and depends largely upon the uses to which you put the time allotted you, and the talents with which you are endowed. These may be many or few, but they are a sacred trust, a stewardship, for which an account must some day be rendered to the Almighty Giver. It is our duty to ourselves and society to prepare for the responsibilities which life imposes, and then discharge them faithfully and fearlessly as fast as they come before us. You who have attended to the first part of this requirement—that of reparation—have done well, thus far. It remains to be seen how you will perform the rest.

As to what constitutes greatness, opinions may differ. I shall content myself with citing the definition given by the greatest Teacher the world has ever seen—Him who "spake as never man spake," before or since. Said He: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." This, then, is the pathway to glory and success; to labor for the welfare of others. Greater is he who serves, than he who is served and this is

peculiarly the teacher's mission and opportunity.

I hope there is no one here—nor do I believe there is, who imagines himself or herself perfectly educated, and that nothing remains to be acquired after leaving school. I remember hearing a child asked by its teacher—the first one it had ever had—where it had learned its letters, as it happened to have mastered the alphabet at home. "I never did learn 'em," the little one replied, "I always knowed 'em," it being the child's supposition that nothing could be *learned out* of school! I have found that some older children are imbued with the same idea. The mind of man can never cease to learn. At school we only sharpen and make keen the weapons we are to use in the great warfare awaiting us.

But if it were possible, any time, for us to comprehend within the scope of our narrow intellectuality all human learning, we need not suppose that even then we should "know it all." We live in a progressive age. The present eclipses in many things the past, but it is destined itself to be over shadowed by the future. As we proceed, "Alps on Alps" will arise to greet us, and the summit of one attainment will only prove the point look out to heights still unsurmounted. Much of the so-called science of to-day may be the recognized folly of to-morrow, and precious truths now unknown, despised, or covered with the dust of neglect, will yet be eagerly sought for and prized as becomes their worth. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" of the sublime possibilities locked up within the treasure house of times to come. The sun of education has scarcely more than dawned, even upon the wisest minds. The highest hill tops are but tipped with the golden splendors of its rising. What do we dwellers in the valley know? The windows of our minds should be ever open to admit the sunlight of knowledge. Never let conceit or bigotry close the shutters and draw the blinds.

There is a brighter day dawning, also for our University. For many days it has been passing through the narrows, and at times the clouds have frowned darkly overhead. But it will yet emerge out upon the broad ocean of prosperity, where a clear sky and smooth sailing await it. I feel that I but voice the sentiments of all who are here, and thousands more, when I wish the officers, teachers and students all, continued success, and long life to the University of Deseret.

GOVERNOR WEST'S ADDRESS.

*Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Board of Regents and Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I came here this morning to witness these interesting exercises, not expecting to take any part whatever in them. I am satisfied, with you, that I have found much pleasure here and I think also much profit. Of course in this institution which is beginning its career of glory, I feel some pride to know that I am present on the occasion when it sends forth its first accredited graduates. I think it is a privilege which I will remember in long years to come along with these young gentlemen who have interested us with their beautiful well considered addresses—that I with them will look back to this day as one of honor and one that I esteem highly. Now I would not have said a word here except for the very flattering call that this audience has made, and I hope you will excuse the stammering manner in which I speak. I hope that this institution will remain long and prosperous to educate the youth of this land, and send them forth good citizens, and noble men and women; and point out lives for them that will bring blessings and honor, blessings also to those with whom they associate, in all the private and public

walks of life. God bless all efforts for education and for improvement and for the rising of poor humanity to that level that will entitle them to citizenship in that other and better world.

### A GENTILE LETTER.

CHICAGO, January 25th 1886.

DEAR AUNT MERCY:

I need not say that I am always pleased to get a letter from you and Mary Jane. At first I was thinking of keeping all Mary Jane's letters in one batch and yours in another, but on looking it over I find your letters so delightfully mixed that it would be like parting the Siamese Twins to attempt to separate them, so I keep them together. I have been just counting the pages, and I find there are 52 solid pages of reading matter, and as I always keep them about me I suppose they create a sphere which instinctively makes me kick at anything which I may happen to read or hear against your people. You must not think because I am silent about it that I fail to read all the special passages to which you and cousin direct my attention, whether in the Book of Mormon or in the Doctrine and Covenants, but the fact is that my mind is in just that particular mental state that I cannot pronounce any definite opinion on them. I regret to say that so far failure has attended my efforts in the direction of putting my thoughts in some readable form, setting forth my expressions in connection with my recent visit to your City, and so I suppose I must give it up as a bad job. As a matter of fact, however, my visit among you has impressed me very favorably as compared with all my previous notions about your people and belief, and apart from any other consideration I am glad that I have had the opportunity of remaining for a while in Salt Lake City, as I have been enabled to use my own eyes and ears to assist me in forming a judgment as to what Mormonism really is, and what kind of people the Mormons are. The Christian world have made up their minds that you are all a bad lot, and so that's the end of it. Having prejudged your case so emphatically, it is no wonder that the press studiously conceal anything that may happen to be reported in your favor, and no wonder that they vie with each other in bringing into prominence anything and everything that can possibly be construed as derogatory to your religion, and thereby pander to the popular prejudice.

The fact is that there is a great deal about the Mormon faith that is peculiar, and opposed to our modern notions of civilization, and which without sufficient explanation is very apt to mislead people generally into very wrong conclusions. For instance, the theocratic element in your religion lays you open to the charge of disloyalty, and I suppose you will admit that you would all gladly hail the re-establishment of the theocracy of the olden time when God was wont to rule his people both in temporal as well as in spiritual matters, and for the matter of that I venture to say that every sincere Christian, whether Mormon or Gentile would rejoice at the advent of Him, of whom it is said that thrones and principalities and dominions are to be made subject to Him I would be very sorry to say or think that there was necessarily any disloyalty in indulging in these glorious anticipations. but the world, blind to spiritual things, is very apt to associate the expression of such sentiments with disloyalty,—so it was over 1800 years ago. and human nature is pretty much the same now as it was then. Then again the doctrine of Plural Marriage is one at which people hold up their hands in holy horror. My instincts

are all in favor of single marriage, but my short visit to Salt Lake has taught me at least this one lesson that Mormon polygamy is a totally different thing from that which is practised in Eastern countries, with which it is often confounded, subject as it is to such restrictions as must prevent a really immoral man from entering into it with the sanction of your Church. There can be no question with those who sincerely believe the word of God that it was once practised with the Divine approval, but then it is contended that slavery was likewise a permitted institution, and that it is in the order of God's providence that both these should be done away with in the onward progress of society, that in their place and time they both served a useful purpose, but that neither of them was intended to be permanent; and that now society has outgrown all such conditions. I am not learned enough to enter into any argument upon this subject, but I am free to admit that while I was in your city I certainly failed to see any of the terrible effects which the practice of polygamy is popularly supposed to produce. I must say that the families which I visited appeared to be very comfortable and happy, and as far as I could see the greatest harmony prevailed among them contrary, of course, to what I was led to expect, as I had been told that just as inevitably as that 2 and 2 make 4 so polygamy introduces in the family relationship, the element of discord; but judging from what I saw and heard there was no indication that this was the case with your people.

I have had the pleasure of an introduction to a few of the "victims" of this terrible evil, but instead of the ladies observing the prudent silence which I naturally looked for with regard to this matter, I was surprised to find that they, one and all expressed themselves quite unreservedly about it, and in terms of unqualified approval. The average Gentile, you know, believes that "multiplication is vexation", but evidently the Mormon is doing his best to multiply and replenish the waste places of the earth, and he believes in having his "quiver full of them," and that, too, with the full concurrence of the Leahs and the Rachels. It was certainly very novel to me to hear them style each other "brothers" and "sisters"; this implies a very close relationship, and the natural inference is that you feel something of the same filial affection towards one another which members of the same family are supposed to have, and whatever objections may be urged against your religion this feature of it is certainly worthy of all praise. Again I notice that you have the greatest confidence in the rulers of your Church, believing as you do that they are guided in the administration of your affairs by Him who cannot err. Now I am sure if Christians generally could believe as you do in this matter they would not only cease their opposition but gladly enlist themselves in your ranks, but that is just where they decidedly differ from you, and in fact do not hesitate to brand you as priest ridden and all that sort of thing. Whatever may be the truth in regard to this, however, it is clear to me from the manner in which your rulers have looked after your temporal interests, that they are men of remarkable sagacity. In the first place they could hardly have selected a more beautiful spot than Salt Lake and its environs, although in the light of recent events they might have chosen a safer one, but I refer more particularly to the arrangements which are made to meet the requirements of the emigrant, be he poor or otherwise, who perhaps from a distant land and speaking a different language comes for the first time to your little Zion, as apart from the substantial assistance he may derive from your admirable tithing regulations, he receives what to him is of inestimable value the very best advice from men

competent to give it, as to where and how he may advantageously locate himself and family, and is in no danger as men similarly circumstanced in the East often are of being defrauded by unprincipled agents. It is further creditable to you that you have no paupers among you, owing, as I understand, to your system of house to house visitation, whereby the temporal as well as the spiritual needs of your people are carefully enquired into and promptly attended to. The fact that industry and economy are regarded by you as a part of your religion may also to some extent account for the absence of this pauper element; of course under any circumstances it is not to be looked for to any great extent in a small community like yours, as compared with more largely populated cities, but the methods which you adopt appear to me to be singularly well adapted for nipping anything of the kind in the bud, and assuming that you are destined to grow into a great people, you have only to persist in your present course, and I do not see how you can ever be cursed with this evil. It is true that if you continue to set up what you conceive to be God's will in opposition to established law there will be many individual cases of suffering, but in this matter it appears you are all pledged to contribute help where help is really needed. So that after all you are not entirely without your good qualities despite the wholesale denunciation which is meted out to you by your enemies, but the fact still remains that you are Mormons, and that settles the matter in the eyes of the civilized world. I am sorry for you, but I suppose it cannot be helped. It was confidently hoped that Judge Zane would bring you to your senses, but so far I do not think he can congratulate himself upon his success; he was doubtless under the impression that his pitiless measures would be met with some sort of compromise on your part, and did not take into his calculations that what he wished you to concede was a vital part of your religion.

And now, dear Aunt, I am sure you will be tired of this long winded letter, but as I did not reply to your letter sooner I thought I would make up for my remissness by sending you a long epistle.

Your affectionate nephew.

WM. THOMPSON.

#### R. S., Y. L. M. I. A. & P. A. REPORTS.

WEST SIDE CACHE VALLEY.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

DEAR SISTER:—There was a district conference of the Primaries of Clarkston, Newton and Trenton held at this place May 22nd, 1886. We were favored with the presence and good counsel of Sisters Molen and Burton of the Presidency of the Primaries, also Sister Adeline Barber, President of the Relief Society of this Stake, and Sister Hopukina, from the Sandwich Islands. Meeting opened with singing, "Beautiful Zion." Prayer by John Jardine. Singing, "We want to see the Temple." Coun. Sarah Shumway asked the questions from the Bible question book, which were answered in a very creditable manner. Recitation, Sarah Stewart, of the Clarkston Primary; Song, Ann Funk, of the Newton Primary, "Take me back to Home and Mother." Sister Hopukina spoke a short time in her native language. Adam Godfrey of Clarkston recited verses from the Testament; Mary Barker of Newton recited verses from the Testament; Song, Martha Rigby and Minnie Funk, of Newton; Dialogue, Olive Beck and Minnie Funk, of Newton. Prest. Elizabeth Griffin reported the Primary of Newton to be in good working condition. Song, Eliza Barson, Sylvia Thompson and Agness Shumway, of

Clarkston. Prest. Caroline G. Thompson reported the Primary of Clarkston to be doing well. Sadie Shumway spoke a piece—"Not fit to be kissed;" Recitation, Sarah Jensen and Jeanie Barker, of Newton. Sister Maud Burton spoke a short time on the Word of Wisdom. Recitation, Sarah Ann Jensen, of Clarkston, "Our Baby." Bishop John Jardine spoke a few minutes. Sister Barber spoke on Temple duties. Peter Jensen of Newton spoke a piece, "The Crow;" Agnes Shumway of Clarkston recited "Ben Fisher;" Sister Hopukina sang a song; Sister Barker of Newton and Prest. Mary Griffin of Clarkston each made remarks. Jane Molen then addressed us; talked on a great many interesting topics, and all felt to rejoice. Bishop John Jardine moved that we give the sisters a vote of thanks for their visit to us. Prest. Caroline G. Thompson also thanked the sisters for their visit, and thus passed one of the best days ever spent on the west side of Cache Valley. Singing, "Lord dismiss us." Benediction by Coun. K. A. Jensen.

Your sister in the Gospel,

SUSAN J. JENSEN, Sec.

#### WOMEN HOME MISSIONARIES.

Mrs. Mary Freeze, President of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Salt Lake Stake, and Mrs. E. L. Crowther, of Logan, left the latter place to visit the Oneida Stake, with Mrs. Fox, President of the Relief Society of that Stake, and her two Counselors, in behalf of the Relief Society. District Conferences were appointed at Malad, Oxford, Gentile Valley, Mink Creek and Franklin, at all of which places the Young Ladies' and Primaries were also met with. Ten or twelve meetings were held during the ten days trip, all of which were sustained by the priesthood and brethren, old and young. They drove about one hundred and fifty miles, and some of the roads in that new country are not the best in the world. The courtesy of the brethren, who drove, the generous hospitality of the sisters, and the gracious welcome and kindly greetings of all will never be forgotten. The memory of the exercises of the young will ever be a pleasing one to all who listened; the clear bird like voices of the boys, girls and young ladies seemed inspirational, and the gentle grace with which the calls were responded to, especially considering they had not been notified, gives the result of training of Sabbath schools, Primaries and other organizations, and places them above praise.

The teaching of the visiting sisters was received with attention and gratitude; but there is a dark side to the picture, viz., the warfare made upon us by our enemies. Three of our brethren left Mink Creek on the same morning we did, to go to Blackfoot to receive sentence for keeping the laws of God; others went from Franklin, and though their hearts must have been torn and bleeding, they parted with wives and little ones with a fortitude born of minds in which God reigns.

Some of the traveling sisters were also passing through the fire, and were therefore well prepared to give sympathy and kind words of counsel and consolation. Still another sad case was witnessed by them of a girl-wife, whose condition calls forth the sorrowing sympathy of all who look upon her sweet sad face. Through the gross usage she received at Blackfoot, and the imprisonment of her husband her reason has been entirely dethroned. He, after six months absence, returned to find her in this pitiable condition. When the Lord comes out of his hiding place to take vengeance on the wicked, who would wish to be a U. S. Judge?

On Sunday, the 23rd, Mrs. Presendia Kimball, Mrs. Zina Young and Mrs. Zina Y

Williams visited Franklin and all attended meetings together.

ELIZABETH L. CROWTHER.

### WOMAN'S VOICE.

Woman's voice should be heard in defense of her rights, those of her family, and of all she holds dear. A true patriotic spirit and feeling should actuate her to do good in any and every sphere, though she may be derided under the appellation of "female rooster." There are some of the opposite gender who would intimidate us and try to make us believe we do not know anything but to wash, scrub, make or mend for the whole household. Do not be daunted, my sisters, in raising your voices in the cause of truth and justice; we have immortal souls, and have a right to think and act according to our honest convictions and aspirations. 'Tis woman who moulds and forms the minds of both men and women, and that first teaches them to lisp their infant prayers; who, by her watchful eye, attentive ear and words of advice and caution, leads and guides for good the rising generation, when father is away, or too busy to attend, as many give evidence, to such little affairs, as they would term it, that are woman's duty. A mother has this weighty, important duty, besides tending to outside affairs, when the father is absent, or should he, through sickness, be incapable of attending to his business. Mother of sheer necessity must take hold, not only in her own affairs, as some are pleased to term it, but she must also give her mind and strength in the direction of where bread and butter comes from, and if a widow, left with several small children, and no provision made by her husband, in case of such an event, is left to her own resources to battle with the stern realities of life. Woman, what would be your lot then if you knew nothing beyond home duties: if your thoughts, and the reason with which God has endowed you, had not many times reverted in other directions.

Then exercise your God-given intelligence, and rank side by side with your partner, and help him to see and realize that women have rights and privileges; exert your energies and influence in and outside the home circle; maintain your sense of justice and exercise it; go to the polls and vote for municipal and other officers, who are to conduct affairs to which you and your children are to be subject; have a voice in whatever concerns your relative welfare and the welfare of the community in which you live.

Can a settlement or nation be built up without the aid of woman? Verily, no; the man is not without the woman in the Lord, and *vice versa*.

Away with such narrow-mindedness that says woman's voice must not be heard except at home or trying to lead her children. One of our leading men of to-day taught in my hearing, if any one needs language to talk 'tis woman, to teach, guide and counsel her offspring, that by her tongue, good actions and wise example a noble race of men and women may spring up, that will learn to govern kingdoms.

Then, woman, strive to gain an intelligent, patriotic spirit, that you may diffuse the same through your household, that those going out therefrom may not be misinformed, or ignorant, and know nothing but to eat, drink and sleep. If there are men who do not know your worth and position before your Maker, show them that you sense it, and that it is not out of a woman's line to comprehend the state of affairs by which she is governed. Sisters, let us not lie dormant and see our brethren and sisters trampled upon, as it were, and insulted by self-asserted powers and unjust laws. I rejoice in the spirit and influence of such women as

assembled at the theatre in Mass Meeting to pass resolutions and protest against such unlawfulness. Jeers and uncouth remarks should not deter us from our duty, when we know, by our God given agency we are right; shall we stand by as mere blocks, as though we had no sense or reason in our natures? No, it does not meet the end sought, for this is a perverse generation; you will be happy in the thought and consciousness of having done your part toward ameliorating the wrongs against this people. Can any one possessing the Spirit of God stand meekly by and their hearts not be stirred by such indignities? I say no, no! we may be learning to govern ourselves, and if our enemies smite us upon one cheek, turn to them the other also; but may our hearts ever beat in unison with the Spirit of God to dictate us in the affairs of life, is my prayer.

M. A. TILL.

Provo.

### NOTES AND NEWS.

Mary Anderson is to have her portrait painted in character, as "Salamambo," by Alma Tadema.

Miss Mary F. Eastman will speak on the Indian Question at the coming meeting of the Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Penn.

The Queen Regent of Spain will maintain and educate at her private expense the children of those who perished in the recent tornado at Madrid.

One of the newly-appointed directors of the People's Bank in Stockholm is a woman.

The publishers of Miss Cleveland's book say that it has had a larger sale than was secured for Queen Victoria's book in England.

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar sailed Saturday May 29, for Ireland to study the Irish question among the people. She expects to return about September 2.

The sixteenth anniversary of Dickens's decease was celebrated at Boffin's Bower (1031 Washington Street,) Boston, June 9.

Patents have been granted to women during the week ending May 25, 1886, as follows: Anna Dormitzer, New York, N. Y., Paint and Brush Bucket.

### OBITUARY.

DIED, in Alpine, Utah, Elvira Healy, beloved wife of Hyrum Healy, and daughter of John and Elvira Carson, born February 28th, 1852; died May 24th, 1886. Deceased was an exemplary wife and mother, devoted to her religion and family. She will be missed by many living friends. Deceased leaves a husband and four beautiful little children to mourn her loss.

MYRA.

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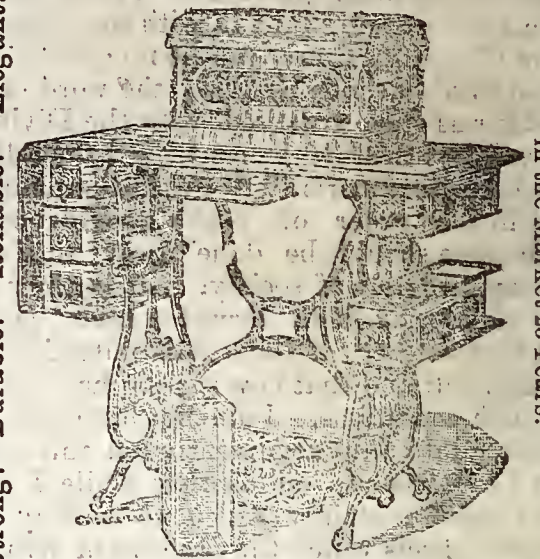
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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

VOL. 15.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JULY 1, 1886.

No. 3.

## THE FARM HOME.

You're weary grown, my girls and boys,  
Of this calm, quiet country life;  
You long again for city scenes,  
The busy spirit and its strife;  
You miss the lights adown the streets,  
The bands of music, daily news;  
Could choice direct us, and not need,  
I, too, that brighter life would choose.

Yet here in grandeur, mountains rise,  
And every month new beauties bring,  
From autumn's wealth of richest dyes  
To graceful tints of lovely spring;  
And birds that charm and lure thee on,  
And luscious fruits, that few can buy,  
While gentle creatures of our own  
Reward our care and please the eye.

The girls, with weary patience, still  
Keep on their way, as women do,  
But boys will stop a hundred times  
Some gay-winged creature to pursue;  
And when recalled, their flying steps  
Halt all the way through blooming clover—  
"O, I'm so tired, I'm almost dead,  
It only needs the pushing over."

But yet the time will come to them,  
It may be many years from now,  
When they'll remember with a laugh  
The ills that shadowed childhood's brow;  
They'll recollect the walnut trees,  
Whose bower-like branches droop around,  
And how they gathered in the fall  
The nuts where leaves o'er spread the ground.

They'll recollect the trees that bore  
The earliest fruit, the latest, too,  
Their garden patches, where each one  
Planted just what it pleased them to;  
And how they played at hide and seek  
All through the orchard long and wide,  
And laughed at bare legs dangling down  
From boughs where some one sat astride.

They'll recollect how once there came—  
When snow was deep and night wind cold,  
A man of prayer and prophecy—  
Of hymns he sang and truths he told;  
That seemed like legends pure and sweet,  
Yet of the future, not the past;  
And how the present, humble poor  
Would end in blessings at the last.

Thanks be to Him for this retreat,  
Where worldly teachers have no place,  
And may He guard our humble home  
By His own power and His grace;  
Here may God's lessons and His love  
Grow in their souls each year, each day,  
Deep rooted trees, that, reaching high,  
No storms can break or tear away.

This spot of earth, so lowly now,  
Within their memory yet will be  
The sacred center where drew round  
The visions of futurity.  
From missionary fields afar,  
My boys, at times, in thought will turn  
To this, the altar of their hearts,  
With deeper love its worth to learn.

And on the silver string of time,  
Mem'ry will gather for my girls  
Souls here they loved and truths they found  
Worth more than gold—more pure than pearls.  
And when o'er all these fields so fair  
Ten thousand Saints their dwellings rear,  
Not lonely then, I'll see them smile,  
Contented that our home is here.

AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

South Bountiful, June 30th, 1886.

## PRINCESS STREET, EDINBURGH.

It is said that Princess Street, Edinburgh, is the finest in the world, and one can readily believe it. It is the first one sees, whichever of the two lines of railroad he may enter the city by. In olden times the celebrated Castle Hill, a position almost impregnable, was partially surrounded by a moat, which in later days was converted into a large canal, or dock. The Edinburgh then existing was built on the side of the dock on which the Castle is situated, and is now known as "Old Edinburgh," as distinguished from the modern part of this remarkably beautiful city. On the old side the buildings were of irregular height, yet built comparatively together, and followed the shape of the ground, which rises as it runs toward the west, and terminates abruptly in a huge cliff or overhanging precipice, on the verge of which is built the walls surrounding the Castle. As the eye travels from the east to the west, noting the old fashioned architecture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which is still preserved, with its delightful irregularity and bold projections intermingled with portions as deepened in shadow as the other is full with light, the Castle (towering above on a hill or cliff whose perpendicular sides are of impregnable rock) fulfills the purpose of a climax, and is one of sure magnificence and unquestioned grandeur. As the buildings have followed the line of the old docks, of course they run nearly east and west. But a small portion of this once water way is now used as a railway depot, while the remainder has been converted into one of the sweetest and most attractive public gardens the eye could wish to rest on. These gardens are in breadth perhaps 150 rods or more, with the exception of the portion used for the railway, and being of an undulating character, give opportunity for that pleasing variety which is the charm of landscape gardening. Running east and west along the north side of these gardens is Princess Street, the right side skirting the gardens, and the north devoted to business places—the principal hotels, club houses and fashionable business establishments being located on it. Here "New Edinburgh" begins. Going over to the north side of the gardens, one can either ascend their grassy slopes, or climb an elevation in the "old city," and, till his heart fills with pleasure, gaze down on the fair-grounds and view the new or modern Edinburgh stretching away for miles beneath his feet, while from the north, or new side, the bold front of Castle Hill, and the broken and fantastic architecture of the old city lend a charm to the intervening gardens, that is inexpressibly captivating. The view is materially enhanced because of the absence of anything to break the prospect. The only buildings between Princess Street, for the length of the gardens, and "old Edinburgh," are the Academy of Designs and the Art Gallery. The rare beauty of Princess Street is due to this unbroken view of the old city and to the breadth of view and unlimited variety of scenery it presents (from frowning and massive cliffs and undulating and grassy slopes to the terraced walks, rural retreats and health distilling fountains embraced within the remarkably limited area of the gardens) and not because of the magnificence of the buildings which, (though they are fairly massive and pleasing to the eye) adorn it on the north side, and mark the be-

ginning of new Edinburgh. Another feature which contributes to the beauty of this street is the superb monument of Sir Walter Scott, which stands at the north east corner of the gardens, and looks like an unwearied sentinel, visible alike from the new and the old side. At the east end of the street rises the Calton Hill. On this, and over looking Princess Street, stands the monument to Nelson. Still further east, though not so high, but on the same eminence, are the few fluted columns which mark the spot where Edinburgh began the erection of a monument to Scotland's greatest lyricist, Robert Burns. Because, however, of a failure of her citizens to contribute, and their niggardly refusal to accede to the modest request of Glasgow (that the Glasgow coat of arms might be placed on the monument when completed, conditioned upon her furnishing sufficient means to complete the magnificent work) it remains as though only commenced, and is now popularly known as "Scotland's Disgrace." Still further away is the highest point in the vicinity, which is also visible from this street, called "Arthur's Seat." Walking the length of this rare street, and it is not very long, one can see that which will delight alike the admirer of old styles of architecture, as shown in "Old Edinburgh;" the student of history whose ancient lore is revealed by the silent tongue of the old Castle and its scarred and precipitous foundation; the lover of modern civilization as displayed in parks and architecture of a more recent date, and those who love nature in her varied forms. There is no season, no hour, when this street does not present a succession of scenes of rare beauty and sublimity. The gray and rosy dawn, the deepening twilight, the cloudy hours, the full blaze of the mid-day sun, or its first rays or fading tints; the tender glory of the young moon, and the broader, fuller and purer light of the glowing orb of night with its deeper shadows, each reveals beauties known only to itself, and in forms that vary with the changing hours. The old city with its rugged front looks like another world in the darkened night, when from out the numberless windows (which rise higher and higher above the unfathomable blackness beneath) the light gleams forth, just as we might imagine fires, in infinite numbers, bursting through a solid and impregnable wall, so high that the blue sky and its starry gems seem to rest upon its serried and broken battlements. And when the soft haze of lingering eve, mellowed by the tender and loving glory of a rising moon, reveals but dimly the outlines, toning down and hiding the deep scars in the rugged cliff, it seems like some fair world lifted far up into the azure heavens, so ethereal and tender that even a breath might dissolve, yet inaccessible because of the solemn darkness beneath. Is it a wonder that this street should be the unrivalled?

R. W. S.

## THE BISHOP OF DURHAM ON WOMEN'S EDUCATION.

The Bishop of Durham yesterday presented the prizes to the pupils of the Stockton High School for Girls, and in the course of an address remarked that when he was informed that sound religious instruction was given in the school, he decided to accept the invitation to be present. (Applause.) A man without re-

ligion appeared to him to be a very sorry creature—indeed, only half a man; but a woman without religion was a libel on humanity. (Applause.) The education of women was becoming every day more important. There were many reasons for this. First of all, there was the reason as old as the hills, that women were the great educators of the human race. There was another reason, and that was, that besides their home influence, women were every day taking a more conspicuous part in literature—(hear, hear)—and there was one branch of literature which they had made especially their own. He referred, of course, to fiction. Now, there was no greater influence in morals or religion than the novel or romance, no greater influence for good or for evil. And this department of literature, as he had said, women had made especially their own. A third reason for the higher education of women was that avenues of scholastic and professional life were opening to them in every direction. Girls' schools of divers grades were increasing daily, and there could be no more honorable profession for a lady than that of training young girls. (Applause.) In other ways, too, the work of women was daily more appreciated. We had our deaconesses and missionaries, and certainly no persons could do more useful work for the Church of Christ than those deaconesses and missionaries. (Applause.) Regarding accomplishments, he had not a word to say against them in themselves. It might be a very good thing—he dare say it was—to train young ladies in music, whether they had an ear for it or not. (Laughter.) It was a valuable discipline, no doubt, and perhaps to a certain extent it might supply the natural defect. He would not go into the subject, but what he wished to protest against was regarding accomplishments as education. His lordship then presented the prizes.

### SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT WINTER QUARTERS.

BY HELEN MAR WHITNEY.

(Continued.)

As our thoughts and interests were now centered upon the Pioneers, it may prove interesting to learn of their whereabouts, and how they were faring about the time of Bro. Clayton's arrival, with others, at Winter Quarters. The following extracts are from my husband's journal, commencing September the 30th, which day they passed *Chimney Rock* and "encamped at five p.m. on the banks of the river, opposite a French and Indian camp, consisting of ten lodges."

"The man who has charge of this camp is a Frenchman by the name of *Rashaw*, who is hired to kill game for the inhabitants of Fort John. \* \* \* Two Indians visited our camp this evening. Col. Markham went by appointment over to the Indian camp to make some trades with them for the brethren. I sent by him a horn of powder to sell for the money. He returned about eight this evening with the intelligence that the Frenchmen had proposed if we would stay here to-morrow and assist them in hunting buffaloes they would give us half the game that should be killed. Accordingly, it was decided to accept of the offer, and orders were issued this evening that no man should leave the camp in the morning without permission of his captain."

The morning of the 1st of October he wrote, "Some ten or twelve Indians passed our camp and went out hunting. Brigham, Heber and several others also went out on horseback—they returned about 4 p.m.; had seen quite a large herd of buffalo cows, but when they came to them found George R. Grant chasing

them so that they could not get a fair shot; owing to this and Mr. Rashaw with his men not appearing to assist them in the hunt they did not secure any game themselves."

Mr. Rashaw afterwards informed them that he had instructed the Indians to kill more than they themselves wanted and give the surplus quantity to our brethren. He speaks of going to the Indian lodges with George Billings and John Buchanan, where they "exchanged a small quantity of salt, powder, and a powder horn for considerable tallow and meat. A number of others made exchanges of a like nature with the squaws, who visited the camp during the day."

That evening they learned that the Indians who went out in the morning had killed about twenty cows, but whether they would be benefited by it or not, they had no knowledge. The same day Commodore Stockton and company, who were from the Bay of San Francisco, came in sight and encamped three or four miles from there. The morning of the 2nd a messenger (Col. Little) was dispatched to the camp of Commodore Stockton to ascertain his intentions about accompanying them. The messenger brought the news that he intended to cross the river and take the way to St. Joseph, Mo., as he thought that to be a much nearer road to the states than the one the pioneers were pursuing. President Young, father and others of the brethren dined with the Commodore, and the same day some of the pioneers "bought a number of horses, and Dr. Richards one cow, of the Frenchmen."

"We renewed our journey at 8 a.m., \* \* \* and encamped on the banks of the river opposite the ancient Bluff Ruins, near which N. Fairbanks was bitten by a rattlesnake on our journey out."

They traveled very slowly, owing to the delays occasioned by the killing of buffaloes, as it was considered good policy to lay up a supply of meat while they had the opportunity, most of the camp depending solely upon that for subsistence; being entirely destitute of flour and other provisions. The evening of the 4th it was thought advisable to raise volunteers to go ahead on foot to arrest the progress of the ox teams. Amasa Lyman with twelve others volunteered to go on this expedition. "A letter was written and signed by the President and Dr. Richards to the captains of the company ahead, containing instructions for them to stop and kill buffaloes and dry the meat till they should come up, that they might relieve them of some of their wagons, or of the loads in them. They were well armed and started before daylight the next morning. The camp overtook two of them the day following—John Buchanan and John Crow—the former had been taken sick, and was obliged to stay behind. They stated that the rest left there the night before at eleven o'clock, and were intending to travel all night."

On the 7th he notes down the following amusing incident, which occurred soon after they left their noon halting place. "Brother Woodruff with his carriage, Dr. Richards, Bro. Benson and a number of others, including myself, had preceded the wagons about half a mile, when all at once we noticed, standing by the side of the road, within a few yards of us, a buffalo bull of rare size. Bro. Benson rode up close to him, but he would not retreat an inch; on the contrary, shaking his head fiercely and elevating his back, he manifested evident symptoms of hostility towards us, and would, no doubt, have made an attack upon us had we not been so numerous; as it was he remained firm and immovable as if he were lord of the soil, and possessed both the power and inclination to dispute successfully the passage of the road. We finally caused him to flee, after the teams came up, by sending our dogs after him."

The same day he mentions meeting a party of mountaineers on their way from Independence, Mo., to Fort John. They had seen the pioneers from the other side of the river, and came over for the purpose of holding an interview. "Their leader gave his name and title as Captain Walker. Their numbers were eight men. "Captain Walker imparted some news to us of a general nature, which we were not before in possession of, concerning the war between the United States and Mexico; we learned that after some little cessation it was now being prosecuted with renewed vigor. \* He also stated that packet steamers were now plying regularly between St. Louis and Council Bluffs; that we would find plenty of buffalo for a hundred or more miles, as we passed along down the Platte River. He himself intends to proceed as far as Fort Bridger, and for aught he knows, to Weber's Fork, near the Salt Lake. A number of letters were written by different ones to send by him to the valley. \* \* \*

After spending about an hour with Captain Walker and his comrades we bade them farewell, and pursued our journey."

They encamped at 5 p.m., having made twelve miles that day. He says the grass here was comparatively green and high—fuel, buffalo chips, as usual. Soon after our arrival this evening our Frenchmen came, bringing with them a letter which they found in a stick by the side of the road, near a creek about a mile below here. This, on being opened, proved to be from Wm. Clayton. It stated that they had passed here the 1st of Oct, being six days ahead of us, and were intending to continue on till they should arrive at some place where there is plenty of wood, and there make a short delay while they should procure an additional quantity of buffalo meat, several of them being short of provisions. \* \* \*

We also learned that they travelled from fifteen to twenty miles a day, and if this be the case they must be a hundred or more miles in advance of us. Appended to the letter were a few lines from Amasa Lyman, stating his determination to overtake them, if he had to follow them to Winter Quarters."

The morning of the 8th, after proceeding a mile we saw the stake in which the letter written by Wm. Clayton was found. "On one side of this was inscribed the following: '12, B. Y. and Council—A. L.' The last two letters are the initials of Amasa Lyman, and were probably written by him as he and his comrades passed along. Here the ox teams had encamped, and there were evident signs that they had remained a day or two."

"A large band of elk made their appearance upon the brow of the hill to our left. Two or three brethren went out to get a shot at them, but soon returned without success: Two of our Frenchmen, being mounted on mules, succeeded in killing one of them." The same evening he mentions himself and his brother Orson being quite unwell, owing to their using so much meat, as they had not tasted of any other kind of food for three weeks. He also wrote, "My pony, continuing to fail rapidly, to-night I turned him loose, considering that it was as well for him to live and be stolen by the Indians, as to die by starvation among us."

This was the day that our brethren started from Winter Quarters to meet them, and there was certainly good cause for the anxious fears which filled our bosoms and stimulated us to pray without ceasing, not only for the pioneers, but that the Lord would speed the brethren on the way to their rescue.

Miss Alice Fisher, of Terre Haute, will read the Declaration of Independence at the Knights of Labor and Trades Unions' Fourth of July celebration in that city.

IN MEMORIAM.

Nellie Emmeline, beloved daughter of Manson J. and Fanny B. Woodward, departed this life in Atchison, Kan., Sunday, 2 a.m., Jan. 31st, 1886, aged twenty-six years and ten months.

Ours is the loss and the sorrow,  
Ours is the grief and the pain,  
Thine the eternal to-morrow,  
And thine the heavenly gain;  
Ransomed and freed from earth-travail,  
Ever at rest from its strife,  
Beyond temptation and trial,  
Restored through death unto life.

Though thy form from sight has vanished,  
And the dark grave claimed its own,  
Purer thy spirit's adorning,  
Fairer its heavenly home.  
Angelic voices are calling,  
"Look over the darkness and gloom,  
Behold! the merciful angel  
Stands by the unsealed tomb."

L. M. HEWLINGS.

[For the EXPONENT.]

TO BEREAVED FRIENDS.

BY L. M. HEWLINGS.

Ah, fain in this hour of sorrow  
Would I give thee comfort and cheer,  
For I, too, have passed through deep waters,  
So deep they have brought forth soul-tears;  
Still a sweet voice kept me from sinking,  
And banished all doubting and fears.

But the dark, rough waves of affliction,  
Some bright pearls have cast on time's shore,  
And gems of rich faith that pre-vision  
A land where the storms come no more,  
And a city that hath its foundations,  
Where sad tears are shed never more.

Trust, then, your beloved with Jesus,  
Dwell not on the dark cypress shade,  
Nor of only the earthly raiment  
That 'neath it in sorrow was laid;  
Look up to the Risen Redeemer,  
Who triumphed o'er death and the grave.

Though tenderest ties have been riven,  
Each link from life's golden chain  
Bound firm in this earthly home round them,  
Will there be perfected again,  
And pure as in Youth's early morning,  
They wait in a land freed from pain.

Sweet pledges of love have been given,  
That will solace the lone hearts bereft,  
And cheer, as glad sunshine, the dwellings  
Which loved ones in weakness have left—  
In sweet infant smiles and caressings,  
There's balm for the sorrowing breast.

Dear Omnipotent Father of love!  
Give us strength to say, "It is well,"  
And to place our affections above,  
Where the Lord's own ransomed shall dwell,  
And in peace the green pastures rove,  
Where never is heard funeral knell.

There's no pain, nor sickness, nor dying,  
There the River of Life flows on,  
And flowers never fade nor wither  
In that clime of the "Great Beyond,"  
Where the Blessed in shining raiment  
Roam the Evergreen fields of morn.

Atchison, Kan.

FOREIGN LETTER.

We left Chicago the 28th of April, and sailed from New York on the first of May on the *S. S. Servia* for Liverpool. We had a rough voyage. Five of the sailors were washed from the rigging on to the main deck by the gale on the second day out; one was instantly killed; another died some days after, and all of them were seriously hurt. On ac-

count of the storm we were two days late in reaching Liverpool, and owing to that fact we had the pleasure of seeing Queen Victoria, who was there to open the International Exposition, and the first time she had been there for thirty-five years; she drove past the hotel where we were staying twice in an open carriage, so that we had a good view of the "fine old lady;" she is rather good looking, but dresses very plainly.

We went from Liverpool to Manchester, the great manufacturing city of England, there we visited the Board of Trade, where the price of cotton is fixed for the whole world. We also went to the Court of Assizes, and there were the grey wigs, the gowns and knee breeches worn by the Judges, the Lawyers and Jury, which we only see on the stage at home, all using quill pens.

We visited the Town Hall and many other places in Manchester, and then went on to London, passing through many towns whose names were familiar, such as Rugby, where "Tom Brown" studied and "Arnold" taught. The country in England is beautiful; all in the highest state of cultivation. It reminds one of our parks in America, with an occasional small ploughed field. We stayed in London ten days, every moment of which was passed in viewing the wonderful old city. We rode all over London on the top of "busses." All the street cars and busses being made with seats on top, which seem to be the favorite places. Of course we went to Westminster Abbey, admired its grandeur, and gazed with wonder at the magnificent statues of marble and bronze, and at the tombs of dead and gone kings and queens, earls, dukes, etc., also statesmen, poets and historians, many of whose names are familiar—such as Grey, Dryden, Campbell and others of world-wide fame. We went to the tower and were shown many curious things in the way of armor and implements of warfare; also the crown jewels which we were told were worth fifteen millions of dollars. We were then shown the dungeons, and the rooms where the unfortunates were imprisoned before their execution—in the stone wall of which were carved many names, among which was "Jane," carved by Lady Jane Grey, and others equally familiar. We were shown the very block and axe used at the execution with horrible instruments of torture, and so many other horrible things, I was glad to get out of the old place.

We went to St. Paul's Cathedral, the National Art Gallery, the British Museum, South Kensington, the Colonial Exposition, Crystal Palace, Buckingham Palace, Hyde, St. James and other parks—the theatre, where, by the way, we were requested to remove our hats, a good plan, too, I think, for our country to adopt. We took a sail up the Thames and went to many other places too numerous to mention here. We left London with regret, going via Dover & Calais to Paris, and reached there in the evening. I had never imagined a city could be made so lovely; everything seems so gay, bright and happy looking. The streets are wide and clean, with rows of trees on either side, and every short distance a little park and a beautiful fountain or a statue, with lovely parks and drives.—We staid eight days, which, to me, were like so many days in fairy land. We went to Versailles, the Louvre, the Tomb of Napoleon, Cluny Palace, Notre Dame and many other noted places, besides spending about half of each day in driving, during which time we were constantly seeing something new and beautiful. At night we went to theatres or walked about the streets, where, it seemed to me, all Paris must be from eight o'clock until one and two in the morning. The Grand Opera House is said to be the finest in the world, and I can readily believe it.

We left Paris for Cologne, stayed there over

night, and drove through the town in the early morning, then took a boat on the Rhine for Mayence. You know we read and are told much of the beauties of the Rhine, but "the half was never told." Its numerous old castles built so many, many years ago, a few of which are now occupied, but most of them in ruins, built high up among the hills and mountains, that border this historical river; clean, quiet little towns in the valleys, while every available foot of ground on the mountains is covered with grape vines, all terraced to keep it from sliding. These places are endeared to us all in song or romance, such as the Lonely Rock, on which the very spot was pointed out to us where the maiden sat and sung and combed her hair with the golden comb, and Biugen which we passed, and thought of "the soldier who lay dying at Algiers," Apollonaris, where all the water of that name drank in America comes from, etc., etc. From Magence we came to "Frankfort on the Main," which is an interesting old town, dating back to the days of Charlemagne, or about 790. We are now at Hamburg, where we will remain some little time, then go through Switzerland, then take a boat on the Danube for Vienna, etc.

E. S. S.

Hotel Bellerna, Hamburg, June 10, 1886.

ETHICS OF WOMAN'S REST.

Let every woman who finds her vital forces failing, who is growing nervous, as well as always weary, whose chief longing is for rest of mind and body, who begins to feel that life is not worth the living, stop now and here. Cut off all expenditure of effort that is not an absolute necessity, and curtail that necessity as much as possible. I do not mean that you should give up your worthy aims and purposes, but be sure that you can devote yourself to them safely.

Remember this: It is as important that you should keep a reserve of physical power on hand for future draughts, as that you should provide in a financial way for sickness, accident, and declining years.

So long as youth lasts you do not greatly feel this exhaustion of the physical forces—that is, your powers of recuperation are greater—yet every time you draw upon your strength to excess, you are obliged to go deeper and deeper into your vital resources in order to make repairs. And you never do get quite back to the old place, even though you are not conscious at the time of the fact. You find after a while that a night's sleep does not make you as good as new again, after "over-doing," but it takes another day of rest and night of slumber to enable you to get back your usual vigor.

You cannot help it? I know it is true of some of you, that there are duties so absolute in their demands that you are compelled to do them as long as you are able to bear the strain, but by care and thoughtful precaution, the effort in performing these can be greatly lessened.

Social ambition in some cases—the fear of not doing as your neighbor does—a false idea of duty in others, a desire to accomplish much that would be pleasant to be able to do, the inability to say no to demands made upon time and energies, all of these things, singly or together, cause women to apply the lash when they find their physical powers lagging, and on they go until they fall down in their tracks.—*Emily Bouton.*

The new Woman's Hospital Building at Chicago was opened a few days ago.

pretty sight  
national flag gently unfolding

# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS,

Editor.

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SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1886.

## THE "OLD FOLKS."

MRS. E. B. WELLS.

EDITOR WOMAN'S EXPONENT:

I know you love the beautiful. Having myself enjoyed the pleasure of being identified with, and as one of the "Old Folks" in the excursion on the 29th ultimo, I wish to offer a few suggestions on that subject, thro' the EXPONENT, if you have room to spare for cursory matter.

I think it has long been a settled opinion that youth is the season for beauty, in the face of which it might seem preposterous to talk of beauty in old age. Did you ever witness it?

In the course of the day, before referred to, a very impressive scene of beauty was presented before us. Did you intently view the assemblage of "Old Folks" seated in the Bowery in American Fork to which the generous Bishop of that locality had most kindly invited us?—I did, and without the least fear of contradiction, I say *it was beautiful*.

I wish it well understood that I never seek an elevation above, neither do I wish to be placed below, but always like to be on a level with my good brothers and sister. On this occasion, perhaps some might think it intrusive in me, but it was not my fault, for I actually was forced upon the Platform which the good people of American Fork had erected for the convenience of our indefatigable, capacious-hearted Committee, where I could overlook that large assembly.

After having been pressed into the honorable, elevated position, I felt determined to make the most of it; and, foregoing what evidently would be considered etiquette for an aged lady, (i.e. to avoid the appearance of boldness by maintaining a sitting posture,) I actually stood and gazed, and the more I gazed, the more I was induced to do so; and what did I see? A beautiful assembly of "Old Folks," but not in any possible significance, a representative of the "Sleeping Beauty"—those beautiful "Old Folks" were wide awake and seemed to have plenty of oil in their lamps. As I looked upon them, I well knew that many of them had several times passed through the fire, but not to "Moloch"—it was the fire of persecution, a portion of the legacy which our Savior bequeathed to those *who would follow Him*.

I know that many of those whose faces expressed integrity and firmness, had in times gone by, drank freely of the cup of sorrow from the merciless hand of persecution—had from time to time been homeless and destitute—had journeyed over trackless wastes to this Mountain recess, then the veriest personification of barrenness and desolation which never would, and never *could* have been redeemed from its sterility, and utilized, by any other people than such as were before me, whose indomitable courage, nerved by unswerving faith and trust in the living God, which inspired them with more than mortal strength to contend with adverse circumstances and draw forth subsistence from unpropitious elements.

Now that same desert blossoms as the rose.

I well knew that many of those aged veterans who elicited my admiration, yes, those beautiful "Old Folks," when reasoning from analogy in recalling recollections of our past history, and by the unerring spirit of prophecy, anticipate that the furnace which is now kindled in Zion, will be heated to its utmost capacity. They see the spoilers of our peace, and opposers of the rights of conscience and free exercise of religion, (which is dearer to every true Latter-day Saint than mortal life—and for which they have heretofore suffered so much) now in our midst, plying their sacrilegious vocation; and with all this vividly before these "Old Folks," how happy they appeared, and how beautiful!

I truly think I have seldom, if ever, seen beauty in a more interesting form. Nearly every face beamed with joy and gladness, being lighted up by that Spirit which is the genuine promoter of the highest and grandest type of beauty.

E. R. SNOW SMITH.

Salt Lake City July 2nd.

## IN MEMORIAM.

"And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow  
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!  
Let us look round some argument to borrow  
Why we in patience should await the morrow,  
That surely must succeed this night of death."

"Ay, look upon this dreary, desert path,  
The thorns and thistles whereso'er we turn;  
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,  
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!  
She has escaped from these, and lo! we mourn."

On Friday evening, June 18, 1886, Sister Louisa F. Wells breathed her last at ten minutes to nine o'clock. She died peacefully and without a struggle, in her own home, surrounded by her children and members of her fond and loving family. She was the beloved wife of President Daniel H. Wells, who is necessarily absent from home on account of religious persecution. The sorrowful intelligence of her death was sent across the sea to him by cablegram, and an answer, expressing his sympathy with the family, and especially the children of the deceased, was received the following day. The illness with which Sister Wells was afflicted was a painful one, and she had borne for several months with great patience and fortitude, the severe and trying ordeals of pain and suffering which could only be temporarily alleviated from time to time.

Early in the month of February, 1885, Sister Wells went to England to join her husband, and while there, her health gradually failing, she concluded to return, and in November last she came home, though no serious consequences were anticipated; in fact it was thought careful nursing and tender care, together with the invigorating mountain air, would soon restore her to her usual health.

The funeral services were held on Sunday, June 20th, at four o'clock p.m., at her late residence, and were conducted by Bishop Millen Atwood. An immense concourse of people assembled to pay their last respects to the honored dead, and many very beautiful floral offerings and tributes of love and friendship were laid upon the elegant casket, that contained the mortal remains of the departed.

The services began with singing by a quartette consisting of Mesdames Agnes Olsen Thomas and Vilate C. Young, and Messrs H. G. Whitney and J. D. Spencer, Mr. C. Burton playing the accompaniment. Opening hymn feelingly rendered—

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb."

Apostle H. J. Grant offered a consoling prayer, and the choir sang,

"Farewell, all earthly honors,  
I bid you all adieu;"

with the chorus, "There is sweet rest in heaven."

Bishop O. F. Whitney, who had known Sister Wells from his childhood, delivered an eloquent and impressive discourse, in which he spoke affectionately of her many virtues and integrity of character, and exhorted her children to emulate her example and follow in her footsteps, and appealed to all to keep the commandments of God and be faithful and true, as she had been. At the close of his remarks the choir sang,

"Rest on the hillside, rest!"

The benediction was pronounced by Bishop Atwood.

The final leave taking of the beloved one by her relatives, and especially her sons and daughters, was most affecting. It was almost impossible to induce them to take the last long farewell.

All the pall-bearers were nephews of Sister Wells, and as they bore her forth from the home she had graced so long as wife and mother, every one instinctively remembered the husband and father so far away, who was not permitted to soothe her dying moments, or administer consolation to his grief-stricken children. In the numerous events transpiring, there are many incidents that will reflect great discredit upon the men who, in their mistaken zeal to enforce laws made specially to punish "Mormons," have broken up families, separated husbands and wives and ruined many homes, but we leave them in His hands, Who doeth all things well.

A very long procession followed the deceased to the cemetery, where prayer was offered and the grave dedicated by Bishop John Q. Cannon.

"Aunt Louisa," the name by which Sister Wells was best known throughout Utah, was a woman of intense sympathy, and the most generous impulses. Her hospitality was proverbial and unbounded and the many hundreds to whom she has ministered comfort and help, and who have from time to time been welcomed and entertained by her, will miss her ever cordial greetings and remember her with loving appreciation. As wife and mother, Sister Wells shone brightest—gentle, tender, noble and devoted, and as a friend to the needy and friendless, and voluntary nurse to the sick, her sympathy and generosity were ever enlisted; she gave generously, and never spared herself trouble or inconvenience when she thought duty or affection called her to act, or that large charity that feels the woes and pains of others, even though they be strangers.

Louisa Free Wells was the daughter of Abraham and Betsy Wells, and was born in Fayetteville, Illinois, August 9th, 1824. As a child she manifested undaunted courage and strength of character, which forcibly displayed itself during the times of the Missouri persecutions, in which she participated while very young. She also shared in the exodus from Nauvoo, enduring much fatigue, hardship and exposure. Crossing the plains from the Missouri river to the valley she drove an ox team, often yoking and unyoking the cattle herself, besides performing other laborious duties and nursing the sick at night. During this journey she became acquainted with Daniel H. Wells, to whom she was united in marriage in February, 1849. She has been the mother of eight children, four sons and four daughters, seven of whom are now living to mourn her irreparable loss.

For those who remain we feel the most sincere sympathy—husband, children, grandchildren, brother, sisters and friends, but we realize she has gone to rest, and there are many to meet and welcome her in the spirit world, whom she will rejoice to see, and those who prove faithful will meet her again, where there will be no more pain or sorrow forever more.

"We will do likewise; death hath made no breach

In love and sympathy, in hope and trust!

No outward sign or sound our ears can reach;

But there's an inward spiritual speech

That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust."

"It bids us do the work that they laid down—  
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;  
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,  
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,  
And our lost loved ones will be found again."

### A GOLDEN WEDDING.

"Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!  
From the molten golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats  
On the moon!"

The half century of married life seldom passes and leaves both bride and bridegroom in possession of life, health and all the faculties. This, however, is the case with Brother and Sister Nathan Tanner who celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day at the residence of F. S. Richards of this city, whose wife is their daughter. The affair was a brilliant success and Mr. and Mrs. Richards deserve great credit for the pleasure conferred upon the guests as well as the honor to the aged couple expressed in such a fitting manner as this golden celebration. Mr. and Mrs. Tanner are still, notwithstanding their age, a very handsome couple and one could scarcely believe they had seen so many years of active service in this workaday world. The party was an interesting one in many respects, and especially so in the congeniality of feeling manifested among the "old friends and true," of the happy pair. There were represented among the guests one Apostle, three or four Bishops, people who had been associated in Kirtland, numbering twelve, of those in Missouri, fourteen, in Nauvoo, twenty-three. There were also three brethren who had been members of Zion's Camp, and two of the Mormon Battalion. It is seldom that in a gathering of this kind one finds so many of the Saints of early days, whose lives have been more or less interwoven with each other in the history at that period.

The bride and groom are not only large, erect and fine looking, but were dressed in excellent taste. The gray dress of the bride was of some soft material that hung gracefully about her slender figure, and the fine white tulle she wore about her neck fell to the waist in a most becoming style. The other ladies present were also handsomely attired, and some of them wore exquisite old lace, as well as possessing many genuine attractions to charm the eye and ear. Apostle F. S. Richards and wife, Judge Snow and wife, Bates Nobles and wife, Sisters Eliza R. Snow Smith, Zina D. H. Young, Presendia L. Kimball, Bathsheba W. Smith, the widow of Amasa Lyman, and other distinguished people honored the occasion by their presence. The large and elegantly furnished parlors were well filled with the company which had gathered from Montana, Idaho, California, and Wyoming as well as Utah. Elegant and costly presents were also sent from a distance and many were the sincere congratulations and hearty wishes for continued happiness and prosperity.

At six p.m. bride and groom led the way to the way to the dining room where a sumptuous dinner awaited the guests. Apostle F. D. Richards pronounced the blessing and a general conversation was kept up, every one evidently heartily enjoying the delicious and tempting viands set before them. The table was profusely and artistically ornamented with choice and fragrant flowers, and in the center was an elaborate wedding cake, at the side of which were the figures 1836, 1886, and at the very top of the ornament that decorated

it were two doves typical of the love and happiness of the lifetime of the happy past, as well as the auspicious future of the aged couple. There was also a very handsome bride's cake with a verse on it which ran thus.

Full fifty years have passed away,  
Their hands and hearts yet true in love.  
For their Diamond-time, we trust and pray,  
Happy as this their Golden Day.

Some of the china used at the dinner was half a century old and some even more; there were also gold teaspoons sent as wedding presents from a long distance. Many were the toasts offered in which all present heartily joined and the feeling was one of unity and love, and a desire that these two who had begun life together and succeeded in rearing a large family here, might participate in all the great blessings and secure to themselves and their posterity eternal lives and inheritances in the celestial kingdom. While dinner was being served sweet music lent enchantment to the hour and nothing seemed wanting to add to the enjoyment of the unique occasion.

During the evening there was singing and music at intervals, and Mrs. Mattie Cannon read a poem composed for the occasion, which elicited considerable applause, as well as the songs and instrumental music. Another feature of the occasion was the guests writing their names and a sentiment or expressive wish in an autograph album to be preserved as a *souvenir* of the Golden Wedding.

### TRUTHFUL REASONING.

Integrity to principle and moral courage are the greatest incentives to honor and greatness and when these exist in the human breast they lead to noble ends. When an individual is convinced of any known truth and cannot be turned aside from a duty, they will win a prize and a name above their fellows. The Servants of God who have been deprived of their liberty for the Gospel's sake, will receive their reward from Him that called them to do His work, and will have that peace of mind that the world can neither give or take away. They will not pander to common things, to go with the multitude to destruction, but they cling to truth and the right, which always has its opposers, for truth contradicts error which prevails in the main, because sin is stalking rampant through the land, and has its votaries, who never blush at corruption and vice, but are horrified at a system of reform, that aims to turn the sinner from the error of his ways, and better his condition in this life and the next. To serve Him who rules above, instead of serving the powers of darkness.

God, our Heavenly Father is the great law giver or ruler over this planet. He has declared himself Lord of lords and King of kings. He at various periods of time has dethroned kings and mighty governments, and wrought marvelous changes in the destinies of nations. God has chosen agents to usher in His dispensations and decrees; but He is just, and before He takes an action to accomplish His purposes He holds out offers of mercy and salvation, and pleads with His children for many years. It is now over 50 years since He sent out this proclamation by His Elders: "Repent of all your sins and be baptised in water for the remission of sins, in the name of Jesus Christ." By those He has authorized through the Holy Priesthood, to become members of His Church, "No man can take this honor to himself but must be called of God as was Aaron," Under this head no one can be deceived, for there will be one Lord, one faith and one baptism. These Elders have power to bestow the Holy Ghost, and it leads the receiver into all truth, shows them things past, present, and to come.

Every member of the Church can know for himself or herself, if he sought for it in humble prayer. God has set up His Kingdom on the earth, in the last dispensation of the fulness of time; and He will gather His elect from all parts of the earth, and the honest in heart will hear the good Shepherd's voice and be gathered into His fold, awaiting His coming for He said unto John, "Surely I come quickly." In St. Mark chapter 13, commencing at the 24th verse. He speaks of His coming, after all the trouble had come upon the Jews, and says He is like a man taking a far journey and He commanded them to watch. "And what I say unto you, I say unto all, watch." This was two thousand years ago, nearly; is it not high time to watch, lest He come in a time we think not, and we are not prepared to go into the marriage supper of the Lamb? "For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth." And again it reads "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever." And it was said unto John, thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations and tongues and kings." In another place it reads "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the Everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people." John was on the Isle of Patmos at this time and he had to prophesy, before many people.

If the true gospel has continued to be preached, why this angel sent? And why have all sects and creeds differed from the Gospel of Christ as He preached it? When the woman anointed Him, He said: "Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, it shall be told as a memorial of her—that is that same gospel unchanged and unaltered.

Joseph Smith was told that the true gospel was not on the earth, but he should be instructed so that he should know the true gospel and he was visited from time to time by heavenly messengers, and the true gospel was imparted to this young man, and at the minor age of 17 years he commenced to receive a knowledge of things, that had a bearing on the present and future time, that no mortal power can hinder or set aside. The prophet of the last days, has and will accomplish more through his knowledge of events that has and will transpire, in the building up of God's Kingdom preparatory to the Savior's coming and the final destruction of the wicked, than any other prophet that has lived on the earth. He taught principles that had been hid for many generations, and were brought to light through the Gospel. The foundation being laid by prophets and patriarchs of old through whose lineage came the legitimate offspring and favored ones of God's Kingdom. Christ was of this lineage, and in the language of Mary, "He hath holpen His servant Israel in remembrance of His mercy; as He speaks to our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed forever. Who are Abraham's seed? they who do the works of Abraham. What, God make promises to a man with more than one wife and concerning the Savior of the world, that He should come through what the world considers illegitimate offspring, and criminal parentage? I should think they would read their Bibles with holy horror. And the angel said to Mary, she should have a son. "He shall be great, and shall be called the son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David; "And he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of His Kingdom there shall be no end." What, our Savior associate with polygamists like David and Jacob? Surely our righteous judges would put such men into prison and deprive them of their rights and liberty, if

they had lived in our day? For now they strain at gnats and swallow camels. Such people follow vile practices, drinking, gambling and all the vices that are popular.

The sin of the "Mormons" is summed up in a man doing what just men did in olden times to build up a New Jerusalem, and they expect to see the names of the twelve sons of Jacob on the gates of that holy city, and all those who oppose plural marriage will not want to enter there and will not be permitted to enter in. This covenant of marriage is again established between God and His people to fulfil His law. They who are married in this sacred covenant will have a progression of endless lives, and will be married in the Lord, and such unions let no man put asunder, "And I heard the number of them which were sealed, and there were sealed a hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel." To each tribe twelve thousand. These were redeemed from among men being the first fruits unto God and to the Lamb." Now, He has given a command to the Latter-day Saints to raise up a righteous seed unto Him which will be the same, born under the same covenant and law of marriage. And all who are faithful to their covenants, will enter in through the gates of the holy city.

One who is proud of the name, plural wife.

M. A. M. PRATT.

#### R. S., Y. L. M. I. A. & P. A. REPORTS.

##### SANPETE.

Minutes of quarterly conference of Saupete Stake Relief Society, held at Wales, June 12th, 1886. Opening services offered. Minutes of last conference read. Verbal reports given by presidents of different branches.

Counselor Sarah Petersen said the sisters of Ephraim were in a thriving condition, and were busily engaged in making cheese for the Temple, and are raising a little money for Bro. Kemp's family; who is now in prison in Detroit, Michigan. Spoke on the storage of grain; hoped we would take care of the wheat we have and keep it in good condition. Advised the sisters to subscribe for the EXPONENT.

Coun. E. Allred felt pleased to meet in a conference capacity; thought the sisters of Saupete were trying to live their religion; said, "It behooves us to live faithful, that we may be able to pass through the persecutions that are being heaped upon us.

Prest. M. A. P. Hyde had been interested in the remarks made by the sisters, and bore her testimony to the truth of plural marriage. The Prophet Joseph Smith taught it to her, but she opposed it at first, and it seemed impossible for her to embrace it. She prayed to God to reveal it to her if it was right, and He gave her a testimony that it was. Felt that this was a glorious work that we were engaged in. She afterwards spoke in tongues, and the interpretation was given by Sister Casto: "The Lord has in store far higher blessings than the persecutions, if we are only faithful. Prepare yourselves, that you may be able to work in the Temple of God for your dead friends. You presidents of Relief Society should watch over your flocks and pray for the brethren who have been cast into prison and those who are in exile, that the Spirit of God may be with them."

Bishop Reese testified that this was the work of God, and that His Spirit had been in our midst. Bishop Farnsworth spoke of the instructions that had been given, and if we would carry them into effect they would be of benefit unto us. Spoke of the sisters making carpet for the Temple.

Conference adjourned to meet at Fairview,

September 11th, 1886. Choir sang Doxology. Benediction by Henry Reese.

There are 1,677 members in Saupete Stake Relief Society, and on hand in cash, \$1043.34; property, valued at \$3,882.40; real estate, valued at \$7,978.26.

MARY A. HYDE WHITE, Sec.  
NORAH ROBINSON, Ass't Sec.

##### RICHMOND PRIMARY.

The seventh annual meeting of the Richmond Primary Association, held June 1st, 1886, at two p.m. There were present, Sisters Jane E. Molen, Mattie Hansen, Maud Burton, of the P. A. of the Stake, and Margaret Young, of Salt Lake City, and Martha Williams of Smithfield, besides several other visitors, and the ward authorities, Sister Myra Merrill, Prest. of the Relief Society, and a great many parents of the children.

After the opening exercises, minutes of the sixth annual meeting were read and approved, also the financial and statistical reports of the past year. The officers for the ensuing year were presented by Bishop Wm. L. Skidmore as follows: Mary Allsop, President; Mary Monson and Maggie W. Thompson Counselors; Satie J. Petty, Secretary; Jane Hyer, Assistant Secretary; Byrdie Harrison, Treasurer; Libbie A. Merrill, Organist. All were unanimously sustained. The programme, consisting of songs, recitations, addresses, etc., was very well rendered.

Sister Margaret Young addressed the children, gave good instructions and spoke in tongues, interpreted by Sister Mattie Hansen; it was an address to the children.

Sister Mattie Hansen next addressed the children; counseled them to be obedient, keep good order and not to bang their hair.

Sister Maud Burton was the next speaker; was pleased to see so many children, especially so many boys. Counseled them to improve their time and attend their meetings.

Sister Martha Williams was pleased to meet with us, said we should be good to the poor, and not be proud, we should keep the word of wisdom. Sister Hannah Brower read a few lines that she composed about the Primary quilt.

Prest. Jane E. Molen was pleased to meet with us said our primaries are to strengthen our minds in spiritual things; asked God's blessings to be with us. We come to these meetings to learn the principles of the Gospel.

Bishop Wm. S. Skidmore gave many good instructions: "Let us endeavor to be good, be prayerful, and obedient to your parents, love your brothers and sisters, be punctual to your meetings. Emma Osmond and Nellie Nibley presented Sister Allsop with a present, accompanied with an appropriate address.

The statistical and financial report of the Richmond Primary Association, beginning June 1st, 1885, and ending June 1st, 1886, was read:

Number of officers, 7; number of members, 210; Total, officers and members, 217; average attendance, 95; meetings held, 49; cash remaining in treasury from year previous, \$8.25; received from members during year, \$6.52; total, \$14.77. Disbursements: Primary banner, \$1.35; writing material, \$1; cards, \$5.12; calico, batting, thread and needles for quilt, \$3.90; total expense, \$11.37; cash on hand, \$3.40; property, \$11.50.

SATIE J. PETTY, Secretary,  
JANE HYER, Ass't Sec.

##### INTERESTING MEETINGS.

The regular semi-monthly meeting of the woman's organizations of this city was held in the usual place (Fourteenth Ward) Saturday

May 28th, Mrs. M. Isabella Horne presiding. After singing, prayer, etc., and minutes of previous meeting read and accepted, minutes of P. A. of the 10th, 5th, 20th, 21st and 16th wards were read.

Prest. Horne made opening remarks, in which she referred to her recent visit to the Logan Temple, and the work she had done for those who were dead, and some of her children, and how it had rejoiced her heart.

Mrs. E. B. Wells, who had recently returned from the east made a brief report of her visit, and spoke of her conversations with Miss Cleveland, also of the Memorial which had been presented to the President and to Congress, both in the Senate and House. In her remarks she urged the sisters to seek for wisdom and the Spirit of the Lord; thought the women of Zion had better opportunities for development than any others in the world. The Gospel itself was more elevating to the human mind than the education of the world. She also felt much good might be done if we would all take an interest in sending abroad papers and books that explain our doctrines; that although, perhaps, many here at home thought very little of the WOMAN'S EXPONENT, yet outside, when it was said "Mormon" women had a paper of their own, in which they gave free expression to their views and opinions upon all subjects, including the doctrines of the Church, woman's suffrage and everything of interest to the home and family, it was considered quite a power, and proof that they were not enslaved and down-trodden, for the very fact of their publishing a paper was in itself testimony to the contrary.

Mrs. Zina D. H. Young, who had been away for some time, made an eloquent appeal to the sisters, touching many important matters, especially in relation to the training of children and the management of young people to preserve them in the Gospel; felt we should live near to the Lord and cultivate faith and devote our energies to the building up of the kingdom of God. Urged the sisters to remember the work for the dead, and not neglect that duty, or they would regret it perhaps when there was not the same opportunity; felt there was no greater work than for the dead. Felt that our sisters who had a knowledge of the human system, who had made a study of these things should impart information to the young.

Prest. Horne spoke of the action taken by Governor West in visiting the Penitentiary; thought he did it for the best; said it is the same now as it was in the days of old. They were jealous of Daniel's wisdom, and jealousy is the cause of a great many things in this age of the world; thought we needed much of the Spirit of God. Singing. Benediction by Mrs. E. S. Taylor.

Minutes of Saturday meeting, June 11th, Mrs. M. I. Horne presiding. Besides the usual exercises and minutes, there were minutes read from Y. L. of the 20th, 7th, and 4th wards, and the P. A. of the 5th, 20th and 4th wards.

Prest. Horne addressed the meeting upon the events transpiring at the present time; thought we should draw nearer together and make us feel as one, for we have much to meet in the future. "If all are not tried now they will be, for we have all got to go through the furnace." Mentioned an incident which she had heard related in fast meeting, showing that our faith should never waver. "We ought to be on the watch tower, for Satan is tempting us, and we must say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Let us do the best we can each day, and if we have done any wrong thing, let us do it no more. We can live near unto the Lord to-day, and nearer to-morrow, and so the adversary will have no hold on us. We are coming to a great crisis, and the Gos-

pel is being more thoroughly taught to the Gentiles, so that they may understand it more clearly. Our time of rejoicing is in the near future; let us be humble and faithful, that we may be among the chosen ones.

Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson had been on a mission to Washington, and while there, in observing what was transpiring around her, had realized keenly that the ancient prophecies were being fulfilled; said, "No power of man can alter this work, for God's hand is in it, and the unseen hosts of eternity are working for us. Had a long conversation with Gov. West previous to his coming here. One of the questions he asked me was, 'why could we not have a new revelation, and settle all this disturbance?' I told him they were not so plentiful that you can get them to buy; another person said he was going to come and bring us a new revelation, which would have the desired effect." In reply the Dr. said she did not think he was near enough to God to have a revelation, but if it had the same stamp as ours had we might give it a hearing. Told us of what she had said concerning the celestial law, "and if we go back to history we will find that we are not the only ones who have been persecuted for believing what they thought right." Made mention of the Edmunds Bill; thought it worse in its present form than what it was before it was amended. "We will be allowed to live and work, but not to hold any office. We are in the same position as the Israelites were because they were not keeping God's commandments and walking in his ways, they were put in bondage; but we know that the end is near, and there is not one but will be tried to the very uttermost."

\* \* \* Said Brother F. D. Richards bore a faithful testimony in the Supreme Court in regard to plural marriage, and made many other remarks upon the work she had been engaged in.

Mrs. S. M. Kimball remembered the time when she was in Washington, in talking with Mrs. Babbitt, whom many of us knew was there some time with her husband, she told her "the nearer you come to those great men the smaller they appeared;" they think they are wise, but they do not have the Spirit of God. "It has been remarked, we are in the position of the Israelites, if so, we have got to come to the very bottom of the ladder, and it behooves us to nourish and strengthen the germ of faith that is in us. We are aiming to rise to a higher sphere, and if we lose our light we are in a deplorable situation. God will help us if we try to help ourselves. He has a battle axe prepared for His people."

Mrs. B. W. Smith said we have no need to feel discouraged unless we do wrong ourselves; always have our lamps burning brightly, that we may be prepared for the future.

Mrs. E. S. Taylor said she had met with quite a number of associations in different places since she had met with us here; thought the sisters were waking up, and especially the Y. L. A.; they are improving greatly; thought every one of our young girls should be members of these associations, and if we teach them correct principles they will abide by them, we ought to be very careful what company they keep, they should be taught the evil of mixing with those who are not of us. Prayed that we might discharge every duty. Singing. Benediction by Mrs. E. B. Wells.

#### SISTERS' VISIT IN ST. GEORGE STAKE.

SISTER E. B. WELLS:

DEAR SISTER:—Knowing the interest you take in all that pertains to the Latter-day work, I thought a few lines from St. George would not be out of place.

On Friday morning, May 18th, the Stake President, Anna L. Ivins, with her Counselors, Mary B. Eyring and A. C. Woodbury, left St. George to visit the western settlements of this Stake in the interest of the Relief Society and Primary Associations.

On the 19th we held meeting with the good people of Pine Valley, and had a very good time. We then went on to Pinto, and held meeting in the evening. On the 20th, after meeting with the Primary, we traveled to Hebron and held meeting, but, as the people scatter out in the summer to look after their cows, it leaves very few to attend meeting. We traveled to Bishop Terry's ranch, where we were very kindly entertained. On the 21st we went to Clover Valley, twenty-five miles, and put up with Bro. Lyman Woods and his pleasant family, and the hearty welcome we received made us feel that they appreciated the sisters' visit. It is near three years since we visited them, as there are so few living there, but we had a very good meeting, and on the 22nd we proceeded on to Panacca, where we were royally entertained by Bishop M. L. Lee. On the 23rd we met with the Sabbath School, as the Primary had been discontinued on account of the sickness of the President and her Counselors. We urged the necessity of keeping up the meetings. Panacca is proverbial for its many beautiful children. In the afternoon we met with the Relief Society; we had but a small meeting owing to the notice not having been received in time. On the 24th we returned to Bishop Terry's ranch and stayed all night. The 25th we reached Hamblin in time for meeting at 2 p.m.; we also met with the Primary. Great credit is due Sister Mary Westover for the interest she has taken in the children. It is hard to keep meetings up in these small settlements. We were advised not to try to cross the Clara River, as it was high, so, on the 26th, we returned home, having traveled 220 miles, and hope we have done some good in urging the Saints to their duty.

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain,

Your Sister in the Gospel,  
A. C. WOODBURY.

#### A TRIFLE.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

I have been reading the number of the EXPONENT for May 15th; it is replete with soul-inspiring sentiments. Upon perusing "Washington Jottings" and "Our Little Paper," I felt to exclaim, "God bless the editor for her untiring and persevering energy while abroad; I know she is doing much good in disseminating the principles of our most holy religion, besides giving so much time and thought to our valuable little EXPONENT." It filled my heart with thankfulness to read the spirited items from her pen, so brightly, yet so ably portrayed. I am truly gratified with her efforts and our other good sisters' in trying to be heard, that prejudice may be removed, and the falsehoods circulated about us as a people be refuted, and justice, in part, at least, be granted. The women of Utah should be heard to be known, and our testimonies borne to the world, that none may be left without an excuse, for we are not the down-trodden women supposed; we are liberty loving, and willing to assert our rights. The free use of the ballot will ever represent our honest convictions; we are brave and honest, and will vote which way our consciences speak—loyal, noble-minded women, who, it may be seen, are not daunted, when we know our cause is just and clear—who have endured much hardship and stood persecutions under adverse and aggravated circumstances, and the same righteous spirit is in

them to-day. I feel to sense the times in which we live and the important events transpiring, which all bespeak to me the latter days. I am proud of my religion and its principles; all are pure, ennobling and exalting to those who live righteously before the Lord. My chief desire is to live faithful and true, and may God grant me strength to stand unwavering and unflinching every trial and test He may see fit I shall pass through, is the prayer of

Your sister in the covenant,  
M. A. TILL.

#### HAND-PAINTED STRAWS AND BONNETS.

"Amongst the many novelties of this season," says a writer in *The Queen*, "are the hand-painted straw hats and bonnets. These are totally dissimilar from the colored straw attained by dyeing the plait, and also from the mixtures produced by introducing colored straw into the plait. The supply of the colors by hand which is made after the bonnets are blocked creates an effect unattainable by any other process. The dyer can impart to straw almost any strongly defined color, but he is incapable of endowing it with neutral tints. It is to the successful blending of these indefinable shades that the hand-painted bonnets owe their success and beauty. The producers do not design to replace the ordinary garniture of the headdress, but to make the foundation of the latter harmonize in tints and general effect with the fancy materials worn for costumes, and to let the painted design be subordinate to the trimming. While dye removes brilliancy from straw, the process of hand-painting imparts it. In many instances the shades of color supplied are in a kind of marbling or mosaic, without any special design. In others bright flecks of color alternate with the shades of the straw. All these tinted bonnets and hats are made waterproof, so that the beauty of the shading may incur no risk either from damp or rain. The process is not a lengthy one; the decoration is applied to hats and bonnets of all shapes, and they can be quickly painted to order. A special hat of the Gainsborough type bids fair to become popular, and many other models will doubtless harmonize successfully with the varied costumes of this season."

#### RUSSIAN LADY DOCTORS.

However slowly Civilization may travel in the land of the Czar, there is at any rate one thing in which Russia is further advanced than most European countries, and this is the opening of the learned professions to women. Particularly anxious is the Government to make the study of medicine as easy as possible to women, and there appears to be a real demand for female medicos all over the country. The Government has now resolved to admit the schools of medicine for women among the number of high constitutional schools with a fixed organization and the right to give diplomas. A project for the organization is now before the Minister of Education. The municipal council of St. Petersburg, considering that it is incumbent on the Government, and not on the town, to take this institution under its protection, has proposed a joint arrangement, by which the town undertakes to pay annually the sum of 15,000 roubles toward the maintenance of the institution, the procuring of a house for the installation of lecture rooms, museums, etc., and by extending the right to female students to pursue their practical studies in all the St. Petersburg hospitals on the condition that the professors are chosen from among the physicians of these

hospitals. Thus the material position of the medical faculty for women is safe, headquarters, money, and hospitals being provided.

### NOTES AND NEWS.

The poet Whittier recently wrote to his life-long friend, Edwin Thompson: "The long, hard winter has left me very poorly in health. I am glad to see that thy pen is still busy. As for myself I dread to touch pen and paper."

The new English dictionary, of which Professor Whitney, of Yale, is editor-in-chief will be the most comprehensive book in existence. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars will have been spent on it before the types are in order.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of the President of the United States, has concluded arrangements by which she will take up her residence in Chicago, to become the editor of *Literary Life*, a magazine devoted, as its name indicates, to belle letters.

Mrs. Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, author of the poem, "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," is collecting a number of her later verses and ballads for publication in book form. The most important poem will be entitled "Remember the Alamo," as yet unpublished.

Judge David Davis died at his home in Bloomington, Ill., on Saturday morning, June 26th. He had been in failing health for several months past, and it was known that the end of his life was near. Judge Davis had for many years occupied an important position in national politics. He was ex officio vice president of the United States during General Arthur's occupancy of the presidential chair, made vacant by the untimely death, at the hands of an assassin, of President Garfield. He was an able statesman, a profound jurist, and a man of sterling uprightness of character. His death is the nation's loss.

### OBSTETRICS:

Mrs. Lizzie H. Shipp has been practically teaching obstetrics in Fillmore for the past year. She recently brought her class to Salt Lake for examination. Those who passed successfully were Mrs. Mary Bishop of Deseret, Mrs. Jessie Huntsman of Fillmore, Miss Lillian Black of Kanosh. The examining board were Doctors Richards and Bower. Mrs. Shipp expects to teach another class in Fillmore this coming winter.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Salt increases the heat of water in boiling potatoes.

Half a cupful of vinegar in the water will make an old fowl cook quickly.

Grease may be removed from marble by a paste made of whiting and benzine, and whiting and chloride of lime, spread upon marble and left to dry in the sun, will remove stains if not too deep.

*Orange Jam.*—Weigh the oranges before peeling, and use a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Take the peel from half of the oranges, grate it, and add the sugar. Open the oranges, and be very particular to get out the seeds and white strings. Add the sugar and peel, with a little water, and boil the whole about twenty minutes.

Tin canned goods, when opened, should be immediately transferred to glass or earthenware receptacles. Recent investigations show that cases of poisoning from eating canned goods have arisen from the acid of the canned food attacking the solder of the tins, and sometimes from decomposition accelerated by an electrical action between the solder and the iron of the tin. Never leave canned fruits, meats, or fish in opened tin cans.

*The Horseback Cure.*—There is a saying among the Russians that a man who is fond of his horse will not grow

old early. The Arab and the Cossack are examples of the truth of the proverb. They generally live long; enjoy robust health, and have no use for liver pads and blue pills. That vigorous octogenarian, David Dudley Field, tells us that he attributes his remarkable vitality to the habit of horseback riding, and, if the truth were known, it would doubtless appear that our sturdiest old men are those who have been fond of the saddle. The taste for equestrian sports and exercise which has lately made such progress in this country is, therefore, a hopeful and healthful sign. It is not a mere freak of fashion, but a development in the direction of rational enjoyment and an assurance that the rising generation will be less of an indoor and more of an outdoor people. It means less headache hereafter, better appetites, stronger lungs, rosier cheeks, brighter eyes, sounder sleep, happier spirits, and a total oblivion of that organ which, according to Sidney Smith, keeps men a great deal lower than the angels—the liver.

### ORIGINAL RECIPES.

Fruit, to jelly easily, must be barely ripe. Grapes will not jelly if they are quite ripe.

*Green Corn Pudding.*—One dozen ears sweet corn, grated; add two tablespoons sugar, a little salt and one egg well beaten; stir well together and bake an hour. To be eaten with fresh butter or cream.

*Apple Jam.*—Ten pounds brown sugar, boiled and clarified; add ten pounds good sour apples, chopped fine, the grated peel of two or three lemons, and a few pieces of white ginger. Boil 'til the apples look clear and tender.

*Gooseberry Catsup.*—Eight pounds gooseberries full grown, but green, four pounds brown sugar, one pint cider vinegar, three lemons, sliced, two dozen cloves, ground. Boil four hours, and strain through colander and bottle. A delicious relish with roast duck or chicken.

An excellent and easy method of sealing jellies and preserves and one I can vouch for, is to take thin brown paper, such as fine dry goods are wrapped in at the stores, cut somewhat larger than the size of the jar, dip in new milk and paste over the top. It will dry as tight as a drum head and is perfectly air tight. I have had no mould on my jellies and preserves since I used this method, and it is so simple a child can execute it.

*Sweet Pickled Peaches.*—Eight pounds peaches, four pounds sugar, one pint cider vinegar, one dozen cloves, whole, one dozen allspice, whole, one dozen cinnamon sticks. Method: Make syrup with sugar, vinegar and spices, except cloves; peel peaches (cling stones preferred) and stick a clove in each end. When the syrup is clear boil the peaches till you can run a straw easily through them; take them out and let the syrup boil twenty minutes longer, and pour over fruit; boil the syrup for a few moments for three mornings and pour over the fruit, then seal up for winter use.

MYSOTIS.

### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

To the memory of our beloved Sister Ann Stewart, who departed this life, May 25th, 1836, at her residence in Provo City, after long suffering with cancer, which she bore with Christian fortitude and patience, expressing her resignation to the will of the Lord.

Our beloved sister was born in Dalkeith, in the year 1825; was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ in 1845 and emigrated to Utah, with her husband and two children, with the hand cart company in 1856, enduring many hardships for the sake of her religion.

Now, therefore, We the members of the Relief Society wish to express the honor and respect entertained by us for her as a wise counselor and a true friend, who faithfully held the office of Secretary of the Relief Society for many years; as one of the first Teachers, and as Counselor to the President of the Primary Association, in all of which positions she labored with love and intelligence, qualities that she ever exercised for the good of her associates, and of her family who always dutifully regarded her wishes; and

Whereas, We acknowledge her loss, and her readiness at all times to give a helping hand and use her best abilities for the furtherance of the Latter day Work, and in expounding and manifesting her devotion to its principles. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with her bereaved children and friends; and, further, be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the record of the Society, and that copies be sent to *The Enquirer*, to the WOMAN'S EXPONENT, and to the bereaved family.

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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

VOL. 16.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, AUGUST 1, 1886.

No. 5.

## THE STEPPING STONE IS SACRIFICE.

*Dedicated to our brethren in prison and to all who suffer for conscience sake.*

Lo, verily "He doth not sleep  
Who keepeth Isr'al night and day;"  
A rich reward they yet shall reap  
Who serve him always, come what may.

Fools will deride and laugh to scorn  
The righteous, when the wicked rule,  
But never are the just forlorn,  
Though tutor'd in Affliction's school.

"Elijah's God," who speaks by fire,  
From seething depths or lurid skies,  
His own with patience doth inspire—  
In patience compensation lies.

And wherefore should the faithful shout  
For God to show His strength and power;  
To shift Eternal plans about,  
And hasten heaven's appointed hour.

No less than this the wise expect—  
To wrestle for the promised crown—  
To share the fate of God's Elect,  
Even from "righteous Abel" down.

Oh, not on "flowery beds of ease"  
Do Saints or heroes mount the skies  
To heaven's supreme felicities—  
The Stepping Stone is Sacrifice!

"Through tribulation," even so  
The King of Glory led the way;  
"Perfect, indeed, through suffering," lo,  
Our "Intercessor" lives to-day.

Surely He counteth ev'ry tear—  
In whom the pure of heart rejoice,  
And yet shall boastful scorners fear  
The thunders of Jehovah's voice!

Friends may accuse and men abuse  
The just, and bid them bow the knee—  
Our God His own good time will choose  
To set His captive children free.

"Elijah's God!" to Thee we cry!  
But not in dread and not in doubt,  
Though Zion's foes should multiply,  
Thy power will bring her safely out.

Assured Thou hearest just complaints,  
Father, in faith on Thee we call;  
Soothe and support Thy suffering Saints,  
Who even now are held in thrall.

Behold thy people in the dust;  
Consider all who kiss the rod;  
Strengthen the souls who in Thee trust,  
Thou mighty one! "Elijah's God!"

Lord, grant us grace to run "the race"—  
Cowards can never win the prize;  
To joys in store for evermore,  
The Stepping Stone is Sacrifice.

EMILY H. WOODMANSEE.

Salt Lake City.

## ST. JOHN'S DAY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Get up and see what has happened to our street during the night," said my companion, when he arose this morning. These dogs, thought I, that had disturbed my slumbers so often during the night, have been committing some depredations. I was mistaken. It is St. John's Day, and the street was decorated from one end to the other by flags suspended from ropes, which had been stretched across the street. It was a pretty sight to behold almost every national flag gently unfolding itself to

the breeze, and especially interesting was it to see suspended near our window the stars and stripes—emblems of liberty—our national flag. It was the only American one to be seen, and its place so near our window made it doubly attractive. All was preparatory to a grand procession of the Roman Catholics in honor of the day.

At an early hour crowds thronged about. People gathered from different parts of the city at the houses of their friends and acquaintances to view from the balconies and windows the procession, which was to take place at four in the afternoon, but was an hour late. The spectators came to be looked at, too, and the elegant costumes of fashionable society in Constantinople played an important part on the occasion. The manner, though, in which the Christian ladies had painted their faces showed less skill than that of the Turkish beauties; but I think the Christian methods of ornamenting the arms and ears with jewelry more tasteful than those of the Arab ladies, who wear rings in the nose. All day long the people have been crowding the windows and balconies to see and be seen. The gentlemen appeared mostly in American style, many with their hair parted in the middle and plastered down with grease. It might be said, we were envious because our hair would not part in the middle, or because we didn't have any to part. Be that as it may, we assumed the role of spectators, and took the liberty to criticise what did not suit our tastes and prejudices in that curious life one sees for the first time when he enters the ORIENT. I always thought it had taste for a man to part his hair in the middle unless he was pretty and had small feet. There was a light breeze, which made it favorable for passing the day in gossip.

At the appointed hour the street was packed. The music from the brass band first gave the signal of the approach of the procession, then the ladies with their baskets full of rose leaves stood ready to shower them upon the heads of the priests. The first to make their appearance were the little children, girls about six years old, who led the march in two single files, about ten feet apart. Between the files, and distant a hundred feet from each other, were little girls, scarcely able to walk, carrying an anchor, a cross, or a picture of some patron saint. Banners, representing scenes in the life of Christ and His Apostles, were numerous. After the little girls dressed in white came the orphans of the Jesuit schools. What excited our curiosity next were a dozen young ladies under training for their calling as nuns; on this occasion they were partly veiled. Then came the nuns and after them the priests, many of whom struck a religious attitude, by throwing their heads back, looking up to heaven and holding their hands folded across the breast. One carried a carved figure representing the Savior with His bleeding wounds; but the multitude was awakened to its greatest interest when the bishop, an aged man, beneath a silk canopy, carried by four men, made his appearance. His flowing silk robes were carried by two small boys following a little behind and on each side. And now the air was filled with rose leaves, gently falling upon the canopy and heads of the priests who accompanied the bishop, a glimpse of whose face the multitude tried to catch behind a golden sphere he carried in his hands, and from which radiating disks represented the illuminations of

godliness. A smile, however, crossed the faces of many of the spectators when the band started up a German air—*Du bist verrückt mein kind*—"Thou art crazy, my child."

There was much pomp and a grand display. The street is now deserted, and when we had taken a last glimpse of the priests' shaved heads glistening in the sunlight as they disappeared, we drew our heads back through our windows and began to discuss the curious features of a Roman Catholic procession on St. John's Day. The Jesuits, who were recently driven out of France, are strongly represented here. A strange comment—Christians driven out of a Christian land find an asylum among the Mohammedans, who are more tolerant toward Christians than Christians are toward one another. The Turks have always offered protection to religious refugees from Christian Europe. T.

Constantinople, June 27, 1886.

## THOUGHTS ON MEETING OLD FRIENDS.

While thinking upon our little gathering to-night, I stopped to ask myself the question, "By what power are we thus drawn together? What was the motive of our beloved hostess in bidding us welcome to her hospitality, and what the motive of us, her chosen friends, in yielding a hearty response? Surely selfishness was not the motive power that incited to action in the first case—methinks it has all been wrought by the law of kindness, by the sweet spirit of friendship, which ever seeks to bless, and in turn is capable of appreciating blessings when bestowed.

We have met, not to enrich ourselves financially—some are weary of this labor, and seek rest—but we all desire to enrich the spirit and satisfy the craving of our social natures, which, according to the design of our Creator, occupies so large a space in the formation of human character, and which, if undeveloped or neglected, robs mankind of much happiness, and also deprives him of great power to create happiness for others. Therefore, I esteem it a duty we owe each other—to meet often, not merely with the desire to be entertained—the very thought is born of selfishness, but to entertain, to make others for a time forget the cares and trials which daily and hourly oppress them, to lift them into a more elevated and cheerful atmosphere, where they may feel refreshed and renewed. Thus we lift ourselves, and by concealing whatever may be our special thorn in the flesh, we forget that one exists, and often, by the power of association, we learn how to lay many of our burdens down, and in their place we carry away more extended views and new ideas to assist us in our struggles through life. Samuel Smiles says, "A life exclusively occupied in affairs of business insensibly tends to narrow and harden the character. It is mainly occupied with self, watching for advantages and guarding against sharp practices on the part of others. Thus the character unconsciously tends to grow suspicious and ungenerous."

While this may be true regarding a business life, which usually falls to the lot of man, the sphere usually occupied by women, that of the home and family, tends in another direction; not to harden the character, for there is so much in woman's lot constantly requiring active sympathy and tenderness, but it tends to a

contraction of mind power, to weariness and discontent of spirit by its monotony and increasing physical toil, and the mental powers in time become dwarfed, and aside from that particular species of intelligence requisite in controlling home affairs, she becomes powerless to act successfully, and much of the power and intelligence with which she is endowed lies dormant, which, according to God's economy is all wrong. Intelligence, wisdom, talents and various other gifts and graces bestowed upon woman were never intended to waste their sweetness and power upon the desert air. And in social life what would society be without the exquisite social qualities of woman? Like dancing without music, like Nature devoid of bird, song and flowers.

So woman's social nature should never be neglected; and we, above all women, should never allow our reunions to descend into mere gossiping associations, but each should polish up her store of gifts and graces for the purpose of benefiting others, seeking always for the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit to descend like the gentle dew of heaven upon all our efforts, that each and all may truly be refreshed, and also be reminded that our association here is but typical of that which we are destined to enjoy in the eternal worlds.

LILLIE.

### SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT WINTER QUARTERS.

BY HELEN MAR WHITNEY.

(Continued.)

Saturday, the 9th. At Sunset they encamped on the banks of "Junction Bluff Fork," and the grass there being better than any they had lately seen, it was deemed expedient to remain there the greater part of the day, in order to give their horses a chance to recruit themselves. Here he mentions their having quite a heavy rain storm the ensuing morning. They pursued their journey "at 8 a. m. Proceeding a mile, and forded a small stream, near which in a stick by the side of the road was found a few lines from Amasa Lyman stating that they had left here on Saturday morning last, and that the night before they had gone to the bluffs to procure a supply of meat that they got along rather slow, not making over between 15 or 20 miles per day, but were all well and in tolerably good spirits. Near here we noticed that the ox teams had encamped, from appearances, some 4 or 5 days since. It is the opinion of most of the brethren that Amasa and his comrades are not now more than 30 or 40 miles ahead of us, and if the ox teams do not stop, the brethren weak and faint from living entirely on meat, must necessarily give up the chase." This day's journey brought them in sight of a large cluster of trees. He says:

"It is quite cheering to us to come once more in sight of, and to travel along near the timber, after being so long debarred of that privilege."

Four buffaloes were killed that day and brought into camp on horses. And another was killed the next day and brought to camp in Brother Woodruff's carriage. The day following, Wednesday the 13th, after traveling 16 miles they discovered two or three large herds of buffalo coming down to the water a little in advance of them. Two brethren went out and each shot a cow and a number were sent to assist in skinning them. "They were gone until ten o'clock, when they returned—Orson bringing in quite a supply of the fattest meat we have seen in some time"

On Saturday the 16th they overtook "Amasa Lyman and his comrades, with the exception

of two viz. Stephen H. Goddard and Father Kellogg. These had left them on Tuesday last determined yet to overtake the ox teams.

\* \* \* The brethren all looked considerably fatigued with their travels and were glad once more to meet with us. We have but slight hopes of overtaking the ox teams."

\* \* \* Two of the Frenchmen came in this evening, bringing on their mules part of two cows that they had killed.

"Father Chamberlain broke the iron axle tree of his wagon while descending a steep bank when we forded "Buffalo Creek."

"Sunday the 17th. There being few if any buffalo to be seen below here, and a number of our horses having given out, it was determined to remain in the vicinity a day or two, while we could procure some meat and also recruit the failing strength of our animals. Accordingly this morning two captains viz. Luke Johnson and John Brown were appointed to superintend the hunting expedition to be undertaken to-day in pursuit of buffaloes. Each of them chose their own men and started out on foot about 9 o'clock a.m. \* \*

About noon a number of wagons were sent out to bring in buffaloes in case the hunters should succeed in killing any."

Monday the 18th. Fine cool weather. Thomas Woolsey was sent out this morning to tell the hunters to come in to-night with what game they had killed, that we might proceed on our way. We started on at 10 a.m., proceeding three miles we met a company of horsemen from Winter Quarters, whose names are as follows:—

Hosea Stout, George Grant, G. I. Potter, William Kimball, Jacob Frazier, George W. Langley, W. I. Earl, W. Miles, W. Martindale, Wm. Huntington, Freeman H. Calkins, James W. Cummings, S. S. Thornton, Levi Heikerson, James H. Glines, Chaney Whitney."

They had been eleven days coming—had met the ox teams near the ford of the Loop Fork who intended to go on without stopping. "With the horsemen came S. H. Goddard, Ezekiel Kellogg and Jackson Reddin, the latter was with Wm. Clayton when he left the valley. Orson and myself received a letter from mother, and myself one stating that they were all well, etc." \* \* \* After spending a little time in conversation with the brethren we went on and encamped at half past three p.m., having come 10 miles to-day." One of those who went out in pursuit of buffalo brought word that they had secured enough meat to load the wagons. Furthermore that as "he was returning he saw a large body of Indians across the river some five or six miles distant. It was therefore deemed expedient to send for the brethren to come in to-night. Accordingly a little after dark Hosea Stout, Wilber Earl, J. Redden, J. Mathews, Wm. Huntington, and Wm. Martindale started out on horseback for that purpose."

"Tuesday the 19th. We remained to-day encamped. This forenoon Brother Heber, Wm. H. Kimball and three or four others went over the river in pursuit of a large herd of buffaloes that had lately made their appearance in the vicinity. They returned this afternoon with a cow." That evening the hunters who went out on Sunday returned with those who were sent in pursuit of them. "They brought in three wagons which were loaded down with nine buffalo cows in very good condition. Hosea Stout and his comrades did not find them until this morning. I stood on guard to-night the 1st and Orson the last watch. The wolves again to-night entertained us at a distance with one of their agreeable (?) concerts."

This was their first buffalo-hunt. Much of their meat was cut in strips and dried without any salt after the Indian custom, which they

called "jerked" meat. Nothing of this is mentioned in the journal but I heard it described, and also ate some of it, which was very palatable, though it would be very hard to be tied to that alone, as they were until they received the supplies from Winter Quarters.

For a time, after the provisions had ran so low that they had to depend on the killing of wild game, for subsistence, they indulged once a week—Sunday—in a thin porridge made of flour and water. After living so much on meat it seemed to create an appetite for tobacco, some who had never previously cared for it were now eager to get it. The scarcity of the article made it so valuable that the boys would make one cud serve them a number of times, and they would lay it away carefully as a most choice morsal. After every other source had failed, and being in a great strait, my husband, knowing that Brother Benson kept the weed for doctoring horses, went and asked him for a little, which he gave him, and when asked what the charge was, he was told that he could return the favor when they got home by coming to his house and singing some songs for him. This was not written down but was related to me verbally.

Wednesday the 21st he wrote that the camp was able to move considerably faster than they had hitherto done in consequence of their reinforcement of horses from Winter Quarters. He also speaks of the weather being cold, cloudy and windy. They continued their journey "at 9 a.m., proceeding fifteen miles without making any halt. We encamped at 3 p.m. in the bed of the river, which was dry here, between Grand Island and the main shore. \* \* \* This was one of the best camp grounds we had had for some time, secured as we were on every side from the howling blasts that swept fiercely across the open prairie. \* \* \*

The Frenchmen reported this evening that they had discovered traces of an Indian camp, and moccasin tracks of no older date than last night; therefore, the brethren were cautioned to watch closely their horses." On Saturday they reached the "Loop Fork of Platte River" at three p.m., and encamped on its banks,

"Sunday the 24th, clear weather, though extremely cold and windy. Two wagons made several attempts to cross the river this a.m., which all proved ineffectual on account of the high winds and quicksand giving way beneath the horses feet. One or two horsemen while urging their horses across the stream, were thrown from their backs, on account of their stumbling and sinking in the sand; it was therefore decided to defer fording the river until to-morrow when the wind might cease and we have a better chance for crossing." In the morning there being but little wind stirring they crossed the river, but men had previously been sent ahead to stake out a track for them to follow, which, he says, after a few of the wagons had passed over became quite firm. We were obliged, however, to double teams, and in some cases a number of men were obliged to accompany the wagons, wading in the water to assist them through. Brother Kimball and myself both did this and were quite chilled through, the water being extremely cold, though not very high.

That evening, by counsel, several of the men "went ahead on horseback to Winter Quarters to apprise the folks that we were close by, to allay the anxiety that they might feel at our prolonged absence from home." Amasa Lyman and four others of the pioneers, were the messengers and two of the Frenchmen also accompanied them.

My husband speaks of writing a letter for "Brother Heber to his wife Vilate encouraging her to be of good cheer etc., for we should be with them in about a week."

## WAS I DREAMING?

In the groves by the meadows,  
The music—I there listened to—  
When Faries danced in the moonlight haze.  
The night breeze sighed,  
The Zephyrs whispered,  
And stillness grew while I listened.  
Thanks, ye gods! that I can recall it.

It beckoned me deeper and deeper  
Into its sacred realm; where it ceased,  
Its departing resonance, leaving me in a longing,  
A want, but in which I dreamed,  
Oh, so happy! until I awoke.  
The blindfolding removed?  
I beheld! Angels! That vision!

Should I try to describe it? No.  
Ye eternal gods! accept my thanks!  
It was you who re-awakened in my soul  
Celestial memories, from heavenly abodes,  
Reviving in me eternal love,  
Glimpses of that glory,  
In which I once dwelt with you.

I spoke to them. They awoke,  
Strange, as from another world.  
I beheld—I lived, as it were, a lifetime of joy,  
In which I seemed to ripen into manhood.  
Vestals from heavenly mansions  
Stood before me, of unsurpassed beauty;  
We were permitted to enter the Temple of God.

There again I heard the music, as of yore,  
And memories sweet my soul enjoyed;  
I was entranced in that heavenly mood,  
Recalled from celestial childhood.  
A veil was between us,  
It being removed,  
I saw them again—my wives.

H. M.

## THE THOUGHTS OF GOD

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,

They say there is a hollow safe and still,  
A point of coolness and repose  
Within the centre of a flame, where life might dwell  
Unharm'd and unconsumed, as in a luminous shell,  
Which the bright walls of fire enclose  
In breachless splendor, barrier that no foes  
Could pass at will

There is a point of rest  
At the great centre of the cyclone's force,  
A silence at its secret source;  
A little child might slumber undistressed,  
Without a ruffle of one fairy curl,  
In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,  
Cyclones of power, consuming glory fire,—  
As we fall overawed  
Upon our faces, and are lifted higher  
By His great gentleness, and carried nigher  
Than unredeemed angels, till we stand  
Even in the hollow of His hand—

Nay, more! we lean upon His breast—  
There, there we find a point of perfect rest  
And glorious safety; there we see  
His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace  
That stoop in tenderest love; that still increase  
With increase of our need; that never change,  
That never fail, or falter, or forget.

O pity infinite!  
O royal mercy free!  
O gentle climax of the depth and height  
Of God's most precious thoughts, most wonderful, most  
strange!  
"For I am poor and needy, yet  
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, thinketh upon me!"

## HENRIETTA'S VISIT.

BY EMILY B. SPENCER.

A tall, slender, dark-eyed girl communed  
with herself one fair, bright morning:  
"I will go and see Margaret to-day; it is a  
long time since I have visited her."  
They had grown up together, eating their

supper of milk and porridge on each other's  
doorsteps, as they fancied, for their houses  
joined. But in later years Margaret's father  
had moved away to a small village near Edin-  
burgh, and the two girls, now grown, scarcely  
met.

"Don't go," seemed whispered authoritatively  
in Henrietta's ear, "Don't go!" "I will," she  
answered to herself, "Margaret is going to be  
married." "Don't go," again came the silent  
voice, "they are horrible Mormons." Within  
her mind a struggle commenced. One still  
small voice said, "Go, and you will always re-  
joice." The opposite spirit whispered, "Stay  
at home, or you will be scoffed at for visiting  
there."

Again and again came the pleading voice of  
"Courage!" and as often came the warning  
voice of "Don't go!" Which was best? Un-  
known to her, her future destiny for time and  
all eternity lay in that decision.

She seemed bound by an invisible power,  
but with an effort she roused herself, and giv-  
ing a final decision, "I will go," arose and be-  
gan to get ready for the pleasant morning walk  
with a light and happy heart. Briskly she set  
out, and with joy swelling in her heart arrived  
at her beloved Margaret's home.

The two girls talked of the past, the present  
and the future, and when Henrietta asked  
what the Mormons believed in, Margaret's  
father arose, placed his chair before him and  
commenced expounding the first principles of  
Mormonism, faith, repentance and baptism;  
that everything was done by faith; if we had  
no faith we would cease to work or exert our-  
selves to obtain anything; that faith healed the  
sick—faith performed wonders. Repentance  
of all misdeeds and forsaking the same. Bap-  
tism for the remission of sins, to be baptized  
and buried under the water, symbolical of the  
burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ, which  
is essential, which is the only door, the only  
entrance to the Church of Jesus Christ of  
Latter-day Saints, which is the only true  
church, the only one that He acknowledges.  
And for all of his argument he quoted Scrip-  
ture, showing that this present Church was  
identically in doctrine the same as that estab-  
lished in former days by Christ.

A new light dawned upon her mind, a new  
joy pervaded her heart. "It is true! it is true!"  
she exclaimed. It was because of the truth  
that the conflict had been so hard in the morn-  
ing, and there was a power to try and stay her  
from going.

It was the truth that she heard, the truth  
that she loved, and the truth that she believed.

[To be Continued.]

WOMAN'S MEETING AT AMERICAN  
FORK.

A special meeting of the Relief Society was  
held in the meeting house of American Fork,  
Thursday, July 15th, President Mary S. Hind-  
ley presiding. Sisters E. R. Snow Smith and  
E. B. Wells of this city were present by invi-  
tation. Bishop Bromley, his Counselors and  
other brethren, also officers of the Relief So-  
ciety, occupied seats upon the platform.

Sister Eliza, whose name is familiar to this  
people as a leader among the sisters, addressed  
the meeting both in the morning and afternoon  
sessions. Her great age and venerable appear-  
ance, her stately and dignified manner, her  
choice language and clear and concise method  
of expression, together with her long and varied  
experience in the Church all combine to give  
weight and emphasis to her wise counsel and  
earnest exhortation, and on this occasion, par-  
ticularly, her words could not fail to make a  
deep and lasting impression upon all who were  
privileged to see and hear her, for her dis-  
course was even more than ordinarily eloquent  
and prophetic.

Bishop Bromley spoke a short time at the  
close of the morning meeting. He made an  
eloquent and forcible appeal to the sisters and  
mothers in regard to the position they occupied  
and their duties to the young and rising genera-  
tion, and complimented the members of the  
Relief Society on the efficiency of their labors,  
which he seemed fully to appreciate and com-  
prehend. He alluded feelingly to his recent  
indictment and probable imprisonment for liv-  
ing his religion and obeying a divine com-  
mandment, and spoke with great firmness and  
courage of his convictions, and in reference to  
the situation of affairs in Utah at the present  
time. Many interesting remarks were made  
by other sisters calculated to strengthen, bless  
and encourage the Saints. The speakers were  
Sisters Mary John, of Provo; Elizabeth Brown,  
of Pleasant Grove; Rebecca Standing, Lehi;  
Margaret McCullough, Alpine; and E. B.  
Wells, Salt Lake City. President Hindley  
and Counselor Crompton made closing remarks,  
expressing their enjoyment in the testimonies  
that had been borne by those who had spoken,  
and thought that the exercises throughout were  
calculated to inspire to renewed diligence and  
faithfulness. An excellent spirit characterized  
the entire proceedings. The meeting closed  
with singing, "The spirit of God like a fire is  
burning." Benediction by Bishop Bromley.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

Santa Fe, N. M., is to have a monument to  
Helen Hunt Jackson of the most fitting kind,  
viz., a Ramona school for Indian girls. She  
pleaded for those who are unable to plead for  
themselves.

In Memphis, Tenn., girls and women are  
employed to make a certain grade of jeans  
pants for \$1.25 a dozen, and some as low as  
\$1 a dozen. Shirts that retail for \$2.50 are  
made by women for eight cents each. Carpet-  
sewers, who work about four months in the  
year, get from seventy-five cents to \$1 a day  
of twelve and often fifteen hours.

A lady correspondent, writing from Paris,  
announces that at a recent wedding in that  
city the bride's veil fell to below the waist, and  
the orange blossoms, instead of being placed  
inside, were on the outside of the veil. The  
effect is described as much of an improvement.  
The veil can be gathered around the face  
closely, and gives an air of modesty and reverie  
suitable to a woman on the most important  
day of her life. The difference does not seem  
very great, but before the mandates of Paris  
fashions all well-dressed ladies bow.

There died a few days ago, at Geneva, a lady  
named Elise Darier, who, though her life had  
been neither noteworthy nor eventful, was re-  
markable as being the last surviving Gene-  
voise born under the old republic, and who  
could remember its conquest by the French di-  
rectory. When the French troops took pos-  
session of the city in 1798, Elise Darier was  
six years old, and the event made such an im-  
pression on her mind that she never forgot it.  
In 1800 she saw General Bonaparte at Coppet,  
as he rode through the village in a post chaise  
on his way to join the army of Italy, sur-  
rounded by a brilliant staff and a guard of  
Mamelukes. When a little older she danced  
at a ball given by Mme. de Stael, and in 1814  
at another, given by the city of Geneva to the  
Austrian General Bubna, after the defeat and  
withdrawal of the French army of occupation.  
As Mlle. Darier had an excellent memory,  
and retained her faculties unimpaired to the last  
day of her long life, she was regarded in  
Geneva as an almost historic character, and  
enjoyed general respect as the sole surviving  
link with an eventful past. *Ex.*

# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, Editor.

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## MRS. NEWMAN'S PETITION AGAIN.

Mrs. Newman reflects somewhat upon the Utah Commission, it seems to us, because they have not been severe enough in their dealings with the "Mormon" people to meet her approbation. She says, "After the passage of the Edmunds bill, it was held by the judges of the courts that registration could be denied women on the basis of the invalidity of the Territorial statute. The Utah Commission were asked to so declare. But while listening to the argument the commission declined to act." There is no doubt but that if it had been possible at any time for the ballot to be taken from "Mormon" women with any show of legality whatever, it would have been done. The cases before the courts in 1879 and 1882 prove plain enough the fact that the law giving the women of Utah the ballot was valid, and for that very reason it could not be taken from them without due process of law.

Mrs. Newman says, "Shall the United States compromise with this quasi-sovereignty under the specious plea of vested rights." First she wants to blame the Utah Commission for not pushing this matter to the extreme, and then the United States for lack of severity. Surely a few "Mormon" women's votes are a dreadful annoyance to Mrs. Newman. She says Gentile women do not care to vote. She says, "The men were enfranchised by national authority, and in consonance with constitutional provision, the women by an alien church organization, which renders no allegiance to the government." The women of Utah had the ballot given to them in the same way as the women of Wyoming by the legislature of the Territory and signed by the Governor. Would Mrs. Newman say the women of Wyoming and Washington Territories were not entitled to the ballot? If "Mormon" men are legal voters it was their vote that elected the Legislature, and being thus elected, why had they not the right to pass laws? and if other laws, then why not a law to confer the elective franchise on women? Mrs. Newman tells Congress to withdraw this mighty power in elections—of 12,000 female votes—and very soon county and municipal Gentile officers could be elected, and Gentile representatives chosen for the legislature. Mrs. Newman wants men to vote, all classes of men in Utah except that class now already disfranchised. The drunkard, the gambler, the saloon keeper, those who would use their utmost influence to destroy the youth of the land by the sale and use of ardent spirits and other vile practices of various kinds; she, a refined and educated woman, would take the votes from "Mormon" women to throw the balance of power in favor of those who would support such practices. She mourns, as it were, that the Gentile element is not more strongly represented, and thinks by subtracting 12,000 votes that very soon the Gentile vote will have an equal proportion, or balance of power. Does she know what class of Gentiles predominate in the mining districts, and what fearful consequences might result from giving them the balance of

power? She certainly cannot know! Why would she want sin and crime to abound where purity and virtue are now the real and true superior influences? She says the miners are men without families, or those who have left their families in the east. Does she realize all that this implies? Men without families, men who have only self to think of, who are absorbed in human pleasures? Men who do not care to build up the country while here in Utah, or to make homes such as exercise a refining influence upon the inmates. Men who pass their days and months in camps, without the society of gentle, tender, pure woman; one need not repeat the story of mining camp-life, nor tell how votes are bought and sold; suffice it to say, sound principles do not control their votes. It would be a fearful thing for the Territory of Utah if the ballot were taken from women to give such men the balance of power. Those who know the facts are well aware what the consequences would be. There are Gentile women in Utah, who do protest against woman's disfranchisement, women of brains and of means; they may be the exception, and they are not rabid anti-Mormons, but they are women of culture and training, and they know and appreciate the advantages of political equality and are not willing to have the right wrested from them after having enjoyed it so long. But what right has Mrs. Newman or any other person or class of persons to interfere with the ballot in the hands of the legal voters of the women of Utah, who have never even been accused of disobeying any law, human or divine, whether they are "Mormons" or Gentiles? The enforcement of the Edmunds Law upon those whom the law considers offenders, has already caused sorrow and hardship enough. It is this cruel disrupting of families and severing the tenderest ties, that is causing women's hearts to break and filling the land with desolation and mourning. We say to Mrs. Newman, and to all such persons, consider your work, for by these things you will be judged: by a higher court than the Supreme Court of the United States; these acts are written in the books that are kept by the recording angels, and you will have to meet them; the tears, the sorrow, the cruel separations, the sickness and death of many in consequence of these persecutions, will be charged to those who have wrought this cruel work. Are you prepared for the consequences? Tender women deprived of the love, companionship and support of the husband; little ones left without a father's care; are there not enough suffering women in the world and fatherless children?

O let not these things be laid at your door, but cease to persecute the Saints, and turn your attention to some noble work in the cause of humanity. Help those who are weak and erring; "Mormon" women do not need you, they are strong in the Lord, who is all powerful, and their faith will not fail, for they know their cause is just and will yet triumph. We wish no evil to any, but say to all the principles we are now defending will be maintained, for they are eternal. There is no fear in the heart of a true Saint, but strength and courage and firmness for the right and the truth, and those who are for this people are more than those who are against them, for the innumerable hosts of heaven are arrayed on the side of those who are seeking to establish correct principles and social purity, and no great work has ever been accomplished without suffering and sacrifice. Our Savior suffered most of all, and if we would be like Him we also must endure trials and persecutions until our Father says it is enough, and "God will protect us in doing what's right."

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

ON account of publishing so much of the proceedings at the Tabernacle on Pioneer day, there is not room for other matter on hand. Brief re-

ports of meetings we had attended in the 19th Ward of this city and in Sandy; also conferences at Kaysville and Provo, some interesting items connected with the G. A. R. visitors, and other things that help to make variety, are crowded out. We have also articles from Mrs. M. A. M. Pratt and Mrs. P. C. Young in answer to Mrs. Angie F. Newman's statements about "Mormon" women, their condition, their votes and so forth, that will be given next issue.

## PIONEER DAY.

IN THE LARGE TABERNACLE.

The large tabernacle in this city was well filled, galleries included, with people on Saturday July 24th, the occasion being the anniversary of the entrance of the pioneers thirty-nine years ago. The stands were draped in mourning for the absent ones who are in exile and in prison for conscience sake. Over the stand of the First Presidency were conspicuously placed appropriate mottoes.

"The First Presidency: In exile for Conscience Sake."

"Of the Twelve Apostles and Counselors: Those not here are in jeopardy, in prison, and in foreign lands, because they prefer to obey God rather than man."

"The Presidency of the Stake: Having tasted of the vengeance of their enemies, and felt their cruel disregard of law, their labors and visits are like the Angels', seen only by those who have faith."

"Of the Presiding Bishopric: Those who are absent choose to be wanderers in their own land in preference to being victims to those who have selected them for ruin."

On the top of the front of the organ in large gilt letters were the words,

"In God we put our Trust,"

and below,

Under the Everlasting Covenant God will and must be glorified."

Beesley's martial band and the Sunday School Union band furnished appropriate music. Superintendents of Sunday Schools, High Councilors, Bishops and others, including three of the original pioneers, occupied the platform, Bishops Lorenzo D. Young, Millen Atwood and Elder S. Turnbow Elder John C. Cutler, Assistant Superintendent, presided. Elder McIntire had charge of the children singing. Meeting opened at 10 a.m., children singing "Marching Homeward." Prayer by Bishop M. Atwood. Song by the children, "Beautiful Zion." Music by the S. S. Union band, "Passing under the Rod."

Pioneer address by Bishop O. F. Whitney, who is a son of H. K. Whitney, one of the Pioneers (now deceased).

*My Brethren and Sisters:* In addressing a few words to this vast congregation, I shall not attempt to dazzle your minds by a display of oratory. Even were it in my power I should not deem it proper on this occasion. I prefer, rather, to have my words remembered and made use of, to have them understood by all, and sink, like good seed upon fertile soil, into the hearts of my hearers, to bring forth the fruits of life and salvation under the blessing of God's Holy Spirit, to His name's honor and glory.

Among our noblest heroes and heroines whom history has made immortal, are those brave men and women who have, in different ages of the world, refused to surrender their sacred convictions and be untrue to the dictates of their consciences—the voice of God in the human heart—and have left home and country, often despoiled of their possessions, and have taken their lives in their hands, bid adieu to their native land, with all the associations and ties of kindred and affection, and have gone forth to seek out a new land where they might enjoy the rights of conscience

unmolested, and worship the God of their fathers in His own appointed way. Such were the children of Israel in ancient times, who, led by the Prophet Moses, shook off the shackles of Egyptian bondage and went forth into the wilderness to worship God according to His command. Such, also, were the pilgrims of New England who, in the 17th century of the Christian era, fled from the tyranny of the old world and planted themselves on the western shores of the Atlantic; where, with their descendants, they were instrumental in the hands of Providence in establishing the great government under which we are now living; in founding a nation whose broad wings of protection overshadow the oppressed, the trampled on and distressed of all nations, and which furnishes an asylum, a place of refuge for the weary exiles of every land. Such also were the pioneers of Utah who, nine and thirty years ago, emerged from yonder mountain gorge, into this then silent and desert valley, and lifted the ensign of liberty, the flag of our country, and unfurled its glorious folds from the summit of yon lofty peak.

Living as we do amid the results of their labors, plucking the fruit from the tree of their planting, crossing with safety and in ease the chasms they bridged, and rejoicing even in the midst of sorrow, in the blessings bequeathed by heaven as the reward of their courage and industry, we can only conceive to a very limited extent the greatness of their toils and sacrifices—sacrifices made willingly and labors that were performed patiently from year to year, that we, their children, and posterity in general, might enjoy the rich blessings which their valor, their self-denial and industry have handed down to us. Utah to-day is the garden of the interior west. Thirty-nine years ago it was a wilderness, a desolation, scorched by the sun, and trodden by the roving red man, whose food consisted in part of wild roots dug from the ground, reptiles that crawled and hissed and rattled among the hot rocks of the plain, and the crickets and grasshoppers that noisily chirped upon the mountain sides. Their music was the scream of eagles, the melancholy howl of the wolf and the coyote, the voice of the distant torrent mingling with the twitter of the mountain bird. Then it was the heat of the Great American desert; now it blooms with orchards, farms and vineyards, is dotted with cities and hamlets, the homes of a peaceable, prosperous, and (were it not that the cruel hand of persecution has fastened upon their throats) a happy people. We can not realize, I say, the greatness of the labors and sacrifices that were necessary to cause this wilderness to bloom, as it now does, like the garden of the Lord; we can not conceive of the toils and trials through which our fathers and mothers passed in order to establish in this chosen land their children's feet, and perpetuate those glorious principles which are destined to redeem and happyfy the world. When the pioneers approached this desolate valley they were met by an old mountaineer. Colonel Bridger, who, on learning of their intention to settle in the valley of Great Salt Lake, exclaimed in tones of mingled pity and derision. "I will give a thousand dollars for the first bushel of wheat you raise in that valley." This will serve to show, in spite of the envious detractions of small-souled bigots who fain would lessen the glory of the pioneers, and the honor due to that God who so signally preserved and miraculously delivered them, the amount of labor, courage and perseverance necessary to redeem this desert land and make it blossom in its present fragrance and beauty.

And who were those pioneers, those founders of Utah, whose children and associates I have the honor of addressing? They were exiles for conscience' sake, banished from the confines of civilization, driven forth from a land of Christian churches by mobs led on and inspired by Chris-

tian priests, for daring to have opinions of their own and worship in their own way the God of their fathers in a land of religious liberty; thrust forth from the homes their industry had won, compelled to cross the frozen Mississippi on the ice in the month of February, leaving their bloody footprints on the ice of the river and upon its frozen shores. Starving and naked, stripped of all their possessions, they refused either to die, to become discouraged, relinquish their sacred rights, or to lose for one moment, their faith in their sublime and glorious destiny. Leaving their burning city and ravaged fields in the hands of their merciless oppressors with their wives and little ones clustered around them, dying by scores as the result of the inhuman treatment to which they had been subjected, they drew their shattered remnants out upon the bleak and trackless prairie. A journey of 1,500 miles, over frozen rivers and barren plains, a journey marked mile after mile by the graves of their aged parents, their delicate wives and tender little ones, brought them to the Rocky Mountains, and on the Twenty-fourth of July, 1847, thirty-nine years ago, this day, their wagons rolled down yonder slope and encamped upon this silent plain.

I would have these children remember the works of their noble fathers and heroic mothers. I would have them remember the lineage through which they have come, and strive before God and the world to be worthy of that lineage. Descended from Israel of old, who shook off the bondage of Egypt preferring the wilderness, with its freedom, to civilization with its chains; the children, too many of them, of the Pilgrims who came across the mighty deep from the tyranny of the old world and laid the foundation upon this chosen land of the great government under which we live; I would have them remember, also, that they are the sons and daughters of patriots, whose hearts burn and whose blood tingles with the spirit and genius of liberty; that their fathers and mothers, even when driven, outcast and exiled for the sake of their religion, the free exercise of which is guaranteed under the constitution of our country, fleeing from the civilization which had refused to protect them, that they still remained true and loyal to the principles of liberty. Thirty-nine years ago, day after to-morrow, they ascended yonder peak and lifted the ensign of freedom upon Mexican soil, thereby signifying not only their loyalty to the country which had thrust them from its borders, but their determination to stand by the principles of truth and liberty, to maintain the palladium of equal rights, the aegis of protection to the out-cast of all nations.

This, my young brethren and sisters, foreshadowed your destiny, the destiny of the children of the pioneers; for the same great prophet who predicted that the Latter-day Saints would be driven westward, and become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains, also declared that the time would come when their sons and daughters would rescue the constitution and the flag; the glorious stars and stripes, the flag of freedom, which symbolizes by its stars the glory and success, and by its stripes the sufferings and trials of our brave ancestors—that the children of this people would rescue them from the hands of traitors and tyrants who would trample them in the mire. Remember, therefore, your destiny and the great things expected of you. You are not the enemies of this land of liberty; you are not the foes of freedom; you are not traitors to your country; you are the sons and daughters of free men and free women, of patriots and prophets, pilgrims and pioneers, and it devolves upon you to be worthy of your noble lineage, and lift the standard of liberty and truth to all the world. God bless you and help you to realize this destiny is my earnest prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Tabernacle choir then sung "Might with the

Right;" Organ Solo "Commemoration March," Prof. J. J. Daynes; Duet, "Sunset" Mrs. Julia Silverwood and Miss A. Vincent. Elder R. R. Irvine read in a very clear voice and in an impressive manner a sentiment from the pen of Zion's poetess-laureate Eliza R. Snow Smith.

## PAST AND PRESENT

*"When the wicked rule the people mourn."*

Verily, verily, is the truth of this saying verified in these mountain vales. How strikingly appropriate to our present condition, the emblems of sorrow and mourning, in the celebration of this auspicious day—the opening day when this American Desert, which had slept for many ages and generations, was awakened from its deadly slumber to be robed in all the beauty and loveliness of cultivated nature, produced by the hand of arduous toil, of a people peeled and driven.

But God was with us, and His Blessings gave efficacy to the labor of our hands.

The country which banished us is the land of my birth, and the time has been when I was proud to call it my own. Then it was a beacon of light to nations afar—an asylum for the homeless and the oppressed of all peoples. Then its statesmen were men with souls—not greedy for gain, but devoted to the interests of humanity, and holding national honor dearer than life. Then its courts—its seats of justice and Congress halls, were receptacles of trust, honor and confidence. Civil and religious liberty were guaranteed to all, and bequeathed to coming generations by the sacred and glorious Constitution inspired by the Almighty.

Such was my country, and then my heart swelled with pride that I was an American citizen. But now, alas! I am forced to exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen?" Where are the Washingtons, the Adamses, and the Jeffersons of the other day? Beneath our sheltering flag, Joseph Smith my beloved husband, the choice of my heart and the crown of my life—a Prophet of the living God, and by Him appointed to open the last dispensation—an innocent man, guilty of no crime, was cruelly assassinated in Carthage, Illinois, while under the plighted protection of the governor of that State. And now his blood and that of his brother Hyrum, who was murdered at the same time, cries for vengeance from the ground. The mantle of protection was thrown around the assassins, the foul perpetrators of that horrid deed, and not one move has been made to bring them to justice, and that crime now rests on our national escutcheon.

But God did not look with indifference on that atrocious deed, and He does not forget its perpetrators—as far as known, not one of them has died a natural death. The horrid wail has been wafted on the breeze of maggots holding carnivals in their flesh, until, although in horrible fear of what awaited them beyond, they earnestly prayed for death. God, the avenger of unrecompensed guilt, will surely mete out justice in His own time. Justice will claim its own.

In these once peaceful, happy vales, where from every saintly dwelling the songs of praise and thanksgiving ascended on the morning and evening breeze, when the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience was unrestrained, when domestic peace and happiness were unmolested, this ever memorable day was crowned with gaiety, innocent mirth, rejoicing and thanksgiving. Fathers and mothers, parents and children were happy in each others' society. Now, where are the fathers? Some of them to evade the merciless hand of persecution are voluntary exiles in foreign countries. Many of them are wasting their time and energies in the dreary confines of loathsome prisons in our own land—a land of boasted freedom and equal rights.

Our leaders, whose genial presence was wont to cheer us, and whose wise counsels, emanations

from God, were as the Polar star, are no longer in our midst—wives and children are left without their natural protectors; and all this for conscience' sake. The blessings of home, "sweet home," the foundation of all natural greatness, and grand incentive to all that is desirable, elevating, and ennobling in human life, are now being wrested from us by unscrupulous government officials. The very people who opened up a path in the desert—who, by unparalleled toil and privation have, through the blessing of God made this, the once dreary and desolate region, to blossom as the rose, until it has excited the envy and greed of the spoilers of our peace and prosperity, are now being robbed of those constitutional rights and liberties guaranteed to American citizens by our forefathers.

In my lone widowhood I have had one dear brother—one of my father's family, with whom I have often taken sweet counsel. Where is he now? Incarcerated in prison—like a felon confined within grated bars, and clad in a felon's suit. What has he done? He has held sacred and inviolate all constitutional laws of our country, and the unconstitutional one he has fully obeyed. Then why in prison? Persecution has driven him there. The highest judicial court in these so called United States—the court of last resort, to which he appealed, acknowledged its imbecility—it is powerless in meting out justice to the Latter-day Saints, and my brother has no alternative.

Under the circumstances which now surround us, the sable drapery—the insignia of mourning becomes the occasion."

Singing, "Beautiful Day" by the children. The Articles of Faith of the the Latter-day Saints were then recited by forty-two boys and girls; Address by Elder B. H. Roberts,

"DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIBERTY AND  
BONDAGE."

*My Brethren and Sisters:*

We have met on this occasion to bear witness to the world that we hold in sacred remembrance the entrance of the Pioneers into this region.

The story of that very remarkable journey of the pioneers across those dreary plains between the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi river, together with the arrival of the Pioneers in these mountains and the results growing out of their labors have already been related by a son of one of that noble few who took part in laying the foundation of this commonwealth in this valley, a thousand miles and more from the frontier of the United States. That story was briefly but eloquently told.

It has been my fortune to travel considerably through a number of the United States, and invariably have I noticed that the old settlers, the Pioneers; were held in very high esteem by communities that grew up around the district of country where they first settled. It is eminently proper that the pioneers of any land should be held in honor, for I know of no labor that is more noble in its character than that which is performed by those brave men who go out into the wilderness, erect their rude cabins, break up the virgin soil, and who say to the elements by which they are surrounded, "Yield me up a livelihood; under God I am king here!" Their self-denial in leaving the luxuries of civilization for the toils and hardships of pioneer life should knit them to our hearts in bands of steel. If the doctrine that Socrates enunciated is true, that "he who causes two spears of grass to grow where only one grew before," is a benefactor of mankind, how much more are these pioneers benefactors of mankind, who laid the foundation of States and empires, and made it possible for the crowded communities of the East to find homes in God's sunshine, where health and plenty and peace crown the labors of their hands.

Humble their lot; yet theirs the race  
When Liberty sent forth her cry,  
Who thronged in conflict's deadliest place.  
To fight—to bleed—to die!  
Who cumbered Bunker's heights of red,  
By hope through weary years were led,  
And witnessed Yorktown's sun  
Blaze on a nations' banner's spread  
A Nation's freedom won.—

My friends, they were pioneers as well as patriots.

Utah in the past has not been found wanting in paying honor to her pioneers. As the great wheel of time has brought to us the anniversary of the entrance of our Pioneers into this valley, we have welcomed it with praise and thanksgiving to the Giver of all good; with the roar of cannon, with songs of joy, and every demonstration of gladness. The exercises of to-day however are of a different character from those that have been customary in the past. The music is solemn, the drum is muffled, and in the decorations of this hall are the emblems of mourning. Why is that? Because, forsooth, in this land whose prosperity was founded by the toil and labors of the Pioneers, we find the silver haired men that used to crown these platforms are not with us. They are driven from the homes that they builded by their own toil, they are absent from the families that they love. What for? The crimes they have committed? No; but you read why it is in the motto that is printed upon that arch (pointing to an arch over the stand): "Exiled for conscience' sake." It is written elsewhere too, (indicating another motto on the stand): "Those not here are in jeopardy, in prison and in foreign lands, because they prefer to obey God rather than man." (Indicating another): "Those who are absent choose to be wanderers in their own land, in preference to being the victims of those who have selected them for their ruin." These mottoes all tell us the reason why the Pioneers are absent from us; and under these circumstances, would it be fitting for us to celebrate Pioneers' Day as we usually do, with the Pioneers absent—in exile? Nay, we would rather have around us the emblems of mourning, because of the injustice that has been heaped upon their devoted hands. We prefer to place ourselves in harmony with the divine injunction, "Weep with those who have cause to weep, and rejoice with those who have cause to rejoice;" and, when the clouds have been swept away, as they will be, when our silvery-haired pioneers shall be able to take their place in our midst for one I feel like saying then, and not till then, shall the voice of rejoicing be heard on Pioneer Day.

Let us pause for a few moments just to enquire what our enemies are trying to accomplish. These pioneers in years past married our mothers; and, under God's law, in the holy bonds of matrimony, they begot the children that now throng this vast hall. Our enemies demand that the wives that they then took shall be banished from the households of these men. They demand that they shall be degraded from the honored station of wifehood; that a brand of infamy shall be placed upon their offspring, and they nobly refuse to accept such terms of accommodation as these. They say to those who desire them to yield, that this is part of their religion. The answer comes from our enemies that it is not religion—it is a crime. We ask, who gives them authority to step between this people and their God, and dictate to them what shall be their religion. If it is not theirs, it is ours; nevertheless, we propose to be true to our fathers and our mothers.

Let our enemies look over the history of the past. Surely they have read history to little profit if by force they hope to crush out the religious sentiments and convictions of the human heart. Why, during the reign of Mary, Queen of England, the daughter of Henry the Eighth by his wife Catherine, you remember a persecution was

waged against the Protestants in her kingdom, and during the five years of her reign 277 were tied to the stake and burned to death. Fifty-five of these were women; four of them were children. But did this awful persecution crush out the convictions of religion in the hearts of those people? No. In spite of the faggot and the flame, their faith rose triumphant over all the persecutions, and they established their religious system of worship which led to the granting of religious liberty to all English subjects, and we in America have inherited the fruits of their achievement. With this lesson of history before them, can our enemies hope to crush the conviction of our hearts? With a united voice we tell them no; they can not; it will not be done.

Here will we hold: We love the institutions of this great Republic, and hold them dear; we believe it to be our destiny yet to rescue that instrument, the Constitution, from the hands of those who would destroy it. We will remain true to those principles that have been bequeathed to us by the fathers of the Republic. But we will not surrender the convictions of our hearts, or be untrue to our parents, or untrue to our God—we refuse to make that sacrifice; and, as that motto reads (pointing to the motto) "Under the Everlasting Covenant, God must and will be glorified."

The S. S. children repeated in concert the following prayer:

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. We, the children of Thy people, call upon Thee in solemn prayer. To-day we celebrate the advent of the Pioneers into this valley. We acknowledge Thy hand in leading them thither. We praise Thee for the changes that have been wrought since their coming. The wilderness has been turned into fruitful fields; waters have sprung forth in the desert; and orchards and gardens and pleasant homes through Thy blessing upon honest toil, now beautify the land which was then a barren waste. Plenty smiles on every hand and peace flows like a gentle stream. Schools and assembly halls, tabernacles and temples have been reared for our benefit, and the voice of inspiration has guided us in the path of light and life. We thank Thee for all thy mercies; for Prophets and Apostles, for revelations and counsels, for parents and teachers, for thy Holy Spirit, for gifts and blessings without number. Yet, Oh Lord, we mourn the absence of our leaders. Because of ignorance and iniquity Thy righteous laws are opposed, and those who proclaim them by Thine authority are shut up in prison or driven into exile. We pray for their deliverance. Fond hearts are filled with sadness, the places of loving husbands and fathers are vacant. We beseech Thee to comfort and bless them and all who suffer for the truth's sake. May the trials through which Thy people are passing tend to purify Zion, divide the righteous from the wicked, hold up the standard of the Gospel to the world and glorify Thy Name in the earth. Have mercy upon those who bring trouble upon Thy people, that they may see their errors and repent. But may their wicked schemes fall and their wrath be made to praise Thee. Help us to be good and true, to walk in the path of the just, to follow the footsteps of our faithful parents and to grow up in purity and in honor before Thee. Bless the Pioneers and their posterity for ever. Soften the hearts of the rulers of this nation, that they may do justice to Thy people. Let Thy light shine! Come to the help of Thy Zion! Glorify Thy name in the triumph of Thy truth in all the world! Prepare us for every trial! Give us power over all evil! We worship and adore Thee as our Father, our King, and our God. We consecrate our lives to Thy service forever, and ask all and dedicate all to Thee in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Redeemer. Amen.

The Tabernacle choir rendered the part song, "Now pray we Deseret."

Sentiment—Jno. C. Cutler, Presidents, Apos-

ties, High Priests, Seventies, Elders and Bishops, Pioneers, in laying the foundation of a great commonwealth, and in rearing the glorious fabric of civil and religious liberty, which has made Utah the glory of our common country, ye are absent from us on the anniversary of this memorable day, not for wrongs done to God or man, but because your virtues contrast so resplendently with the baseness of the conduct of those who persecute you. Ye stand as a living rebuke to the wickedness of this generation. No wonder, then, that men in power would destroy you or immure you from the light of day in prisons and penitentiaries. We are thankful to our God for giving us such leaders, and we ask Him for strength and courage to emulate your glorious examples.

Music by S. S. Union Band, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Song by the children, "Hope of Israel." Music, Beesley's Band, "Dead March in Saul." Benediction by Bishop L. D. Young.

### R. S., Y. L. M. I. A. & P. A. REPORTS.

#### MARICOPA STAKE.

The quarterly conference of the Relief Society of the Maricopa Stake convened in the Society Hall, Mesa City, June 17th, 1886, at 1 p.m., Coun. Susan Savage presiding. There were present a majority of the officers of the Stake, also a number of the brethren.

After the usual opening exercises of singing and prayer, the minutes of the March Conference were read and accepted. The reports from the different branches were very favorable, all being represented with the exception of Tempe, Coun. Adelaide Allen representing the Mesa Ward, Prest. Lizzie McDonald the Lehi Ward, and Prest. Ann Klienman, the Almy Ward.

A number of the sisters were then called upon, who spoke briefly, rejoicing in the glorious work we are engaged in, and expressing a desire to remain faithful to all the principles of the Gospel.

Coun. Susan Savage spoke of the various duties required at our hands to retain a name and standing with the Saints of the Most High. Spoke in a forcible manner of the necessity of complying with the word of wisdom, quoting from the revelation, showing that it was adapted to the capacity of all who may or can be called Saints. "Let us obey these laws, that we may be enabled to rebuke the power of the destroyer when he visits our households, for without we do there is no promise." Gave some good instructions in regard to the rearing of children.

Bro. Charles Robson said, "Sister Savage has preached us a good sermon on the Word of Wisdom," felt to bear testimony to its truthfulness, also the benefits to be derived from a faithful observance of it. "The Lord has warned us, and unless we heed the warnings we shall have to suffer the consequences." Thought the sisters were doing a good work. You should counsel and advise with each other, and use an influence for good over your husbands and children." Felt to rejoice in the integrity shown by our brethren, who were being persecuted for their religion, choosing rather to suffer bonds and imprisonment than to forsake one principle of their holy religion.

Bro. James Allen and A. F. Stewart followed with encouraging remarks, endorsing the instructions which had been given by the brethren and sisters; felt that the spirit of the Lord had been poured out in rich abundance.

After a few remarks by Coun. Savage, conference adjourned for three months. Singing, "God moves in a mysterious way." Benediction by C. I. Robson.

SARAH M. POMEROY, Sec.

#### BEAR LAKE STAKE.

Minutes of Y. L. conference of Bear Lake Stake, held in St. Charles, Idaho, July 18th, 1886, at 10 a.m., Prest M. E. Pugmire presiding. Singing, "Thou dear, redeeming, dying Lamb." Opening prayer by Bishop Hunt. Singing, "All hail the glorious day. The Roll was called, showing a fair representation. Minutes of previous conference read and approved.

Prest. Pugmire then called for verbal reports, and the following associations were represented: St. Charles, Sarah A. Alfred; Garden City, Amy E. Cook; Lake Town, Mrs. Willis; Randolph, Elizabeth South; Bloomington, Mary Patterson; Montpelier, Bianca Osborne; Woodruff, Paris 1st Ward, Paris 2nd Ward, and Ovid not represented. The statistical and financial report for six months, ending June 30th, 1886, was read showing an increase of members and a fair condition of finances.

Coun. Amy E. Cook. Spoke encouragingly, laying before them the duties and responsibilities that rest upon each and every member, in order to advance the association they belong to. Admonished the sisters to live so that they could accept every principle advanced, for we were not taught anything but that which was pure, elevating, and calculated to make us good and wise. The opposition with which we were contending would prove who would bear the cross and wear the crown; that a life of integrity, faith and good works will entitle them to. We should be kind when we felt to rebuke, and not resort to coercive measures.

Bro. Folstead then addressed the conference, taking for his text, "Was woman's mission inferior to man's?" showing the responsibility that rests upon the mother, and the necessity of the proper exercise of that authority which a mother should wield in her family; as there was no position on earth more important than that of motherhood, was she running her duty as the layer of the foundation stone of the great temple of humanity? She should be good, wise and learned, for they are the first teachers of the young, and should be a perfect example of honesty, uprightness and virtue, as any little dereliction from the straight line of truth will be copied. "Try to exercise a spirit of forbearance however tedious the enquiries may seem, and teach them how to become good housekeepers and desirable companions in life, and that virtue is above prize.

Sister L. M. Rich was much impressed with the timely remarks of the speaker, who had preceded her, and hoped they would make a lasting impression; thought too much importance could not be attached to the subject laid before us. Several cases had come under her observation while in Salt Lake City, not long since, where girls, through contaminating influences and the machinations of evil and designing men, had been brought to dishonor and shame. Thought that a calico dress and a pure heart free from guile was far preferable to the finest apparel, gotten at the sacrifice of virtue and honor; and also they realize when too late, and would give all to be back among friends and associates of the past. "We should seek each day for the Spirit of God to dictate our movements, and that will prove a shield and protection at all times." Felt to thank our Heavenly Father for the peaceable surroundings and the blessings we are daily recipients of.

Singing, "Blessed are the people," etc. Benediction by Vincent Pugmire.

#### SALT LAKE STAKE.

The quarterly conference was held in the 14th Ward Hall, June 25th, 1886. On the stand were Mrs. M. Isabella Horne, Mrs. B.

W. Smith, Mrs. E. S. Taylor and the Secretary, Mrs. E. Howard. After singing and prayer and roll called, minutes of the last conference were read and accepted. First Ward reported by Prest. Steele; Second, Coun. McGregor; Third, Coun. Smith; Sixth, Prest. Fullmer; Seventh, Coun. Woodbury; Ninth, Prest. S. E. Groo; Tenth, Coun. Harrison; Eleventh, Prest. McMaster; Twelfth, Prest. Druce; Thirteenth, Coun. L. A. Wells; Fourteenth, Coun. M. W. Wilcox; Fifteenth, Coun. R. Jones; Sixteenth, Prest. Reid; Seventeenth, Prest. B. W. Smith; Nineteenth, Coun. Neal; Twentieth, Coun. Barton; Twenty-first, Coun. Davis; Hot Springs, Prest. Fulsom; Big Cottonwood, Prest. Howard; South Jordan, Prest. Holt; Brighton, Prest. Hazon; Riverton, a Coun.; Sandy, Coun. Wilson; Granger, Prest. Porter.

Prest. Horne made some closing remarks. Singing, Doxology. Benediction by Mrs. B. W. Smith.

Afternoon session: After the opening exercises, Prest. Horne addressed the sisters upon their duties in the Society, and the care and training of children, observing the Sabbath day, and spoke upon the storing of grain for a day of famine.

Mrs. Mary S. Clark, of Farmington, spoke upon our spiritual needs, and her disapproval of the Saints following after the fashions of Babylon, the power of the evil one, the necessity of obeying the commandments of God, also upon the work in the Temples for the living and the dead.

Mrs. Presendia L. Kimball made a very impressive speech, in which she spoke upon charity and humility, the comforting of others, and exhorted the daughters of Zion not to follow after the fashions of Babylon, and to attend the meetings, partake of the sacrament, etc.

Dr. Ferguson said, "Our enemies are trying to deprive us of the blessings we now enjoy; we will have to be a light unto ourselves; our leaders are away from us; and the time may come when we will have no one to counsel with, therefore we should use the privileges we have to good advantage. Here our enemies have nothing else to do but think of how they can pervert the laws to our detriment, but in the world we are looked upon as the down-trodden women of Utah. \* \* \* In Washington there is immense wealth and grandeur, and there is extreme poverty and distress; 7000 poor are languishing in want of the comforts of life. \* \* \*"

Mrs. B. W. Smith spoke of the memberships now due to the Deseret Hospital, and also referred to the Society donations, also earnestly advised the sisters in the Relief Society to look after the poor, the needy and the suffering, that they might not come under condemnation by neglecting their duty to them.

Coun. E. S. Taylor said, "Those who preside over the different branches are absolutely required to report at our conferences, by either the president, a counselor, teacher or member; some one will have to see to this duty. We have many energetic sisters in the Relief Society, and we are required to represent ourselves; we will see the day when we will be glad that our names were enrolled in the Society; we ought to be interested in the Y. L. M. I. A., visit the meetings and help the young girls in their duties, and encourage them by our presence."

Prest. Horne thought we should have two days for meetings, "for we do want more spiritual food for our improvement. We intend now to hold our conference on Thursday, so the Y. L. can hold theirs on Friday and the Primary on Saturday." She spoke of her call upon Gov. West; said he listened to her politely; said, "We explained to him our brethren could not break their covenants. He seemed

quite interested when we told him our position. Our enemies are accomplishing the purposes of God; let us stand to what we profess; we want to be on the Lord's side." Hoped we might have the Spirit of God in our homes.

Conference adjourned for three months. Singing, "Glory to God on high," etc. Benediction by Mrs. Elizabeth Howard.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Helen Hunt Jackson always declared she dreamed her poems—did not compose them herself.

Every duty well done adds to the moral and spiritual stature. Each opportunity eagerly grasped and used is the key to larger privileges.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds.

No girl, whether from the lowest or the highest position, is fit to become a wife, a mistress of the home, who has not been carefully educated in all the accomplishments and details of the kitchen.

The effect on the health of women produced by sixteen hours per day of cooking, dish-washing, sewing, sweeping, baby-tending, and the numerous other labors that constitute the sum and substance of housekeeping has never disturbed the digestion or conscience of men. They are concerned about the health of those women only who enter remunerative occupations for "higher education."—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

Courtesy is due to others. It is helpful to others. Treat even a base man with respect, and he will make at least one desperate effort to be respectable. Courtesy is an appeal to the nobler and better nature of others to which that nature responds. It is due to ourselves. It is the crowning grace of culture, the stamp of perfection upon character, the badge of the perfect gentleman, the fragrance of the flower of womanhood when full blown.

Most girls, almost from babyhood, if permitted to be with their mothers in the kitchen, love to see the work done, particularly the cooking; and nothing delights them more than to be allowed to attempt to make some simple article themselves. This early play will not be forgotten. Girls that grow up under such training or indulgence will have no fear of the real care when it comes to them as a duty.

Avoid the scolding tone. A tired mother may find it hard to do this; but it is she who will get most good by observing the rule. The tone of scolding tells upon the throat, just where a woman who is not over-strong is apt to feel the ache of extreme fatigue. The children, too, who are great imitators, will be sure to catch the scolding tone, and will talk to their dolls, to one another, and by-and-by to their own children, very much as their own mothers are now talking to them.

Never let your honest conviction be laughed down. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of ridicule than you can enjoy life if you live in constant fear of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and make a point of morals, do it—not for insolence, but seriously and gravely, as if a man carried a big soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Be true to your conviction, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your conscience.

In Garfield County, Nebraska, there are 377 single men and only 68 unmarried women.

Miss Gladstone writes in a letter to a friend: "Papa regrets the results of the elections, of course, but he is not at all disconcerted. He is quite happy, and is at this moment reading 'Dante' under a tree."

Patents have been granted to women, during the week ending July 6, 1886, as follows:

Elizabeth J. Cole, Milwaukee, Wis., Frame for making rugs.

Susan O. Grover, Granville, Ohio, Coffin attachment.

Lizzie McKeogh, Pittsburg, Pa., Foot-pad for machine treadles.

Ida H. Westgate, Worcester, Mass., Dress-protector and stiffener.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Secretaries of the Relief Society of Salt Lake Stake are particularly requested to send in their reports to the Stake Secretary, Elizabeth Howard, by the first of September. Reports sent in after that date will be useless. Address, Elizabeth Howard, 60 East 4th South St., Salt Lake City, Utah. By order,  
MRS. M. ISABELLA HORNE,  
President.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

To the memory of Mary Bronson, Secretary of the Relief Society of Wasatch Stake, who departed this life on the 9th of February, 1886.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father in His divine providence has called away our beloved sister, Mary Bronson, after a long life of usefulness spent in His kingdom here upon the earth.

Resolved, That while we feel to bow to His most holy will, we miss our sister in our association, and her wise, motherly counsel in our circle of loved ones.

Resolved, That we, as members of the Relief Society of Wasatch Stake, will hold her memory sacred, and strive in our lives to follow her example, who was always ready to perform her duty as Secretary in this stake.

Resolved, also, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved husband and family in the loss of a kind and affectionate wife and mother.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be placed upon record, a copy sent to the bereaved family and to the WOMAN'S EXPONENT for publication.

EMMA BROWN, President.  
SARAH ALEXANDER,  
MARY DAYBELL, Counselors.

#### OBITUARY.

Christena Swenson Funk was born July 10th, 1834, in Sweden; joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Copenhagen, Denmark, 1853; emigrated to Utah in 1863.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Resolved, That we, the members of the Relief Society of Newton, Cache Valley Stake of Zion, do hereby pay our humble tribute of love and esteem to the memory of Sister Christena Swenson Funk, who was called from our association by death on the 12th of May, 1886.

Though our acquaintance was numbered by months rather than years, a love and respect has been engendered that is seldom acquired through an intercourse of many years.

Sister Funk was a quiet and unassuming neighbor and a true Saint. She labored energetically and perseveringly as a teacher in the Relief Society, where her name was enrolled, in connection with ours, for about eighteen months.

The terrible cancer had already seized its victim when she first came into our midst, which she did to accompany her husband in an act of duty to God; he, Bro. Funk, having been called to the Bishopric of Newton.

Her malady rapidly, but surely increased in severity, until our dear sister was confined to her bed, and for some six months her sufferings were very agonizing. Her greatest regret seemed to be that she was curtailed in her labors of love among her sisters, and in the performance of her household duties. In the midst of all she humbly acknowledged the dealings of an alwise Providence.

Resolved, also, That we extend to her loving husband, our worthy Bishop, as also to the other members of the family circle, where sorrow's dart hath rudely pierced, our heart-felt sympathies.

And we pray that their stricken hearts may be solaced in their hour of affliction by the Holy Comforter.

SUSAN BARBER, President,  
ELIZABETH GRIFFIN, Secretary.

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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

VOL. 15.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, NOVEMBER 1, 1886.

No. 11.

## AN ANGEL VISIT.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO NELLIE'S  
MOTHER.

I saw her with a smile as sweet  
As angel ever wore;  
And in her arms, with tenderest love,  
A beauteous child she bore.

She spoke, her voice was music soft,  
No sign of pain was given;  
She told me what a blessed thing  
It is to live in heaven.

Upon one arm she held her babe,  
The other hand she raised;  
And said, "For all that I have known,  
God's name and power be praised!"

I thought to take her hand in mine,  
Her lips with mine to touch;  
But something told me to withhold,  
And not presume too much.

Then I remembered some great things,  
Our Father hath revealed;  
And though I longed to clasp her form  
The wish I kept concealed.

Ah! was it hidden then so well?  
She smiled a brighter smile;  
And moved her head as if to say,  
Not yet, but wait awhile!"

I drop'd my gaze to hide the thought,  
Or have it quite withdrawn;  
And when I raised my eyes again  
My angel guest was gone.

But the sweet influence which she brought,  
Still gently lingered near;  
And still resounded through my soul,  
Her voice so low and clear.

Thank God! that o'er this dark, cold world  
Some beams of light are thrown,  
Fairer than those which form the day,  
And to all eyes are shown.

Thank God! that we, through faithfulness,  
A portion may receive;  
Like our dear Nellie, never more  
To suffer or to grieve.

LULA.

## POETS AND POETRY.

BY BISHOP ORSON F. WHITNEY.

*A lecture delivered before the Teacher's Institute of Salt Lake County, in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, Wednesday evening, June 23, 1886.*

MR. PRESIDENT, PROFESSORS, AND LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN:

In an age and world given up to the rush and roar of railways, steam-ships, the miracles of labor-saving machinery and other mighty practicalities, when things regarded as theoretical or purely ideal are looked upon with comparative indifference and are at a discount in the popular mind, the mission of the poet is apt to have its utility gravely questioned. What is the poet good for? and what is the good of poetry? are queries that have doubtless flitted through many a mind, imbued with the idea that nothing is useful which does not in some way increase man's material wealth or minister to his temporal needs.

To answer, in part, these queries, and refute

this sordid and all too practical argument, will be the purpose of my present effort. And with an audience like this, willing to be and perhaps already convinced that the poet has a mission in the world, and that the world would do well to give him, at least, a respectful hearing, I anticipate no very difficult task.

I am satisfied that much of the prejudice against poets, and the distaste for poetry which exists in this prosaic age, are due entirely to misapprehension. Only those who are ignorant of what poetry means, will ask the question; what is it good for? This is true of two classes, those who have no poetry, or very little of it, in their natures; and those who are brimful of poetry and do not know it; who are really capable of appreciating it, and only need enlightening in order to enjoy to the fullest extent the fragrance and beauty of this flower, plucked from the gardens of Paradise and thrown to earth to delight the senses and refresh the souls of all lovers of the beautiful and refined.

It is my belief that many persons who think they dislike poetry are really poetical in their natures, and are indebted to it more than they imagine, for the success they may have achieved, even in practical pursuits, and for the enjoyment which their lives have afforded them. Notably is this the case with many public speakers, who owe to the poetic vein of their natures—which they perchance lightly esteem or entirely ignore—the purity of diction, magnetism, emotion, and power of utterance with which they sway the minds and hearts of the multitude. Where there is no poetry there can be little or no eloquence.

The commonest error made by many in relation to poetry, is that it consists simply in verse-making. They mistake the casket of meter and rhyme for the jewel of thought which it encloses, and perhaps in many instances, after close investigation, they have found the casket empty, and turned away with feelings of disappointment and disgust. Thenceforth, all rhymes were to them poetry, and all poetry trash and sentimental nonsense. Perhaps upon the worst specimens of doggerel that could be selected, they have based their estimation of the whole library of song. Newspaper warblings on "Spring," "Snow," "Fallen Leaves," "Did you Ever Call Me Darling," and other hackneyed or effeminate themes, they have classed with the divine epics of Milton and Homer. The croak of a frog in the marsh has sounded as sweet to them as the song of the nightingale in the forest; and the bray of the long-eared half brother to the horse has been to them no less lofty and soul-inspiring than the roar of a lion.

Furthermore, poetry, as expressed in verse, like all other arts and sciences, has its technicalities. The prose reader is often puzzled by its transpositions, its contractions, ellipses, and other poetic licenses and rhetorical figures, necessary to rhythm and style, and comparatively unknown in ordinary composition. And as these require some study to overcome, the mind naturally tires—unless the inducement to proceed is greater than the temptation to desist—and turns in impatient preference to the easier forms of prose. This may be one reason why poetry, even of a superior order, is not pleasing to some.

But all poetry, it must be remembered, is not written in verse or rhyme. I heard a very beautiful poem read a few weeks since, at the

commencement exercises of the University. It was an essay on the "Influence of Passion," by one of the young graduates. Not two lines of it rhymed together, nor was it written with any apparent regard to the rules of metrical composition, but it was a poem nevertheless, and the pen that wrote it was wielded by a poet, or one gifted with poetic ability.

We must not mistake the fruit of a tree, either, for the tree itself. What is commonly called poetry—that which we read or hear spoken—is the blossom and fruit of poetry, or more properly speaking, of poesy. Poesy is the gift, poetry the expression of the gift; poesy is the fount, poetry the stream that issues from it.

Says the poet Coleridge: "Poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language."

Another writer defines it at greater length in these eloquent words: "The gentle stillness of a spring-time evening, when, with heart attuned to the glories of the twilight scene, we listen enraptured to the closing song of busy nature, hushing to repose—this is poetry!"

"The coming storm, preceded by the rushing wind; the dark, angry, approaching clouds, capped with the flashing, darting lightning, with the low muttering, and anon the deep toned thunder coming nearer and nearer in its awful grandeur! To the lover of the grand and sublime—this is poetry!"

"The silvery quiet of the moonlight night, when we wander amid the jessamines and roses, with our darling, whispering words of love, and dreaming of the future—this is poetry!"

"The midnight hour in the attic, when, through the crevices of the roof and windows, we catch glimpses of the flashing lightning, and listen, slumber and dream to the music of the pattering rain drops on the roof—this is poetry!"

"The roaring cataract, the silvery rivulet, the towering mountain, the dark ravine, the opening rose-bud, the cherub child, the waving grain, the modest violet—all breathe the music of poetry!"

"The beautiful face, the gentle, thrilling pressure of the hand, the kettle singing for tea, the joyous meeting of the husband and wife on the return from labor at the twilight hour, the smile, the kiss—all this is poetry!"

"It flashes in the sky, it blossoms on the earth, it breathes music in the air, delighting the eye, charming the ear, and filling the soul with ineffable happiness—all this is poetry!"

"To appreciate, to comprehend, and to interpret this golden sunny halo of beauty, is the gift of the poet."

If these are correct definitions—and who will doubt it?—what must be the state of that mind which really hates poetry, and has no poetry within it?

Says Dr. Holland: "All that is grand and good, all that is heroic and unselfish, all that is pure and true, all that is firm and strong, all that is beautiful and harmonious, is essentially poetical."

"Poetry," says Coleridge, "has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

Again I ask—what must be the condition of that mind which hates poetry, and has no admiration for, or sympathy with, the good, the

pure, the true, the beautiful and sublime? Of such a one, might we not say with Shakespeare."

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as Erebus—  
Let no such man be trusted."

Sir William Temple wisely observes, of those who despise poetry and music, which are twin sisters: "Whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. It may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution; since some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination; as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself."

Thus it appears that poetry, so far from being the trivial toy that some people suppose—a soothing pastime for children, or for love-sick boys and girls—is something of superior import, and as worthy the attention of the wise and serious, as of the gay and thoughtless among mankind. Indeed, it is one of those things which only the wise can properly understand, and, as I have already stated, the reason why many people dislike poetry, is simply because they do not understand it.

Poetry is that sentiment of the soul, or faculty of the mind, which enables its possessor to appreciate and realize the heights and depths of human experience. It is the power to feel pleasure or suffer pain, in all its exquisiteness and intensity. All do not possess it in the same degree, nor can any one who is not totally depraved be utterly devoid of it. Nearly all men and women are poetical, to some extent, but very few of them can be called poets. There are great poets and small poets, and there are men and women who make verses. But all are not poets, nor even good versifiers. Poetasters are plentiful, but real poets are very rare. Education cannot make a poet; although it may polish and develop one. The poet is a child of Nature, and, as the old proverb says, "is born, not made." The greater the poet, the greater is his capacity to suffer and enjoy. This is why poets and other men and women of genius are often such violent extremists, with their lives and characters full of contrasts and apparent contradictions. All heights and depths of feeling are theirs; vast is their scope and marvelous their versatility. They are either soaring like eagles in triumph among the clouds, or groveling in despair in the depths of the abyss.

The poetic sentiment or faculty, I have said, is the power to feel intensely, either pleasure or pain. It does not always find expression in words. There are joys that are mute; there are sorrows that never sigh or weep; but are eloquent in their stillness, and all the more powerful for their imprisonment. Many poets have never written. They may have felt the divine fire burning within them, every nerve and fibre of their sensitive natures thrilled with joy or shaken with agony, and yet were powerless to pour out upon the palpitating air the burden of the song that resounded through all the secret caverns of the soul. The most eloquent poets, "whose words were sparks of immortality," have felt the painful inadequacy of language to illustrate their thoughts. Even Byron cries out amid the overpowering grandeur of the Alps, whose towering tops, glistening in their caps of snow—silvered by the moonbeams or frowning darkly amid the lurid gleams and mutterings of the storm—swept with Titanic fingers the harp-strings of his soul:

"Could I embody and unbosom now  
That which is most within me,—could I wreak  
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw  
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,  
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,  
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,  
And that one word were lightning, I would speak;  
But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

This, from one who could create, by the magic wand of eloquence and imagination, new worlds of light, and "people them with beings bright as their own beams," who could "with terror freeze the cowering blood," or "now dissolve the heart in tenderness," who "from above descending stooped to touch the loftiest thought, and proudly stooped, as though it scarce deserved his verse." In the same breath which bewails his poverty of expression, he thus addresses himself to the stars:

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!  
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,  
That in our aspirations to be great,  
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are  
A beauty and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from afar,  
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star."

Every school-boy is familiar with Byron's apostrophe to the ocean:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined and unknown."

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts;—not so thou,  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time  
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless and sublime,  
The image of Eternity—the throne  
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."

"And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy  
I wanted with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."

Somehow I have always suspected that poems of this kind were not written while on the bosom of the heaving wave. There are doubtless some people of soaring soul and cast-iron diaphragm who can "sail the ocean blue" with

all the æsthetic rapture which inspires them while standing upon the shore, letting imagination take a lone voyage; but these, I opine, are not yet as numerous as Abraham's posterity. I am prepared to wager a large orange that the bard who sang, "I'm on the sea," was at the time snugly ensconced in an attic, and that even the sublime oceanic rhapsodies of the immortal Byron were more the result of ocular than of tangible sensation. A man may "lay his hand upon the ocean's mane" with comparative comfort, but when the ocean takes it into his hoary head to return the compliment, the conditions are more than liable to be reversed.

I have quoted liberally from Byron, not only because I greatly admire his genius, but because he is typical, in some respects, of all poets. Not to surfeit you with his poetry, permit me to give one more brief selection, on the vanity of human ambition:

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those below,  
Though high above the sun of glory glow,  
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,  
Round him are icy rocks and loudly blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head,  
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led."

Few men have realized more fully the melancholy truth of these majestic words than the one who penned them. Gifted by heaven with all a poet's genius, and with all a poet's sensibility, he knew what it was to incur the jealous hatred of those whom nature and nature's God had made his inferiors. His sins were many, and they merited punishment, but his great "crimes," for which he was hated most, were in being gifted above his fellows, and having the temerity to tell more truth concerning them than they desired to hear. He was harshly, unreasonably criticised on the very threshold of his career; and later in life was covered with calumny and opprobrium. His soul, like a finely strung harp, swept by savage hands, cried out in resentment against the outrage and poured forth a mingled torrent of discord and melody. His satire was as keen as the arrows of Apollo; his invective as terrible as the thunders of Jove: and upon the heads of his traducers he poured out the vials of his wrath unsparingly. I am not an apologist for the sins of Byron; I am simply calling attention to facts that may plead in extenuation of his faults, and which furnish a reason for the extremes of good and evil to be found in his poetry. Byron might have been very different with other circumstances, other treatment and surroundings. It was the stormy experience of his life, which moulded the character of much of his poetry. His soul responded to every touch, gentle or harsh, that came upon it; it was a mirror throwing back the smiles and frowns of all beholders; a clear, calm lake, sleeping peacefully in the sunlight, but rippled by the faintest breeze, and capable of reflecting all the terrors of the storm. Byron, like all true poets, simply poured out what he felt. The cup of sweetness mingled with wormwood, which he quaffed and held to the lips of others, was made up of his own joys and sorrows, compounded by his own genius in the crucible of his own brain.

Thus is this poet a type, in many respects, of all children of genius. They who express most must likewise feel most, both of pleasure and pain; and this it is which creates for genius its dual destiny—its laurel wreath of bliss with misery interwoven—its couch of roses with its pillow of thorns. It is one thing to sip the sweets of poesy, and another thing to provide them for the world's delectation. That which gives us so much pleasure to hear may have cost its author untold toil and pain.

I will now present a few selections from

standard poets, only regretting that time will not permit my quoting from them all. Here is a pretty little conceit of Shelley's, called "Love's Philosophy."

"The fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean;  
The winds of heaven mix forever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle—  
Why not I with thine!

"See! the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me?"

Love, you know, is called "the poetry of life, and the life of poetry." Tennyson says of it sadly:

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
I feel it when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

Longfellow:—

"As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman;  
Though she bends him, she obeys him  
Though she draws him, yet she follows—  
Useless each without the other."

Burns illustrates gratitude and friendship in these touching lines, addressed to a dead friend:

The bridegroom may forget the bride  
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;  
The monarch may forget the crown  
That on his head an hour has been;  
The mother may forget the child  
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee,  
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
And a' that thou hast done for me."

Moore's picture of "Sunset."

"How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,  
And sunbeams melt upon the silent sea,  
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee,  
And as I watch the line of light that plays  
Along the smooth wave toward the burning west  
I long to tread its golden path of rays,  
And think 'twill lead to some bright isle of rest."

"Night," by Shelley:

How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh  
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,  
Were discord to the speaking quietude  
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread  
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills  
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;  
Yon darksome rocks whence icicles depend;  
So stainless that their white and glittering spires  
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep  
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it  
A metaphor of peace: all form a scene  
Where musing solitude might love to lift  
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness,  
Where silence, undisturbed, might watch alone—  
So cold, so bright, so still."

"Morning," by Edwin Arnold:

Lo! the Dawn  
Sprang with Buddha's victory! lo! in the east  
Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth  
Through fleeting folds of Night's black drapery;  
High in the widening blue the herald star  
Faded to paler silver as there shot  
Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam

Across the gray. Far off the shadowy hills  
Saw the great sun, before the world was 'ware  
And donned their crowns of crimson; flower by flower  
Felt the warm breath of Morn and 'gan to unfold  
Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass  
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light,  
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,  
Decking the earth with radiance, 'broidering  
The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe,  
Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved  
Glad salutation; darting beams of gold  
Into the glades; touching with magic wand  
The stream to rippled ruby; in the brake  
Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes  
And saying, 'it is day;' in nested sleep  
Touching the small heads under many a wing,  
And whispering, 'Children, praise the light of day.' "

Campbell:

"At summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way.  
Thus, from afar, each dim discovered scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been."

Burns:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower—its bloom is shed;  
Or, like the snow fall in the river,  
A moment white then melts forever;  
Or, like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or, like the rainbow's lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm."

Moore:

"Let fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;  
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—  
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Gray:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Longfellow:

"Never stoops the soaring vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
But another vulture, watching  
From his high, aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;  
And a third pursues the second  
Coming from the invisible ether,  
First a speck, and then a vulture,  
Till the air is dark with pinions.  
So disasters come not singly;  
But as if they watched and waited,  
Scanning one another's motions,  
When the first descends, the others  
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
Round their victim, sick and wounded,  
First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
Till the air is dark with anguish."

May Ryley Smith:

Sometime, when all Life's lessons have been learned,  
And suns and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us, out of Life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And how, what seemed reproof, was love most true.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart,  
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold;  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

Thoughts and words like these are the products of genius, and genius, in order to produce, must feel them.

"Genius," says Castelar, "is a divine infirmity—genius is a martyrdom. The poet seizes upon the light, the stars, the mountains, the sea, to convert them into ideas, into canticles. The poet dissolves the universe to mingle the colors for his pictures. But he cannot undertake this Titanic work without insuring his own destruction. He cannot go into the fire without being burned; he cannot mount to the extreme heights of the atmosphere without being frozen; he cannot enter the thunder-cloud without receiving in that conductor, his body, the shock of electricity. Those privileged souls which, flinging off the clay of this world, force their way upward till they become like bright stars in the firmament, almost approaching the angels; those beings—who from the rock of their own shipwreck hold forth the light to future generations—have fed the divine splendor burning in the lamp of their own brain with tears from their eyes and with blood from their hearts."

"Thus there is always an abyss in the depths of all genius. A crown of stars cannot be placed upon the brow unless there is at the same time a crown of thorns around the heart. One cannot enter the temple to inscribe an immortal name, but at the cost of writing it in the blood of one's veins."

These, my hearers, are the words of a poet—a poet who is famed as an orator, and who utters his thoughts, his poetry, in prose. Take one more draught from the same pellucid fountain:

"Life is full of complications, and for the same reason of insuperable difficulties. And as there are great contrasts in nature, there are also in society opposed forces. By the side of the prophet, who announces the future, arises the magistrate, who believes his mission to be the conservation of the present system, and who as a result of this conviction, persecutes the prophet; in the vicinity of every new thinker there exists an association which believes itself infallible; beside each reformer is placed the eternal cup of hemlock. It appears that seeds cannot fall upon the earth unless the vase which contains them is broken. Every old prejudice feels itself wounded by a new idea, and hates it accordingly. \* \* \*

Society is movement—but those who move it fall under the weight of its crushing wheel. Society is renovation, but those who renew it are slain by its old errors. We cannot aspire to be blessed by posterity without being cursed by our contemporaries. Savage beasts do not disappear from a country without having been long and patiently chased. How many bright intelligences fall, how many fail, how many die and depart like shadows in the struggle which is necessary to rid the earth of monsters. The greater number of people believe you are tearing their souls from God if you endeavor to uproot one of the prejudices or errors under whose shadows their fathers lived for ages.

"And you, poetic souls, you who come from purer regions crowned with flowers, beating your white wings, clothed with ether; with an immortal song upon your lips and a lyre in your hands, like the first angels who gazed upon chaos at the birth of the universe; you who bear imagination like a star upon your brows, and who live awe-struck and ecstatic in the contemplation of a world of ideas, which to us weak mortals whose vision cannot penetrate it appears a world of shadows—you cannot enter this sphere of realities without falling into an abyss, without tearing your wings

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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, Editor.

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## TRIALS TEND TO STRENGTHEN AND PURIFY.

The condition of affairs in Zion at the present time is calculated to stir the hearts of the Latter-day Saints to their innermost depths. One can readily say there is no parallel to the present state of things in the history of the Church. It is as though the people stood upon the banks of a precipice, so near are they to an impending crisis. And yet many are at ease in Zion, notwithstanding the warning voice of the heralds of salvation, and the constant teachings and instructions that are offered by those who are placed as guards and protectors to the people. The rapid fulfilment of ancient and modern prophecies is startling, and one cannot fail to discern the signs of the ushering in of the great judgments that precede the coming of the Son of Man. Yet with all these facts and terrors, as it were, staring them in the face, many refuse to hearken, and are as indifferent to that which is transpiring around them as the heathen, who know not God.

It is indeed a time for watchfulness, diligence and prayer; a time to labor earnestly and with zeal in every good cause for the building up of the kingdom of God upon the earth. There is much real work to do in the building of Temples; and the labor to be performed in them for the living and the dead, no one can estimate. With such responsibilities resting upon them, how can the people give way to folly and extravagance, forgetting the weightier matters.

What crowds of children and young people are growing up in Zion; and what magnificent prospects are before them, if they will only seek to attain to the fulfilment of their destiny, and carry out in their lives the precepts and teachings so freely given to them. Blessings lie about them, if they will only live so as to claim them. But the Lord has said He will have a tried people, and those who have set out for "the prize of the high calling," will have to accept the bitter and the sweet, and humble themselves sufficiently to pass under the chastening rod of the Almighty, and murmur not at His dispensations, but accept all in the spirit of meekness and forbearance, knowing that it will "work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," than to slide along without the rich experience and development that self-sacrifice and discipline give to the character of a Saint.

There have been more than seven years of prosperity and plenty for the people in these valleys of the mountains; Zion has indeed become strong in many respects, and the nations of the earth have looked upon her with envy and jealousy according to that which has been written. The Lord has made the earth fruitful for His people, and water has sprung up in many waste places, and the husbandman has been amply rewarded for his honest toil in subduing the earth, and redeeming it. Good and wholesome laws and regulations have been laid down here in this land, where freedom seemed indigenous to the country

for with its mighty bulwarks of strong mountains and towering hills, it seems a place of safety and refuge for the oppressed, and to possess the very elements of freedom and religious liberty. There is something specially sacred associated in the human mind with mountains. Men of God in olden times went up into the mountains to pray and offer sacrifices; the divine records show that Jesus often went up into the mountains; and persecuted peoples, in various countries, who have fled in times of crusades against them, have gone into the mountains for safety, and to escape the terrible fate of religious tyranny. The Latter-day Saints came here that they might have religious freedom, and they established a government in accordance with the Constitution of the United States, and the local political arrangements were the best that could be, for a people settling in a new country. But the time came when the prosperity and peace that had crowned the efforts of the Saints was interrupted, and a series of trials and difficulties have arisen, and dark clouds have gathered thicker and heavier as time moved onward, until it seems a time of peril; yet there should be no fear; however strong the enemies of the Saints may be, God is able to overpower them with only a handful of the faithful. Zion must and will be redeemed, but ere that day comes, there may be and must be great and mighty faith exercised by the pure in heart. The Saints have been instructed through the Scriptures, and sermons and writings of the prophets of this age, that the severest ordeals will be required to test the Latterday Saints, that they may be as gold tried in the furnace. This superior strength of character, that comes through the discipline of suffering, is what will purify and cleanse those who are earnestly seeking to live near to God and to do His will, trusting in Him for support and courage, though the way be ever so dark. The promises of God cannot fail, and the courage born of pain will triumph at last.

"Heavier the cross, the stronger faith;  
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;  
The vine-juice sweetly issueth  
When men have pressed the clustered fruit.  
And courage grows when dangers come,  
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

"Heavier the cross, the heartier prayer;  
The bruised reeds most fragrant are;  
If sky and wind were always fair  
The sailor would not watch the star;  
And David's psalms had ne'er been sung  
If grief his heart had never wrung."

## BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY.

The grand ceremony of unveiling the Bartholdi Statue was celebrated with great pomp and parade on Thursday, October 28th, at Bedloe's Island. It is spoken of as "The Great Event," by the papers generally, and must have indeed been a red letter day in the history of the country. The great city of New York was in holiday attire, and crowds of people, fine bands of music, distinguished guests from the nation's capital and other cities, the French and American flags flying from the different points of the city, the naval parade, the labor parade, the firing of guns, in which three Batteries took part, all these, and many other things, too numerous to mention in detail here, must have made this national inauguration of this Statue of Liberty one of the greatest events of modern times. The telegraphic dispatches give very full particulars, and are exceedingly interesting. In Broadway there were magnificent arches of evergreens, flags and mottoes erected in front of the *World* building. The *Tribune*, *Times*, *Sun*, *Mail*, *Express* and other newspaper buildings were tastefully decorated, as also many other elegant structures, in honor of the event.

"The music that was played while the officials

and guests were assembled on Bedloe's Island was followed by a signal gun, that announced the beginning of the ceremonies." Rev. Dr. Richard S. Starrs offered prayer, and Count Ferdinand de Lesseps delivered an address in behalf of the Franco-American union. Senator Evarts made the address of presentation, "and the ceremony of unveiling the statue of Liberty then took place and was followed by a salvo from all the guns in the harbor. After music, President Cleveland formally accepted the statue." An address was then made by the Representative of France, *Le ministre Plenipotentiaire et delegate extraordinaire A. Lafavre*. More music by Gilmores' Twenty-second Regiment Band, and Chancry M. Depew delivered a commemorative address. Old Hundred was played by the band, and the vast assembly joined in singing doxology. The ceremonies were closed with benediction, pronounced by the Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, D. D., assistant bishop of diocese of New York. A national salute was then fired simultaneously by all batteries in the Harbor, afloat and ashore. There was an evening illumination of the statue, with fireworks on Bedloe's and Governor's Islands and the Battery. A dinner in honor of the French guests was given at Delmonico's in the evening by the Chamber of Commerce.

The banquet at the Chamber of Commerce was an elaborate affair. Mr. James M. Brown presided. On his right were Messrs Albert Lafavre, Eugene Spuller, August Bartholdi, Governor David B. Hill and others. President Cleveland went direct from the festivities on Bedloe's Island on board the *Dispatch* in company with Secretaries Lamar, Bayard and Whitney to the Adams Express pier and walked to the depot, where the special train was in waiting to convey them to Washington.

It must be an imposing sight to witness such national ceremonies and listen to such eloquent addresses; but are the hearts of the people deeply impressed with the spirit of liberty? In the memorial speech of Hon. C. M. Depew, he says: "The spirit of liberty embraces all races in a common brotherhood, and it voices in all languages the same needs and aspirations." If the liberty of the American people is as much greater and broader than that of any other nation as the colossal statue just planted on American soil is than other structures commemorative of victories, science and industrial progress, then, indeed, will the people of the United States enjoy all the rights of free men and women, which may heaven grant to those persecuted and oppressed for conscience' sake and belief in an unpopular religious faith.

That this event may be significant of a truer bond of brotherhood among mankind, and a broader charity, that shall extend its mantle to encircle all who are striving after the light of truth, that it may herald in such a foretaste of the millennium, "is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

WOMEN voters will not fail, we trust, to cast their vote on Tuesday, November 2nd, election day for the candidate of the People's Party to the Fiftieth Congress, the Hon. John T. Caine, who has served the people faithfully in the past, and deserves an overwhelming vote.

To encourage the patrons of the WOMAN'S EXPONENT, we have decided to give to each subscriber of the paper, at Christmas time, a picture, which will be a suitable size for framing, of one of the most notable women of the Church—Lucy Smith, the mother of the Prophet Joseph. It is said by those who were personally acquainted with the lady, to be an excellent likeness.

R. S. REPORTS of Utah and Box Elder Conferences, poems and other articles have been crowded

out to make room for the lecture on "Poets and Poetry," but we trust the readers of the EXPONENT will be gratified in its perusal, and that it will be suggestive to the young people, awaken intellectual search, and stimulate progress in this department of fine arts.

THE effort being made by the anti-Mormons to establish an Industrial Home for women and children who are, as they think, likely to be left destitute and unprotected on account of the enforcement of the Edmunds law, will not receive the patronage of plural wives; they are too firmly established in their principles to accept a *home* which would place them under such conditions as they must endorse in order to secure the proffered aid.

"THE CHURCH CHRONOLOGY," or "A Record of Important Events," recently issued, was compiled and prepared for publication by Elder Andrew Jensen, Editor of the "Historical Record," a monthly periodical, and is in itself a supplement to that magazine. It is a book of 112 pages. The price, bound in cloth, is \$1, pamphlet form, 75 cts. It will be very useful as a book of reference, and the people will find it well worth the money. The compiler has evidently taken great pains to collect items and facts, and has so arranged them that it is easy to turn to any particular item wanted very quickly. Bro. Jensen calls it "a labor of love" in his preface, and we can readily comprehend him, knowing how interesting and absorbing are the incidents connected with the history of the Church to any true Latter-day Saint. It is a mental labor, and involving physical as well, to do literary work of this kind, whatever may be the idea of those who peruse such books. The index is arranged alphabetically, and the matter is ingeniously made up in years, beginning with the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith, in 1805. From that date to the close of the year 1884, the author has sought to specify the most important events that have transpired in the history of the Church. One may not at a glance through the book, comprehend the amount of thought and study it has required to bring all this into shape and make it presentable and readable. To those who wish to obtain a large number of facts without searching papers through, or reading the whole compiled histories and biographies, it will certainly be valuable. It will be a good book for strangers and inquirers, as well as for our own people. We hope Bro. Jensen will receive the patronage this little work deserves in its sale and circulation. We have not had time to go through it carefully, but have looked it over, and feel pleased that such a work has been undertaken by one who seems to possess ability and talent in this direction, as well as energy and perseverance to make a success of the undertaking.

#### THE TERRITORIAL CONVENTION.

The Territorial Convention was held in the City Hall in this City, on the 12th of October, Hon. James Sharp Chairman.

The following Platform and Declaration of Facts and Principles were presented and unanimously adopted:

##### PLATFORM.

The People's Party of Utah Territory, by its chosen representatives in regular convention assembled, solemnly proclaims for the careful consideration of all just men the following

##### DECLARATION OF FACTS AND PRINCIPLES:

First—We believe that the protection of life and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, should be the object of free government; that the Constitution of the United States represents the highest form of political government yet devised, and that under its provisions the greatest possible liberty consistent with safety is guaranteed to every citizen.

Second—We believe that free government can only exist where the people governed exercise the unrestrained right to choose their own officers; and that the doctrine that citizens resident in the Territories have no political rights inherent in themselves is at variance with the spirit and genius of our great charter, the Constitution, and is repugnant to democratic principles and the liberal spirit of the age.

Third—We believe that any party or faction of a political community that seeks to obtain political control by any other means than the ability to cast a majority of votes into the ballot box, is guilty of the grossest of political crimes, and should be branded as an enemy to human freedom.

Fourth—We believe that interpretation of the political and legal rights of the citizens under the Constitution should be made in courts free from local or general prejudice, and that justice should be evenly administered to every person, regardless of the class to which he belongs.

Fifth—We believe that the right of trial by a fair and impartial jury is one of the strong bulwarks of liberty, and the trial of any one by a jury who have strong prejudices against the accused is a violation of well established principles and is a dangerous precedent which we solemnly denounce.

Sixth—Any effort of the government to manage church property is a violation of the spirit of the first article of the amendments to the Constitution, and is practically a union of church and state. And we denounce any attempt of the church to dominate the state, or the state to dominate the church as being dangerous to the liberty of the citizen. We also assert that any proposition looking to the disfranchisement of a class of citizens because of their belief in or adherence to any religious faith in direct contravention of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution in regard to religious liberty, and seeks to punish citizens for their religious belief. Such a doctrine, when we consider the difference of enlightenment of the ages, is more infamous than the decrees of the Spanish inquisition.

Seventh—We declare irrevocably in favor of woman suffrage; that the benign and purifying influence of wives and mothers may be manifest through the laws for the protection of our home and country.

Eighth—We approve the administration of local affairs so far as the people are permitted to exercise the rights of self-government. We assert that we have proven our ability to control the business of the state economically, progressively, and justly to every citizen. We point with pride to the fact that the taxes in Utah are lighter than in any other Territory. The Territory is out of debt, and the counties are practically in the same satisfactory condition.

Ninth—We emphatically deny the charge of disloyalty to the national government made against the people of Utah. We affirm that it is the duty of every American citizen to render obedience to the Constitution of the United States, and laws enacted in pursuance thereof. We pledge ourselves as a party to the maintenance and defense of constitutional principles and the natural and inalienable rights of mankind.

Tenth—We believe that Utah is entitled to sovereign statehood. Her citizens have an equal right to free government with the most favored children of this Republic. The National Congress is bound by every consideration of equity and lawful precedent to remove the chains of Territorial bondage from this community. Our population is nearly two hundred thousand souls, with greater proportion of native born citizens than is possessed by many proud and worthy States of the Union. If we can properly be kept in this enthrallment, a population of two millions of free-born and law-abiding citizens can be held in simi-

lar subserviency. Utah has for years possessed every requisite for statehood. The failure of Congress to recognize this right has propagated a hideous train of evils, from which the land can never be freed while this political wrong continues.

Respectfully,

E. G. WOOLLEY,  
Chairman.

Hon. W. W. Riter placed in nomination one of Utah's tried and patriotic citizens, the

HON. JOHN T. CAINE,

for Delegate from Utah to the Fiftieth Congress.

The nomination was greeted with applause, and was seconded by E. G. Woolley.

No other name was presented, and Hon. John T. Caine was nominated by a unanimous vote.

The question of electing a Territorial Central Committee was then taken up, and the following were elected as a

##### TERRITORIAL CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

Beaver County—P. T. Farnsworth.  
Box Elder County—O. G. Snow.  
Cache County—Geo. W. Thatcher.  
Davis County—Thomas F. Roueche.  
Emery County—Orange Seeley.  
Garfield County—David Cameron.  
Iron County—Edward Dalton.  
Juab County—F. W. Chappell.  
Kane County—John Rider.  
Millard County—J. V. Robison.  
Morgan County—James R. Stewart.  
Piute County—John R. Young.  
Rich County—Wm. H. Lee.  
Salt Lake County—John Sharp, E. A. Smith, Angus M. Cannon, Farnorz Little, John T. Caine, J. R. Winder, Junius F. Wells.  
Sanpete County—Wm. T. Reid.  
San Juan County—F. A. Hammond.  
Sevier County—Geo. W. Bean.  
Summit County—Alma Eldredge.  
Tooele County—H. S. Gowans.  
Utah County—S. R. Thurman, Warren N. Dusenberry, A. O. Smoot, Jr.  
Uintah County—C. C. Bartlett.  
Wasatch County—Abram Hatch.  
Washington County—John M. MacFarlane.  
Weber County—L. W. Shurtliff, Thomas D. Dee.  
At large—Emmeline B. Wells, M. Isabella Horne.

On motion of J. T. Hammond, the Central Committee were authorized to fill any vacancies that might occur in their number.

A vote of thanks was returned to the officers of the convention and the committee on platform for their services, and to Salt Lake City for the use of the hall in which the convention had met.

The President and Secretary were instructed to notify the Hon. John T. Caine of the action of the convention.

The President and Secretary were also directed to furnish to each member of the Territorial Central Committee a certificate of election.

After the reading of the minutes, the convention, at 2:45 p.m., adjourned *sine die*.

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, who traveled in Ireland last summer, has a new lecture entitled "Ireland Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow," which she is now prepared to give. In view of the magnitude of the Irish question, this lecture will have special interest. Her address is Lafayette, Indiana

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar opened this season's lecture course of the Western Reserve Club of Cleveland, Ohio, with her new lecture on "Ireland Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow," on the 6th of Oct. The following evening she gave it for the benefit of the Painseville Equal Rights Association. The papers speak in the highest terms of the lecture.

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and wounding your feet with thorns; you cannot descend from the fire in which you have been moulded to the coldness of our shades unless the dew of your tears is frozen in their fall, and the transparent vase of your hearts is broken by the hailstones."

This brings us face to face with the mission of the poet among men. Says Holland: "Verily the poets of the world are the prophets of humanity. They forever reach after and foresee the ultimate good. They are evermore building the Paradise that is to be, painting the Millennium that is to come, restoring the lost image of God in the human soul. When the world shall reach the poet's ideal, it will arrive at perfection, and much good will it do the world to measure itself by this ideal and struggle to lift the real to its lofty level."

I am not prepared to admit—nor do I suppose Dr. Holland meant to say—that the poets of the world are its only prophets, or that they are prophets in the same sense and degree as the inspired oracles of sacred writ. But I do believe that the gift of poesy and the gift of prophecy are akin to each other; that both are of divine origin, and that they generally go hand in hand. Prophets are almost invariably poets; and poets, in many instances, have been remarkably prophetic. Of the former class attest the writings of David, Isaiah, Jeremiah and others—veritable prophets and veritable poets—who, in some of the grandest poetry ever sung, have indeed "built the Paradise that is to be," and "foretold the Millennium that is to come." Read the parables and sayings of the Savior, you who love poetry and desire to pluck from its luxuriant parterres some of its sweetest and most fragrant flowers:

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Can our language boast anything purer, tenderer, truer, and more beautiful? Jesus of Nazareth was a poet, no less than a prophet, of preeminent genius.

Time and your patience would fail me in even glancing over the many conspicuous beauties of Bible poetry. One more selection—from Isaiah—and we will pass on:

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth.

Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

"Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

"For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

"And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

There are some people who think there is no poetry in religion. Such people, I fear, do not know what poetry means, or what religion means. Religion is full of poetry, and poetry is full of religion. The loftiest and sublimest poetry, as well as the sweetest and tenderest, is religious poetry, and it cannot be otherwise. I could cite many of the sayings of the Prophets, Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Parley P. Pratt, John Taylor, and scores of others with whom we are familiar,

and you would feel the poetry breathing in every syllable, blazing from every sentence. The fabled fire that Prometheus filched from heaven is not more strikingly a symbol for poetic inspiration, than is the Spirit of the eternal God the very muse that has inspired all true poetry that was ever written.

I do not include in this—I need scarcely say—the poetry of sensuality, of brutality, falsehood, hypocrisy and lust; which disgraces, and not adorns, wherever found, the world's literature. Neither do I palliate—however much I admire genius, its prostitution to ignoble ends. No true poetry was ever based on anything low and groveling. It is impossible to soil a sunbeam. The poet may pervert his gift, as the judge may disgrace his ermine, but the spirit of poetry, the genius of justice, can never be dragged in the mire. Day and night, dross and gold, are not more essentially separate, although their edges may join, than is the essence of poetry distinct from everything base, sensual and depraved. It is that high sense of right which scorns all wrong; the sword and balance of eternal justice; the voice of mercy pleading for the fallen; the tongue of truth heralding salvation and reform; the oracle of liberty proclaiming freedom to the captive, and deliverance to the oppressed; the thunder-bolt of retribution which lays the tyrant low. It is akin to that Spirit which leadeth into all truth; which reveals things past and things to come; which takes of the things of God and shows them unto mortals. The pillar of faith which cannot be broken; the light of hope which is never extinguished; the fountain of charity and love which never fails.

A few words in relation to prophetic poetry. An anonymous writer says: "So entirely do great poets soar beyond the reach, and almost beyond the ken of their own age, that we have only lately begun to have a right understanding of Shakespeare, or of the masters of the Greek drama—to discern the principles which actuated them, the purposes they had in view, the laws they acknowledged, and the ideas they wished to impersonate."

Here is a prescient glimpse of Shakespeare's worthy of one of the old Hebrew prophets:

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all that it inherit—shall dissolve,  
And like the baseless fabric of a vision  
Leave not a rack behind."

Tennyson, in Locksley Hall, foretells the triumphs—yet to be—of aerial navigation, and the advent of the Millennium:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder yet to be;  
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic  
sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly  
bales;  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a  
ghastly dew  
From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue;  
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing  
warm,  
With the standards of the people plunging through the  
thunder-storm.  
Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags  
were furled  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.  
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful world  
in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

Byrant, our American bard, gives this:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies amid his worshippers.

Charles Mackay, in a poem entitled "Eternal Justice," supplies this generation with some choice food for reflection:

"The man is thought a knave or fool  
Or bigot plotting crime,  
Who, for the advancement of his race,  
Is wiser than his time.  
For him the hemlock shall distill,  
For him the axe be bared;  
For him the gibbet shall be built;  
For him the stake prepared;  
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men,  
Pursue with deadly aim,  
And malice, envy, blight and lies  
Shall desecrate his name.  
But truth shall conquer at the last,  
For round and round we run,  
And ever the right comes uppermost  
And ever is justice done.

Pass through thy cell, old Socrates,  
Cheerily to and fro;  
Trust to the impulse of thy soul  
And let the poison flow;  
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay  
That holds a light divine,  
But they cannot quench the fire of thought  
By any such deadly wine;  
They cannot blot thy spoken words  
From the memory of man  
By all the poison ever was brewed  
Since time its course began.  
To-day abhorred to-morrow adored,  
So round and round we run,  
And ever the truth comes uppermost  
And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, gray Anchorite;  
Be wiser than thy peers;  
Augment the range of human power  
And trust to coming years.  
They may call thee wizard, and monk accursed,  
And load thee with dispraise,  
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon  
For the comfort of thy days.  
But not too soon for human kind,  
Time hath reward in store;  
And the demons of our sires become  
The saints whom we adore.  
The blind can see, the slave is lord;  
So round and round we run,  
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong  
And ever is justice done.

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,  
And nerve thy soul to bear;  
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring  
From the pangs of thy despair.  
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide  
The sun's meridian glow;  
The heel of a priest may tread thee down  
And a tyrant work thee woe;  
But never a truth has been destroyed:  
They may curse it and call it a crime;  
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay  
Its teachers for a time;  
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,  
As round and round we run;  
And the truth shall ever come uppermost  
And justice shall be done.

And live there now such men as these—  
With thoughts like the great of old?  
Many have died in their misery,  
And left their thought untold,  
And many live and are ranked as mad  
And placed in the cold world's ban,  
For sending their bright, far-seeing souls  
Three centuries in the van;  
They toil in penury and grief,  
Unknown if not maligned;  
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn  
Of the meanest of mankind;  
But yet the world goes round and round  
And the genial seasons run,  
And ever the truth comes uppermost  
And ever is justice done."

Poets do not always know what great truths they are telling. Like the prophets, whom

they so much resemble, they have in all ages "buildd better than they knew." Shall we say, then, that the prophetic poet is an accident, and the poetical prophet a design? No—rather let us ascribe them both to their great Author, Designer and Inspirer, that God may be all in all.

As to the question of poetry versus practicality, with which this lecture began, a few words in conclusion. It is only a seeming chasm which divides them—the difference between cause and effect. The world is indebted to poetry for its practical triumphs more than it is generally aware. Poetry has unveiled science, applauded enterprise, stimulated research and led to discovery in all ages. Tullidge, a local poet and historian says:

"It was the poets, they who die in garrets, who first gave birth to civilization. When the race was emerging from the barbaric splendor of empire-founding and war, our poets were the only historians, and they made peoples familiar with each other through the plastic medium of their gorgeous verse. Homer wrote the history of Greece and Troy ages before Plutarch wrote his lives of great men. [And four hundred years before Herodotus, the so-called father of history was born.—O. F. W.] We know more of what men were four thousand years ago, and gather more of the manners and customs of the early nations from Homer's Iliad than from any other work extant; nor should we forget the glorious Hebrew Bible—the very book of poets—which has been the basis of civilization these thousands of years: And if we come down to our poets of more modern times to learn the value of their gifts to the race, we have but to take the English language to discover that they have more than half created it. What have not Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Shelly, Moore, Scott and others done for us in this respect! The age of poets is the age of culture. The world is blessed when poets are born. Let sentiment and ideas flow into society, and poets must sing as do the birds when summer comes round. When there is no poetry in the air, human nature is rude and barbaric."

Thus, my hearers, is poetry shown to be the elder sister of history, the mother of language, and the ancestress of civilization.

The poet was a boon-giver and benefactor from the beginning. His seat is among the highest up that mount whose summit peers into the sources of thought, and like the mountain peaks at sunrise; his mind ever caught the first glimmerings of light as it dawned upon the world. His brain has been as the torch of the Almighty to kindle and illumine the nations. His mind has been the fountain whence have sprung thoughts that have induced millions to think. The ideas he first advanced have awakened ideas in others, until the spring has become a running brook, the running brook a river, and the river an ocean of ideas, inventions and achievements that have flooded and filled the earth with glory and civilization.

But the end is not yet. There are heights to climb which have never been surmounted; depths to fathom which still remain unsounded. The wheels of progress are not idle; the work of Omnipotence is speeding onward; and the world, the human race, though far from the goal of perfection, will yet be lifted to the poetic standard and raised to the poet's ideal.

## R. S., Y. L. M. I. A. & P. A. REPORTS.

### Y. L. M. I. A., SALT LAKE STAKE.

Minutes of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Salt Lake Stake, held in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, Friday, Sept. 17th, 1886, Coun. M. Y.

Dougall presiding. Singing, "Gladly Meeting." Prayer by Mrs. M. I. Horne. Singing, "Joseph Smith's First Prayer." Roll called, seventeen presidents responding. Minutes of the previous conference were read and approved. The Secretary then read the semi-annual reports of the associations, after which Coun. Dougall expressed regret for the incompleteness of the reports; hoped that the presidents would, in the future, see that these reports are sent in on time, that the general report might be complete. She reported the work of the Stake Presidency for the last quarter, saying they had held the regular meetings for the officers, and that they had been fairly attended, and had visited two associations since the last conference.

After this report, Sister Horne addressed those present. She expressed herself pleased in being able to attend a young ladies' conference, and in listening to such favorable reports. Said that the Lord loves the diligent worker, and not those who are only lukewarm. She thought the young should strive to be diligent and gain favor of the Lord. She read some of the prophecies of Isaiah, foretelling what will befall the daughters of Zion, and urged the young to consider these things and qualify themselves to be useful women—mothers in Israel, instead of devoting so much time in ornamenting their bodies. She claimed that the daughters are as precious in the sight of the Lord as are the sons, and that we are rewarded for our good deeds, and hoped all would do good and avoid even the appearance of evil.

Miss Clara Snedaker, President of the Mill Creek Association, testified of the value of these associations: desired to do her utmost to become acquainted with our religion; said everything she read led her to believe that this is the true Church of God. Prayed for the blessings of God to be with us continually to guide us in all our efforts.

Mrs. Emily S. Richards said: "I realize a lack of performing a duty makes us lose the spirit we desire," and for this reason she had responded to the call to address the meeting. She referred to her recent visit to Washington, and felt that she and the other sisters were blessed in their labors. She met some who were anxious to learn of our people, but the majority cared nothing about us, and accept only the false reports of us, etc.

Miss Sarah Eddington felt to respond to the call made upon her from a desire to do her duty. She felt a desire to keep every commandment of God and advance in His kingdom for she knew that there was no standing still in His kingdom, etc.

Mrs. M. A. Coulam said: "I realize it is time to be up and doing. The pleasure of the world waneeth, but the pleasures of heaven are something to live for, and do every duty for."

Mrs. Fannie Thatcher said that there was no place she loved to be better than in an assembly of the Saints, and she hoped she would stand ever true to her religion.

Mrs. Ellen Clawson expressed herself pleased to be at this meeting, and only wished it were crowded. She urged the young ladies to continue to do right, and remember the Lord continually.

Mrs. Aurelia Rogers urged the young not to indulge in slander and gossip, for we do not gain by it, and some one's reputation is often affected by it.

After a few remarks by Coun. Dougall, who bore a strong testimony to the benefit of fasting, the meeting was adjourned till 2 p.m. Singing. Prayer by Coun. Nellie Colebrook.

Afternoon session: Opened with singing, "Love at Home." Prayer by Prest. E. S. Taylor. Singing, "Our Mountain Home." Remarks by Coun. Nellie Colebrook upon mat-

ters of vital importance to the young girls—light reading, prayerfulness, acquiring knowledge and intelligence, gaining a testimony for themselves; urged them all to appreciate the blessings they enjoyed, and at the close of her remarks she cautioned the girls against backbiting and speaking evil words.

Mrs. S. M. Kimball made some interesting remarks, in which she said we might ask ourselves the question, "Who are we, and what is our destination?" Spoke of our former state of existence, and that we had kept our first estate, otherwise we should not have had our bodies; but we were not in a progressive state. Spoke of the fall, and added that what Eve had done had generally been looked upon as a misfortune, a weakness of hers, but she considered it the greatest thing she could have done for her descendants; thought one of the first grand lessons for young women to learn was self-preservation. Spoke of the mission given her to the Y. L. in connection with Sister Taylor; spoke of the necessity of purity, and that it was expected the daughters of Zion would be polished after the similitude of a palace.

Coun. Mattie H. Tingey, who had been in delicate health, and not able to attend meetings or conferences for some time, was the next speaker. She testified to the power of God in healing her, and returned thanks to Him and to the sisters for their faith and prayers in her behalf. Exhorted the young girls not to give way to evil influences and gave some illustrations of the same, and urged them to heed the good instructions they were receiving from time to time.

Dr. E. R. Shipp related a circumstance showing the efficacy of a mother's prayer and also spoke of purity for only the pure in heart would be able to stand.

Mrs. Harper bore testimony to the truth of what had been said and hoped we would be able to carry it out in our daily lives.

Dr. Maggie C. Shipp gave some excellent instructions and said the power of the adversary is greater than the young girls can imagine and prayed that they might be strengthened to withstand temptation.

Prest. E. S. Taylor thought there had been excellent teachings, said "some had been apt scholars and they were the ones to whom we could look as patterns; some had fallen by the way; was it because they did not receive the Holy Ghost when hands were laid upon them? no; it was because that spirit was not cherished, and let this be a lesson to us. "Spoke of prayer as a safeguard and if they were in the company of thousands your angel will waft your prayer to your Heavenly Father. Beware of those who ridicule sacred things and watch the whisperings of the spirit, sometimes it leaves us that we may be tempted. Let us be brave and not give way to wrong impressions. We must learn to be self-reliant. It has been said the time will come when we shall have none of the Melchisedec Priesthood with us only the Aaronic, but may God help us to keep faithful.

Counselor Maria Y. Dougall said I feel to urge upon the young to put on the whole armor of righteousness, and I want my example and conduct to be such before my sisters that they may know that I am in earnest. Sin and iniquity are rampant and there seems to be an under current that we know but little of. Obedience is a keyword; if we had obeyed the revelation to President Taylor our enemies would have no dominion with us. Mothers talk to your children that the principles of the Gospel may not be strange to them; made other good and instructive remarks.

Conference adjourned for three months. Singing, "Give us room that we may dwell." Benediction by Mrs. Hadley.

## A PLEASANT AFFAIR.

On Wednesday evening Oct. 20th, a surprise was given to Sister Mary Whittle, President of the Relief Society of the Evanston Ward, it being her 59th birthday. About 40 of the brethren and sisters went to the house very quietly and surprised the inmates completely. The evening was spent in singing and dancing for a time; lunch was then served, after which all returned home. Sister Whittle was made the recipient of some very nice presents.

JAS. WHITTLE.

Evanston, Oct. 26 1886.

## CHESTER PRIMARY FAIR.

## EDITOR EXPONENT

I know that you will be delighted to learn that the young of Chester met under the auspices of dear Aunt Emma and her Counselor Sister Amelia Allred in the capacity of a Primary Fair. On the 23rd again came trooping this regiment of the little folks of Zion obedient to the call, and with songs, recitations, speeches and good words, the day passed in the midst of joy to young and old present.

To particularize would be tedious and especially where all was excellent. Specimens of the Jack knife, the culinary department, the garden, and the needle truly graced the tables and the occasion.

These are red lettered days for the young and fraught with good.

CHESTER.

## NOTES ABOUT WOMEN.

There are said to be numerous Masonic lodges in France composed exclusively of women.

Miss J. Rose Colby is teaching in the High School of Peoria, Ill., not in Michigan University, as erroneously reported.

Dr. Grace Peckham will deliver her lecture entitled "Nervousness of Americans," at Vassar College, some time during the present semester.

Dr. Eliza M Mosher, physician to Vassar College, is Vice-president of the N. Y. Association of Michigan University Alumni.

Patents have been issued to women during the week ending Oct. 9, 1886:

Sarah J. Byers, Lafayette, Ind., Ash-pan.

Estella Case, New York, N. Y., Rubber Sound-deadener and Packing Band.

Clara Frank, Cuff-holder.

Ella Maratta, Pittsburg, Pa., Coal-vault Grating.

Rebecca McKee, New York, N. Y., Insecticide.

Mary Sutherland, Diamond, Mo., Composition for Tanning.

An article prepared expressly for this number, entitled, "Autumnal Tints," and already in type, is crowded out for want of space. We make this apology, as the middle of November may seem rather late to describe the beauties of mid-autumn.

## OBITUARIES.

At Clarkston, Cache County, October 12, 1886, of paralysis, Huldah Bassett; born February 11th, 1808, at Quebec, Canada; baptized at Kirtland, Ohio, in 1832;

moved to Nauvoo in 1841 with her husband, Alpheus Harmon. He went on a mission, and on his way home was frozen to death, leaving her with nine small children. She was an eye witness to the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, her home being then in Carthage. She afterwards married Lorin Bassett, by whom she had four children. She arrived in Utah in 1863. She was the mother of 13 children; grandmother of 67, and great-grandmother of 32. She was full of zeal for the Latter-day work.

DIED, in West Porterville, Morgan Co., Oct. 3rd, 1886 of inflammation of the bowels, Sarah C. Dearden, daughter of William and Ann Dearden. Deceased was born Feb. 7th, 1868. A pure spirit has left us, one well prepared to dwell in a holier sphere, where she now shines among the jewels of that glorious court on high.

## RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

We, the sisters of the Y. L. M. I. A. of West Porterville Ward, unanimously adopt the following Resolutions:

Whereas, It has pleased an allwise Providence to call from our midst by the hand of death our beloved sister and friend, now,

Therefore, we, the members of the Y. L. M. I. A., wish to express the honor and respect entertained by us for her as a wise counselor and a true friend, who faithfully held the office of Second Counselor of the Y. L. M. I. A.; in which position she labored with love and intelligence, qualities that she ever exercised for the good of her associates.

Whereas, We acknowledge her loss, and her readiness at all times to give a helping hand and use her best abilities for the furtherance of the latter day work, and manifesting her devotion to its principles, Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, deeply sympathize with her bereaved family and friends; and, further, be it

Resolved, That these Resolutions be spread upon the record of the Association, and that a copy be sent to the WOMAN'S EXPONENT, and to the bereaved family.

"Ay, look upon this dreary, desert path,  
The thorns and thistles whereso'er we turn;  
What trials and what tears,  
What wrongs and wrath,  
What struggles and what strife  
The journey hath!  
She has escaped from these,  
And lo! we mourn."

EMILY E. BROUGH, Sec.

The many friends of Sister Martha Sampson will be pained to learn of her demise, which occurred on the morning of the 16th of September last, at her residence in Glenwood, surrounded by her family and friends. She had arrived at the advanced age of eighty years and three months. Sister Sampson first heard the Gospel, as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith, in Kirtland, which she embraced with a joyful heart, and was baptized in June, 1830, a few months after the organization of the Church; she also preached the Gospel to Orson Hyde, who soon after was convinced of the truth. She has to the day of her death borne a strong testimony to the truth of the latter day work. With her family she followed the Church to Jackson Co., Mo. Received her inheritance with her husband. They were expelled with the Saints from there; went to Clay Co. and were expelled again, suffering untold misery. Followed the Church to Nauvoo. Immigrated to the valley in 1851 and located in Provo. Was an active member in the Relief Society there; moved to Glenwood in 1865, where she resided until the time of her death. Here, also, she was Counselor to the President of the Relief Society. Sister Sampson was the mother of nine children, four of whom survive her. She had forty-nine grand children, fifty-seven great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild. She reared a number of her grandchildren, who were left orphans, to be men and women. Sister Sampson was very retiring in her habits, but she had a genial and kind heart. When she was attacked with the illness, that ended her earthly career, she told her granddaughter that she would like to go to the beyond, if her Heavenly Father was willing. She died with a smile on her face, telling of the heavenly joy that filled her soul. Her remains were taken to the bowery. The speakers were Bishop Bell, Counselor Heppler and Brother Ransford Colbey; they spoke words of comfort and instruction to the sorrowing friends; also bearing a strong testimony to the faithfulness and integrity of the deceased. She was followed to the grave by a large cortege of relatives and neighbors; the dedication of

the grave was made by Bro. A. Buchanan, Sen. We mourn the departure of our dear sister, but we are comforted, knowing that she fought the good fight; she has kept the faith; henceforth there is a crown laid up for her, which the Lord will give her, and not her only but all who have His approval.

## RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Resolved, That we, the sisters of the Glenwood Relief Society, do tender our love and esteem to the memory of our departed sister; we will miss her in her accustomed place; and also her many good counsels; we feel she has indeed shown us, both old and young, an excellent example of faithfulness, worthy of emulating, and we feel to say, "Peace to her soul." God help us all to hold out so faithfully to the end.

Whereas, We condole with her friends in their bereavement, yet we would not wish her back. Oh, how sweet is her rest after so long and tiresome a journey of life.

Resolved, That we spread these Resolutions on the minutes of the Relief Society, and also send them to the family and WOMAN'S EXPONENT for publication.

SARAH JACOBS,  
PATIENCE PALMER, Committec.  
LOUISANNA HEPPLER,

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# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

*The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.*

VOL. 15.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, NOVEMBER 15, 1886.

No. 12.

## APOSTROPHE.

Oh, Sympathy! thou dear and holy thing,  
Be not abashed—fear not to reach thy hand  
Unto the weary and the sorrowing,  
To soothe, to strengthen, and to help them stand.

Oh, Charity! remember what thou art;  
Shrink not from thy full mission here below;  
Thou canst not hurt the wounded, bleeding heart,  
What e'er the cause, thou must the balm bestow.

Oh, Wisdom! bear thy stately form erect;  
Lips may be mute, yet open wide thine eyes;  
The RIGHT is thine to cherish and protect,  
Thou art not moved by Error's smooth disguise.

And oh, Humility! thou good, safe friend,  
Hide not thy gentle face, though pained to see  
Those whom thou fain wouldst succor and defend,  
For thine opposer's sake will trample thee.

Oh, Love! hast thy whole story yet been told?  
Canst lift no more thy mournful, drooping head?  
Though crushed and smitten, though so pale and cold,  
Still shalt thou speak, sweet Love, thou art not dead!

Oh, Justice! thou hast waited long—so long;  
Thy look is fierce and searching, like the sun;  
Thy voice is sharp, thine arm is firm and strong;  
Who shall abide when thy day's work is done?

Oh, Mercyl ever hovering softly nigh,  
Yet nearer come—revive with thy pure breath,  
And with thy tender, lovely, pitying eye,  
The thought that Life is Life and Death is Death.

And thou, oh, Truth! the greatest, grandest Pow'r!  
Linking all Light to Light—spare not the rod;  
Save those who hold to thee in this dread hour,  
Cling to thine own, and lead them up to God!

LULA.

Oct. 1886.

## THE BOOKS WERE OPENED AND THE JUDGMENT WAS SET.

The judgment is set  
In the house of the Lord,  
And Jehovah is sharpening  
The edge of His sword,  
It will fall like a thief  
In the night upon those  
Who fight against Zion,  
Her sons and her laws.

What wonderful knowledge  
And power we behold,  
Where Jehovah is sifting  
And testing His gold;  
The furnace of Zion  
Has started to burn,  
And all will be tested  
Alike in their turn.

The refiner is set  
With his crucible now,  
And the token of justice  
Is stamped on his brow;  
And the balancing scales  
Are displayed by his side,  
While the sinner bewails,  
Stepping down from his pride.

The goddess of equity,  
Robed in her power,  
With the sands in her glass,  
Is forecasting the hour;  
When the feet of the needy  
Shall step on the dust  
Of the selfish and greedy,  
Who pamper their lust.

The scene we behold  
Is so noble and grand,  
Where the purest of gold  
In the furnace will stand,  
Unmoved by the power  
That a despot has used,  
To break and to bend,  
Where his mandate's refused.

The Gods are dictating  
The programme each day;  
While the wheat's being garnered  
The chaff's blown away;  
And the humble and faithful  
Still closer will cling  
When the stripe is laid on them,  
For all it can bring.

They will bow in submission  
And glorify God,  
For counting them worthy  
To taste of His rod;  
His sons and His daughters  
He'll surely correct,  
And caution and chide them  
With proper respect.

And naught shall betide us  
But what's for the best,  
To save and exalt us  
With Him in His rest.  
By suffering He perfects  
The sons of His love,  
Who'll reign with their Father  
In glory above.

And we shall rejoice  
And shout glory to God,  
Although we are bent  
By the weight of His rod,  
For He gives us the good;  
By His blessing we stand,  
And evil we'll also  
Receive at His hand.

Till the offering of Levi  
Is given again,  
And accepted and righteous  
His gift shall remain.  
And we'll live our religion  
And try to be one,  
Saying, "Father Almighty,  
Let Thy will be done."

JENNETTE PATON.

## AUTUMNAL TINTS.

There is no season of the year when the earth is more magnificent in its glory and beauty than the Autumn and especially October. In September the leaves begin to fade and turn yellow, and sometimes the pale blue sky is dim or leaden, but the mellow October days are rife with beauty.

One could easily imagine "the fairy folk" dancing over the hills and touching with magic wand the beautiful leaves until they dazzle and shine like burnished gold or flame up like a blaze of glowing fire in the distance. The trailing vines and briars variegated in color form such festoons of artistic loveliness that one feels like gazing with wonder on the scene, as though nature had outdone herself in the transformation. The fallen leaves—what sentiment they call up in the human heart, and how one loves to tread upon them, what poetical thoughts they inspire. The thistledown floats in the air, and the crickets pipe their shrillest notes in the flags and stubble. Immense flocks of blackbirds sail

across the pathway and over the brown fields lighting among the soft willows that fringe the water's edge. A few plain brown birds sing sweetly in the shrubbery, but the medlarks are quiet now, or have gone away. The red-headed woodpecker with gaudy wing is busy at his boring, making for himself and mate a shelter ere the winter storms come on.

In this country the woods are not so gorgeously attired as where the trees are old and heavy with moss and lichen, but the mountain oak and sumach are splendid, almost regal in grandeur of coloring, and in the cañons and upon the mountain side, make a display of their vivid beauty, especially when the sun is on them, that could scarce be equaled in any land, and that no artist could ever successfully imitate with paint and brush.

The murmuring music of the leaves when the autumn breeze begins to sway the trees, and they bend and sigh and moan, has something so pensive in it, that it thrills the human heart and softens it like the music of the harp with a thousand chords gently played by a skillful hand.

I doubt if the murmur of the sobbing sea surpasses in its soothing effect the music of the trees in Autumn when "the melancholy days have come."

October generally brings the soft radiant Indian Summer with its delightful weather when one can be out of doors all day long, and just comfortably warm, gazing upon the beauties of nature which are invigorating both to the body and mind. There is nothing more charming to me in the way of varying tints and shades of color than the beautiful veil or haze like the finest transparent gauze that lies like a graceful mantle upon the eastern mountains that half encircle this wonderful valley towards evening of these autumnal days. I have heard hundreds remark it, who have traveled in foreign lands and have gazed with admiration upon the Italian hills and skies and watched the sunsets of the land so famed in poetry and song. I firmly believe the sunsets in Utah are quite equal, if they do not surpass those of sunny Italia, but I regret to say the name Utah is not euphonious or musical in the least, there is no beauty in the name itself. Desert is much more to my taste and suited to the country and its people. I would much rather admire the glorious lights that come and go upon the Eastern mountains veiling them in silent beauty, and watch the glowing sunsets with their effects upon the lake and clouds in the distant horizon and with a passive silence drink in the beauty of the scene leaving all names and disputed questions for the time being; until the pale evening is ushered in and the stars one by one peep out and the harvest moon, yellow and mellow, sheds a silvery lustre over hill and vale; while reviewing all these wonders of the creation, and rejoicing in their harmony and completeness, one cannot but feel a nearness to divine power, and a reverence for that hand that has fashioned all things in heaven and on earth, and holds the keys of destiny in His holy keeping. How can we be grateful enough for the beautiful creations we enjoy, and appreciate all the good Father has given us. It is only through His Spirit we can be truly appreciative and grateful. The great lessons of life contentment, gratitude, earnestness of purpose, purity and obedience to divine laws and precepts—all these impress us more strongly when we

sit, as it were at the feet of nature, and contemplate the wonderful works of God our Father. He has made all these beautiful varieties of things for man's comfort, joy and happiness, and the rich and poor alike are endowed with them.

There is a subdued quiet, too, about the Autumn—dreamy, languid, lingering days, that some call monotonous and wearisome; but to one who lives much in his own thoughts and fancies, such seasons are a positive luxury. They may be monotonous to some, but to me they are placid and restful. In New England this is the season for nutting, and merry crowds of young people and children enjoy this recreation day after day in the woods, not only in gathering the nuts for winter use and amusement, but the exhilarating frosty air has a stimulating effect upon the health and spirits of those who engage in the sport, for sport it is. I verily believe the people in rural New England as thoroughly enjoy this yearly pastime as the gentle folk in old England do the hunting season, when they ride after the hounds. When visiting in the old Bay State, last winter, these gala days were often referred to by my former school mates and friends, and even Mr. Whittier, the venerable poet, questioned me on the subject, and expressed in eloquent terms his taste for nutting in the woods, and regretted that we who live here had not that pleasure, which had always given him such real enjoyment; and although nearly eighty years old he still goes nutting, evidently with the same zest of the sport, as was his wont in former times, though, perhaps, the sentiment that characterized his youthful rambles may have worn off. He is, however, young in spirit as all true poets are. Out door exercise, such as rambling over the hills and listening to the voices of nature, at all seasons of the year is as necessary for the poet as his daily food. And at this time the hills, the view from adjacent heights, the crimson purple and yellow foliage, the ever-changing skies the murmuring, sighing, sobbing trees are all that the fondest fancies could wish to inspire the muse.

AUNT EM.

Oct. 13th, 1885.

"THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS."

By request, I once more seat myself, with pen and paper, to contribute something to the EXPONENT. In my present mood there is no subject bearing with greater weight upon my mind than that of "scandal," and the uncharitable spirit which seems to be as prevalent among Saints as among sinners; and, judging from late occurrences, must be running rampant in Zion. Having been personally affected, it has doubtless impressed me more deeply than those who have been so fortunate as to escape its poisonous fangs. As it has lately fallen to my lot to suffer the keenest anguish I think that it is possible for a human being to endure, it has enabled me to feel for others who have passed through similar scenes.

The greatest lessons, and the most lasting ones, are those learned by experience; and though a hard schoolmaster, there is no teacher so profitable to mould and fashion and train the human mind in that channel that will lead one to think and feel for another's woes.

It seems that my misery was not quite complete in the visitation of death; without another thrust, which came in the shape of a vile falsehood, without even the shadow of truth on which to found it, but was substituted as a reason for my son's committing the frenzied act which closed his earth-life so tragically, casting not only an additional stain upon the name of the dead, but upon the living. Even if this story had been true, he would rather

have faced it than to have committed a crime which he had always looked upon with the greatest horror, as a sin for which there was no forgiveness, as all who knew him can testify, and that his moral character stood above reproach. The last and most earnest wish that he was heard to express, was his long talked of desire to go into the world and preach the Gospel, and his highest aspiration was to be among those who would be counted worthy to stand as saviors upon Mount Zion.

Everything has gone to show that he never premeditated the act of self-destruction, and that he was bereft of his reason, through the intense suffering to which he had been subjected, more or less, for several years. He went to Arizona three years ago, with the brightest hopes of regaining his health by the change, and also of growing up with the country, but met with disappointment and unlooked for hardships, by the death of his uncle, D. P. Kimball, on whose influence he was depending to give him a start. The news of his father's death, coming to him when camped in the dreary Huachuca mountains, had such an effect upon him, as he expressed himself in a letter, that he "was no longer a boy, but a man of family;" and when we saw him the change was so visible that it pained us to see him no longer the gay, fun-loving boy, who had been the joy and life of the house. He told me that he never wanted to mix again with the world and its follies, but desired to go into the vineyard and preach the Gospel. The change from that climate, where his blood had become thinned, to this region, at the coldest and most unfavorable time of the year, affected him immediately. But, anxious to obtain work he took whatever he could get to do, and the hard work and exposure told on him, as also the intense heat of the summer, more especially this last, all of which was calculated to help on the disease (catarrh), which at last turned his brain. The last day that he was employed at the Tithing Office, in lifting a weight, that would require a much stronger man, he hurt his back, which laid him up a number of days. Just at this time he was offered a situation in the Dinwoody establishment, where he worked till the week previous to his death. He was confined to his bed three days by cholera morbus, but went to work before he was able, a thing I should not have allowed had I been at home, for he was never in possession of a strong constitution, and his ambition generally took him beyond what wisdom would have dictated. Knowing so well the purity of his thoughts and desires, and his aims in this life and for that to come, I felt that I could not allow so unjust a stigma to rest upon his name without raising my voice in its condemnation; and I think it high time that such *cruel wrongs should be righted*; or in the name of all that is just and God-like, how long are they to be borne? Should not the truth triumph, and the virtues of the innocent plead their cause in Zion, though they may be judged guilty by men and looked upon as outcasts from the fold of God?

The Latter-day Saints have been noted for their charity toward the outside world, and would do good even unto "those that hate them;" but, when it comes to individual charity, how many are there who practice this virtue, and are seeking with one accord to reach that standard which should govern our daily walk and conversation? How many are thoughtlessly breaking one of the most important commands, and thereby violating, not only a law laid down by the Savior for our guidance, but breaking covenants that have been made in sacredness before Him, and His angels, who have borne witness to the same. We know enough of the "injustice of man to man" to look for nothing better from the world; and we may more easily tolerate *Tribune* informers and anti-"Mormon" missionaries, as they are

only performing their part in the drama; but we have been led to expect better things from those calling themselves Latter-day Saints, especially those who have age and experience on their side, and are looked up to as examples for the rising generation, but some of whom are placing themselves as stumbling blocks; and not only this, but giving voice to imaginary evils, that never existed only in the brain of those who "love and make a lie." The Psalmist said: "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate," a truth which has been verified in our own, and in every age.

If some of the time spent in idle gossip and tale-bearing were used in studying the Scriptures, though they may not be so fascinating, they would certainly bring greater and more lasting happiness, for the fruits of the Spirit are holy, and bring us into closer communion with our Father, and heavenly beings, giving us confidence when we approach the throne of grace, which we cannot feel when taking the opposite course. In mingling with the more humble and obscure, we may find some of the choicest gems, upon whom the candle of God is shining brighter and brighter, till their minds are as wells, from which is springing that inspiration, wisdom and intelligence which flows down from the true fountain of life, bringing peace and solace to the weary heart, encouraging them to press onward and gain the reward which is laid up for those who are hungering and thirsting after the knowledge of God.

It behooves us all to live our religion, for the time is near when the wheat is to be garnered up and the chaff swept away by the Great Reaper, who alone can judge of the inmost thoughts and desires of one's heart, or whose lives have been the most just and pure, and worthy of His praise.

Your sister in sorrow,

H. M. WHITNEY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I have friends here whose society is very agreeable to me; they are of all ages, and of every country.—*Petrarch*.

Grand and dignified thoughts must be expected from those alone whose minds are ever employed on glorious and noble objects.—*Longinus*.

Show me a man who has no love for his native land, and I will show you in the same person one who loves nothing but himself.—*Lady Ponsonby*.

How many of us have been attracted to reason—first learned to think, to draw conclusions, to extract a moral from the follies of life—by some dazzling aphorism.—*Bulwer*.

Nothing is more impertinent than for people to be giving their opinion and advice in cases in which, were these to be their own, they would be as much at a loss what to do.—*S. Croxall*.

Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate to choose the latter.—*Thomas Jefferson*.

I will tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate intolerance, oppression, injustice, hate pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them, with a deep, living, godlike hatred.—*F. W. Robertson*.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character; and if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—*Gladstone*.

## LINES TO A SPIRIT DEPARTED.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE SISTER  
SARAH H. PRATT, WHO DIED MAY 22ND, 1886,  
WIDOW OF APOSTLE P. P. PRATT.

Thou art gone far away to that sweet land of rest,  
Where the soul ne'er grows weary or faints;  
May thy soul rest in peace till the call for the blest,  
When thy body will rise with the Saints.

Oh, the sweet gentle rest thou art called to enjoy,  
With the loved ones who've passed on before—  
The sad trials of earth never thee can annoy,  
For thou'rt gone to that "beautiful shore."

We mourn for thine absence, our fond mother dear,  
As we journey through this vale of woe;  
Ne'er again on this earth wilt thou be with us to cheer  
The dark hours we're called to pass through.

Oft in sickness and grief thou hast been in our home  
As an angel sent down from above;  
To lighten our burdens, and cheer us in gloom,  
With thy tender, affectionate love.

But now thou art gone, rest in peace, gentle soul!  
Rest in peace till the Savior doth come;  
Though dark the fierce flood that between us doth roll,  
We will meet in our heavenly home.

ANNIE GARDNER.

## PERSEVERANCE.

Perseverance—precious! grand!  
On it hinges many blessings,  
Death with Life goes hand in hand;  
But it robs not the possessing  
Of this priceless attribute,  
This desire to gain Perfection,  
That forever contributes  
To our strength in every action.

Perseverance doth sustain;  
Trials only tend to strengthen,  
And each time some power we gain,  
Our chain of usefulness to lengthen;  
Yes, this love seems born of God,  
To excel in every measure;  
It pertains not to the sod,  
It abounds with lofty pleasure.

Perseverance helps us gain  
Victory from defeats unnumbered;  
It inspires and it sustains,  
While with mortal life we're cumbered;  
And, methinks, when life is done,  
When our span on earth is ended,  
And it's said that we have gone,  
O'er the mystic river wended,

If our lives have been replete  
With kind words and wholesome actions,  
Truly death we will defeat  
In a glorious resurrection.  
This is the way our Savior led,  
Suffered anguish, death and sorrow;  
It is said He blest the bed,  
And from this we comfort borrow.

Perseverance! precious gift!  
Thereon hinges endless blessing,  
For some day it will uplift  
The possessor in the presence  
Of our Savior Jesus Christ,  
And our allwise Heavenly Parent,  
With a great and glorious host  
Of just beings, holy, perfect.

Let us labor while it's day;  
Persevere while life's in session;  
Onward, upward is the way  
To accomplish well our mission.  
When we lay our bodies down,  
Broader views will spread before us,  
We will gain the victor's crown,  
With the just we'll join in chorus.

MAREN MITCHELL.

Oct. 6, 1887.

## THE HAWIIAN AS A WOMAN.

She stands on about the same plane, so far  
as I am able to judge, as her husband or  
brother.

She gets up at the same early hour, and,  
shouldering her hoe, with her calabash of poi  
and bit of salt fish, she goes singing in the  
fresh waking day down to the sugar cane field  
to hoe out her row as her husband does. She  
is not often employed at responsible or very  
heavy labor, as she is, if possible, more lazy  
and less to be relied on, and is not quite as  
stout as her husband.

Her muscels are rounded and firm, her dress  
is exceeding simple, consisting of a holoku  
(Mother Hubbard) and a chemise. (Gracious!  
its a good thing this is a woman's exclusive  
paper.) She swims with quite as much ease  
and grace as her brother. Flinging her baby  
on her back, she swims out to deep holes,  
where they are fishing for devil fish, and pad-  
dles round for half a day, turning over on her  
back to suckle her offspring.

In the festive hula she is quite as agile and  
vulgar as her male companion. She sings with  
as much melody, at times possessing an ex-  
quisite voice, and reserves to herself the liber-  
ty to sing in a deep, double base sepulchral  
voice whenever she so chooses.

He pounds their poi and catches the fish; she  
weaves the mats and hats, and has a baby once  
in a great while, after which latter event neither  
give much further thought as to its future.

She is inordinately lazy, and the counterpart  
of her lord and master in this, as in his easy  
morals, or rather, lack of anything like virtue.

She beats her husband, at times, and he re-  
turns the happy compliment. In fact, things  
as to sex, are about as evenly divided as I ever  
saw them in my life. But she has virtues.  
She has, as a rule, in youth, a rounded, beauti-  
ful form, with black liquid eyes and lovely  
hands. She loves yellow and scarlet, and is  
not particular as to how many shades of either  
or both appear on her at the same time.

She is a devoted friend, and, when faithful,  
a most fond, affectionate wife.

She will work very hard to help build the  
home, and is often the treasurer of the family  
concern.

She is very capable of taking on the refine-  
ments of civilized life, and is full of imitation  
and ingenuity.

She is an excellent ironer and fair seam-  
stress.

She has proven, as have her white sisters, the  
most obedient to the Gospel call, and is ever  
kind, hospitable and generous.

There are a very few types here of fine,  
stately women. They all, as to dignity, bear  
themselves with the air and grace of a wild-  
wood queen.

She is suave and deceptive, kind and polite,  
earnest and unstable, quick and unscrupulous,  
intensely demonstrative and truckling.

But with all, she is trying to raise her head  
from out of the gross darkness about her, and  
she calls upon you to aid and pray for her, for  
she is our sister.

HOMESPUN.

## HANNAH T. KING.

It is early morning, in October, the moun-  
tains are capped with the first snow, while  
their base and sides are gorgeous with autumn  
coloring on the lingering green. The sky is  
beautiful and serene, the air delightful, tempt-  
ing one to a ramble. Year after year, this  
season, in particular, more than spring or sum-  
mer's beauty, ever reminds me of one herself,  
in the ripe and glorious autumn of life. From  
an ivory painting of herself, that she had  
shown me I know that the springtime of her

years were full of beauty, delicacy, health and  
enjoyment.

It was soon after the famous "Indignation  
Meeting," held by the Latter-day Saint women  
in the Old Tabernacle, against the infamous  
"Cullom Bill," that I made the personal ac-  
quaintance of Hannah T. King. Often her  
fine person and eloquent eyes had drawn  
my admiring gaze, and one Sunday she came  
and sat beside me, and, during the service,  
asked me some question, which led to others,  
as we both happened to spend our noon in the  
Tabernacle, instead of going home to dinner,  
thereby retaining comfortable seats for the  
afternoon meeting. I don't think that either  
of us stayed so much for this convenience, as  
from a sense of spiritual enjoyment in spend-  
ing a quiet hour in the place, permeated as it  
was with an almost mystical atmosphere of  
reverie, worship and intuition of diviner reali-  
ties. When we parted that afternoon it was  
with the understanding that we should each  
bring something in our pockets for a taste, and  
sit together, and become further acquainted,  
next Sunday. Almost without interruption  
we thus spent our Sundays for several months.

I was alone, as it were, away from my own  
family, visiting for an indefinite period in the  
city, boarding in somewhat un congenial quar-  
ters, and the kind attention of this lady was  
very lovingly appreciated by me. Not that I  
had no other friends; I had many, and they  
were kind, but there was something peculiarly  
satisfying and fascinating to me in her literary  
conversation, and in drawing me to her and by  
her confiding manner, finding out my own  
tastes and inclinations, combining in one per-  
son guide and friend. I looked with longing  
heart toward others whose talents and natures  
I adored, yet shrink from approaching nearer  
than they invited; but she discerned and en-  
couraged me. Sometimes, by her invitation, I  
walked home with her, and every room I en-  
tered in her home became an indelible picture  
in my memory, in their literalness, their spirit,  
and all those beautiful phantoms that rise and  
cluster around the individuality that invokes  
them, making the hours beautiful.

Often we took long walks together, and I  
used to smile to myself when she seemed so  
to love to tread upon the carpet of autumn  
leaves, just as a child might have smiled to  
walk adown some dimpled slope thick with  
flowers. Then, how she gave loose rein to  
fancy and happiness, and how we enjoyed the  
time, lingering once so long that we walked  
home by the full moon.

After my marriage I saw less of my friend,  
and once, when I spoke of it regretfully, she  
answered: "Never mind, we understand each  
other too well for time or absence to make any  
difference in our feelings."

Hannah T. King was known to thousands,  
who never had the pleasure of meeting her, by  
her pen. They knew her ability, integrity and  
powers; but only the near friends could know  
the greatness and the gentleness, the dignity  
and the sweetness, yes, and the almost girlish  
happiness of her spirit. Upon the street, one  
meeting her would never have dreamed that  
the fresh, beautiful complexion, the undimmed  
eye and the elegant figure, had known so  
many years of earthly life. Still young and  
beautiful in spirit, she has departed from us  
before we were prepared to meet the thought  
of her loss. How happy must have been the  
meeting with those dear friends so lately gone  
before her, and the reward—for which she left  
country, home and friends. As though we  
stood again Sunday afternoon in the outgoing  
throng at the "gate of the Temple Block," let  
me repeat, as she used to with a smile, "We  
meet again."

AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.  
South Bountiful, Oct. 26, 1886.

# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, Editor.

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## APPROACHING THE NARROWS.

There never was a time in the history of the Church when greater faith and humility were needed than at the present. The Saints are actually coming to what may, with all propriety, be termed "the narrows." It is a time of testing and proving, and the Lord is dealing with His people through some very powerful agencies, and the influences brought to bear to purify and cleanse them, are not and cannot be understood, except through the Holy Spirit. The burden of the cry of the prophets of the Lord to this people has been for years, "Get the Holy Spirit and keep it." The question arises with some, and it is a serious one, too, "How shall we be sure of being in possession of that spirit?" By keeping all the commandments God has given to His people, and being obedient in all things to the counsel through His servants placed to preside over them, and through humility and meekness. It might, perhaps, be said that all fall short in some particular, either through weakness or a lack of knowledge, but if the people are *striving* to obey and to fulfill the law, the Lord is merciful and full of loving kindness, and will help the weak, and lift up the feeble hands of those who supplicate Him for grace and strength.

There are many things transpiring now, calculated to awaken the thoughtless and indifferent, and it is easy to perceive that "the mills of the gods" are grinding. The processes may be tedious and slow, and there are many tests, but all the smut has to be removed first, and afterwards comes the bolting, and even when the fine flour has been made, there is still another test, that of sifting. How much of the wheat that has been gathered will be susceptible of the process of making fine flour, and even that to be sifted, it would be difficult for any one to determine.

President Heber C. Kimball was very fond of illustrating by the process of the potter, and our Savior makes similar illustrations of the kind in His divine writings. The potter throws his clay into the mill and grinds it, and then moulds and fashions it to his will, if it be pliable and passive in his hands, but if not sufficiently so, he throws it back again to be ground over. The Latter-day Saints, who have embraced the truth for the love of it, and in all sincerity of soul, desire to be fashioned into vessels of honor, that they may be acceptable in the great day of the Lord, and not be thrown back into the pit to be ground over again. But are they passive while complying with the necessary preliminary processes? Is it not often the case that even the first trial seems too severe a test? And yet they sing, perhaps unconscious of its true significance,

"I'm willing to be cleansed  
From every kind of dross,  
I see a fiery furnace,  
I feel its piercing flame;  
The fruits of it are holy,  
The gold will still remain."

The Saints have been warned and forewarned

that great trials were in store, and that they should be on their guard, and watch every loophole through which an advantage might be taken by the enemy, who is ever on the alert, and as the scriptures say, "Is more wise in his generation than the children of light;" and yet, notwithstanding the warnings and exhortations to diligence and faithfulness, it would seem that the enemy had come upon the Saints unawares, but even though many are taken at a disadvantage, there is still time to reform, and that so effectually as to be able to pass through *the narrows*, by divine help, in submission and obedience to the law of God.

Passing through the narrows reminds the writer of a dream she heard a sister relate in Winter Quarters. She dreamed that she was traveling along a very difficult road, or pathway, where every now and then it seemed next to impossible to proceed any further, yet this was the direct way to the place she had set out for. There were others in company with her, and just ahead of her was Sister Vilate Kimball. Finally they came to a passage way or aperture in a solid wall, through which it would be necessary to make a very tight squeeze, if even it were possible to get through at all, and the sister said to Sister Vilate, "I can't go through there, I would rather go round," but she stood and saw Sister Vilate go through, but remarked, "that it made her bones crack." No doubt it will be a struggle to pass through *the narrows*, and there are many prophetic minds who seem to think this people have not scarcely reached any part of the narrows, or the severest trial as yet. If that be so, how humble and meek and lowly must one be to endure to the end; and yet they who do are the ones who obtain the reward which is in store for the faithful.

The spirit of the world has crept in among the Saints, of that there can be no doubt, and the possession of that spirit and its influence is at variance with the spirit of the Gospel, and therefore it becomes a positive necessity to "get the Spirit of the Lord and keep it," and to crush out every feeling which is not in accordance with that spirit, and cultivate every Christian grace and qualification, and follow the example of the Savior, and obey the injunction He laid upon those who would follow Him—"If ye love me, keep my commandments."

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

MANUSCRIPT received, that will be published in our next number: An excellent article on plural marriage, by M. A. M. Pratt; also one upon marriage, by M. J. Morrison; poems by Hannah Conraby and May J. Marler, M. J. Tanner and other suitable matter.

THE Editor and Proprietor of the "Graphic News Illustrated," two gentlemen seeking information on Mormon subjects, paid quite a visit to our sanctum to-day. They have been in town a week, looking up material for their columns, and expect to visit, Logan, Ogden and Provo, returning here again and spending a few days more in visiting places of interest, etc.

THE EXPONENT offers hearty congratulations to Hon. John T. Caine, Delegate from Utah to the Fiftieth Congress, on his recent election. Having so ably represented this Territory in the past, the People's Party, who elected him by an overwhelming majority, have the utmost confidence in his future success, feeling assured of his doing all that is possible to promote the best interests and prosperity of the Territory, and make a fair representation for all its inhabitants.

We have had some very interesting conversations of late with strangers visiting the city, among whom mention may be made of Mrs. Threlkeld of Los Angeles, a woman of very

bright mind, and a wide-awake newspaper correspondent. Mrs. Threlkeld, in company with Dr. R. B. Pratt, visited the Utah Penitentiary and had an exceedingly pleasant interview with Apostle Lorenzo Snow, with whom, as well as his Sister, E. R. S. Smith, she appeared to have been greatly impressed. Mrs. T. also met and conversed upon Mormonism with Mrs. Zina D. H. Young, Bishop O. F. Whitney and others.

MONDAY morning, Nov. 15th, the Salt Lake Academy opened in the basement rooms of the Social Hall in this city. The school is under the supervision of Elder Karl G. Maeser, who has, from its first inauguration, had charge of the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, and has succeeded admirably in keeping up the original intention of its founder, that it should be a Latter-day Saint school. The Salt Lake Stake Academy is established with the same purpose, that the children instructed there shall be taught the principles of the Gospel in connection with other studies, and that the spirit of the institution shall be in accordance therewith. There is no doubt but the school will receive a large patronage, and that very soon there will be a much larger hall needed than the one at present occupied. The Gentile world have had much to say about the Latter-day Saint children being taught nothing but their peculiar religion, when the facts are they have had much too little of this sort of instruction. Greater diligence on the part of parents and teachers in this respect will no doubt have a very salutary effect upon the rising generation. At any rate let us not only hope, but strive earnestly to awaken a wide-spread interest in this better and higher system of education.

THE organization of Zion's Choral Society will be highly appreciated by every lover of the fine arts among the Latter-day Saints. The human voice is capable of a great degree of cultivation in speaking, and still more in singing. In both these departments of study and culture, the youth of Zion should seek to excel. Vocal music has something delightful in it, even in its simplest form of expression. Knowing the power of music over the human soul, and its influence in refining and elevating, it is certainly desirable that the children of the Saints should receive all the advantages of musical training possible, and that the development and cultivation should be here at home, under the supervision of parents and teachers, that the influence may be in harmony with the spirit of their religion. To accomplish this, nothing could afford better facilities than the formation of just such an association as Zion's Choral Society. The large Tabernacles and Temples of the Saints, which have been and will be built, will require a great number of singers, the most perfect harmony of many voices, and to fill these buildings with melody from many thousand voices, necessarily there must be preparation beforehand. Sacred music is the highest order of the divine art and it is for the cultivation of this specially, as we understand it, that the organization has been effected, and with the favorable circumstances attending it at the outset, and the efficient officers chosen to preside, the people may naturally look for the best results to follow.

IN the last issue of the paper, brief mention was made of a picture of Sister Lucy Smith, the mother of the Prophet Joseph, which it is the intention to give to each one of the subscribers of the EXPONENT during the holidays. It is earnestly desired that all those who are behind in payments will make an effort to pay up back subscriptions to date, and as an inducement to new subscribers, one of the pictures will be given to each one subscribing for the next half volume, which begins with the 1st of December, if payment is made in advance, for the half year, viz., \$1. The likeness of the engraving to the original, is said by those who knew her intimately, to be excellent.

and the picture, when suitably framed, will be an ornament in any home, of which it may be justly proud. In the days of Kirtland and Nauvoo this venerable woman, Lucy Smith, was very greatly loved and revered by the Saints, not only because she was the mother of the Prophet, who opened up this dispensation, but because of her many estimable qualities of heart and mind, her unflinching integrity to the Gospel, and her great strength of character. The memory of this noble mother should be cherished by the Saints of today, and the children and children's children should be reminded of her many virtues, and her bright example as a mother among mothers in Israel. Pictures always make an impression, and especially upon children; they seldom ever forget those that hung upon the walls in their childhood's homes, and having one of these likenesses of Mother Smith in the home, will help to keep her in honored remembrance, and the story of the early life of the Prophet, when a boy at his mother's knee, and her salutary teachings will thus be rendered more impressive, when told to the little people.

#### HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

Monday, March 25th, 1839. About this time, Elders Kimball and Turley started on their mission to see the Governor. They called on the Sheriff of Ray County and jailor for a copy of the mittimus, by which the prisoners were held in custody, but he confessed he had none. They went to Judge King, and he made out a kind of mittimus. At this time we had been in prison several months without even a mittimus; and that, too, for crimes said to have been committed in another county.

Kimball and Turley took all the papers by which we were held, or which were then made out for them, with our petitions to the Supreme Judges, and went to Jefferson City.

The Governor was absent. The Secretary of State treated them very kindly; and when he saw the papers, could hardly believe those were all the documents by which the prisoners were held in custody, for they were illegal.

Lawyer Doniphan had also deceived them in his papers, and sent them off with such documents, that a change of venue could not be effected in time. The Secretary was astonished at Judge King acting as he did, but said he could do nothing in the premises, and if the Governor were present, he could do nothing. But the Secretary wrote a letter to Judge King.

The brethren then started to find the Supreme Judges, and get writs of habeas corpus; and after riding hundreds of miles to effect this object, returned to Liberty on the 30th of March, having seen Matthias McGirk, George Thompkins, and John C. Edwards, the Supreme Judges, but did not obtain the writ of habeas corpus in consequence of a lack of the order of commitment, although the Judges seemed to be friendly.

We were informed that Judge King said, that there was nothing against my brother Hyrum, only that he was a friend to the Prophet. He also said there was nothing against Caleb Baldwin, and McKae. Brother Horace Cowan was put into Liberty Jail to-day for debt, in consequence of persecution of the mob.

During their absence, I continued my Epistle to the Church of Latter-day Saints as follows:

"We continue to offer further reflections to Bishop Partridge, and to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, whom we love with a fervent love, and do always bear them in mind in all our prayers to the throne of God.

It seems to bear heavily on our minds that the Church would do well to secure to themselves the contract of the land which is proposed to them by Mr. Isaac Galland, and to cultivate the friend-

ly feelings of that gentleman, inasmuch as he shall prove himself to be a man of honor and a friend to humanity. We really think that his letter breathes that kind of a spirit, if we can judge correctly. \*And Isaac Van Allen, Esq., the Attorney General of Iowa Territory,—that peradventure such men may be wrought upon by the providence of God, to do good unto His people. Governor Lucas also.—We suggest the idea of praying fervently for all men who manifest any degree of sympathy for the suffering children of God.

We think that peradventure the United States Surveyor of the Iowa Territory may be of great benefit to the Church if it be the will of God, to this end, if righteousness should be manifested as the girdle of our loins.

It seems to be deeply impressed upon our minds, that the Saints ought to lay hold of every door that shall seem to be opened unto them, to obtain foothold on the earth, and be making all the preparation that is within the power of possibles for the terrible storms that are now gathering in the heavens, with darkness and gloominess, and thick darkness, as spoken of by the Prophets, which cannot be now a long time lingering, for there seems to be a whispering that the angels of heaven who have been entrusted with the council of these matters for the last days, have taken counsel together: and among the rest of the general affairs that have to be transacted in their honorable council, they have taken cognizance of the testimony of those who were murdered at Haun's mills, and also those who were martyred with D. W. Patten, and elsewhere, and have passed some decisions peradventure in favor of the Saints, and those who were called to suffer without cause.

These decisions will be made known in their time; and they will take into consideration all those things that offend.

We have a fervent desire that in your general conferences, everything should be discussed with a great deal of care and propriety lest you grieve the Holy Spirit, which should be poured out at all times upon your heads when you are exercised with those principles of righteousness that are agreeable to the mind of God, and are properly affected one toward another, and are careful by all means to remember those who are in bondage, and in heaviness, and in deep affliction for your sakes. And if there are any among you who aspire after their own aggrandizement, and seek their own opulence, while their brethren are groaning in poverty, and are under sore trials, and temptations, they cannot be benefitted by the intercession of the Holy Spirit, which maketh intercession for us day and night with groanings that cannot be uttered.

We ought at all times to be very careful, that such high-mindedness never have place in our hearts; but condescend to men of low estate, and with all long suffering bear the infirmities of the weak.

Behold there are many called, but few are chosen. And why are they not chosen? Because their hearts are set so much upon the things of this world, and aspire to the honors of men, that they do not learn this one lesson—that the rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled, nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness. That they may be conferred upon us, it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, or vain ambition, or to exercise control or dominion, or compulsion, upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, *amen to the Priesthood*, or the authority of that man. Behold! ere he is aware, he is left unto himself, to kick against the pricks; to persecute the Saints, and fight against God.

We have learned by sad experience, that it is

the nature and disposition of almost all men, as soon as they get a little authority, as they suppose, they will immediately begin to exercise unrighteous dominion. Hence many are called, but few are chosen.

No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, only by persuasion, by long suffering, by gentleness, and meekness, and by love unfeigned; by kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile, reproving betimes with sharpness when moved upon by the Holy Ghost and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy; that he may know that thy faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death; thy bowels also being full of charity toward all men, and to the household of faith, and virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly, then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God and the doctrine of the Priesthood shall distil upon thy soul as the dews from heaven. The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion, and thy sceptre an unchanging sceptre of righteousness and truth, and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee forever and ever.

The ends of the earth shall enquire after thy name, and fools shall have thee in derision, and hell shall rage against thee,—while the pure in heart, and the wise and the noble, and the virtuous, shall seek counsel, and authority, and blessings constantly from under thy hand, and thy people shall never be turned against thee by the testimony of traitors; and although their influence shall cast thee into trouble, and into bars and walls, thou shalt be had in honor, and but a small moment and thy voice shall be more terrible in the midst of thine enemies, than the fierce lion, because of thy righteousness; and thy God shall stand by thee forever and ever.

If thou art called to pass through tribulation; if thou art in perils among false brethren; if thou art in perils among robbers; if thou art in perils by land or by sea; if thou art accused with all manner of false accusations; if thine enemies fall upon thee; if they tear thee from the society of thy father and mother and brethren and sisters;—and if with a drawn sword thine enemies tear thee from the bosom of thy wife, and of thine offspring, and thine Elder Son, although but six years of age, shall cling to thy garments, and shall say, "My father, my father, why can't you stay with us?—O my father! what are the men going to do with you?" And if then he shall be thrust from thee by the sword, and thou be dragged to prison, and thine enemies prowl around thee like wolves for blood of the lamb; and if thou should be cast into the pit, or into the hands of murderers, and sentence of death passed upon thee; if thou be cast into the deep; if the billowing surge conspire against thee; if fierce winds become thine enemy; if the heavens gather blackness, and all the elements combine to hedge up the way; and above all, if the very jaws of hell shall gape open her mouth wide after thee, know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good. The Son of Man hath descended below them all—art thou greater than He?

Therefore hold on thy way, and the Priesthood shall remain with thee, for their bounds are set, they cannot pass. Thy days are known, and thy years shall not be numbered less; therefore, fear not what man can do, for God will be with you forever and ever.

Now, brethren, I would suggest for the consideration of the Conference, of its being carefully and wisely understood, by the council or conferences, that our brethren scattered abroad, shall understand the spirit of the gathering, shall fall into the places of refuge and shall open unto them, be

West. Those from the east and from the west, and from far countries, let them fall in somewhere between those two boundaries, in the most safe and quiet places they can find; and let this be the present understanding, until God shall open a more effectual door for us for further considerations.

And again, we further suggest for the consideration of the council, that there be no organization of large bodies upon common stock principles, in property, or of large companies of firms until the Lord shall signify it in a proper manner, as it opens such a dreadful field for the avaricious, and the indolent and corrupt-hearted to prey upon the innocent, and virtuous, and honest.

*To be Continued.*

### THE UNJUST JUDGE.

In the City of Prescott, Arizona, there dwelt an unjust Judge, that feared not God, nor regarded man, for he sentenced three innocent men to the Detroit Prison, to labor in the house of correction for three years. After serving two years and six months, the chief executive of the nation, President Grover Cleveland, having a heart that God could touch, in answer to the pleading prayers of His faithful Saints, exercised the pardoning power vested in him. The prison doors were opened and the captives are free! There is great rejoicing and thanksgiving over their unconditional pardon, for which we render thanks to God and the President. I should think they could recover damages if our laws were constitutional; but, alas! when a government so enlightened and far advanced as the United States suffer such unconstitutional bills as the Edmunds to become a law, what can we expect! Mercy? No! Justice? Nay! far from it: those two attributes are bowed in shame and bathed in tears, when angels bear record of the pleading prayers and weeping wives of such men as these, sentenced by an unjust judge.

We find, in a letter from Bro. Tenny, published in the *Deseret News*, October 15th, the most exalting and inspirational sentiments couched in his own words: "I stand by my convictions; and while liberty is sweeter than life, my hope is sweeter than liberty, and up to date, prison walls and cells have only tended to intensify the testimony that mingles with my life's blood."

Do such sentiments as these emanate from a priest ridden people? Nay, verily not! they were not surpassed by the great patriot, Patrick Henry, on signing the Declaration of Independence. He closed his memorable speech by exclaiming: "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Mark the expression of Bro. Tenny: "The testimony that mingles with my life's blood." What testimony does he have reference to? John the Revelator will inform us. He saw in vision an innumerable company of Elders clothed in white robes, with palms of victory in their hands, near the throne of God, and he asked, "Who are these arrayed in white?" the angel answered, "These are they that were valiant for the testimony of Jesus, and they loved not their lives unto death." The Revelator also saw the souls of them that were slain for the testimony of Jesus under the altar of God, and they cried with a loud voice, "How long, O Lord! holy and true and righteous, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood upon them that dwell on the earth?" and the voice of God was heard saying, "Wait a little longer, until some more of thy fellow servants, the prophets, are slain as thou hast been, and I will avenge thee."

The unjust imprisonment of such men as Apostle Snow and others, will shake the nation and speak louder than a thousand thunders, until the inhabitants thereof will cry aloud, "Oh, that we slay the prophets and stoned them that

### R. S., Y. L. M. I. A. & P. A. REPORTS.

#### UTAH STAKE

Minutes of the quarterly conference of the branches of the Relief Society of Utah Stake, held Sept. 3d, 1886, in the meeting house, Provo City, Prest. Mary John presiding. Conference opened with singing and prayer. Minutes of former conference read as usual; also reports.

Sister Emily G. Cluff craved an interest in our prayers, and said, "If we have accomplished so much in our financial reports, how much have we accomplished in a spiritual view?" The speaker exhorted the sisters to be humble and prayerful. "There is great power in prayer. Satan is trying to overthrow the Saints, and the Lord is suffering us to be persecuted for a purpose," etc.

Sister Tanuer spoke quite lengthly on different subjects of interest to the Saints. The rest of the forenoon was occupied by the presidents of the various wards throughout the county, representing the branches of the Relief Society over which they were called to preside.

Afternoon session opened by the usual exercises. Sister Marilla Daniels, the first speaker, said, "It is with feelings of gratitude that I stand before you to-day, and I ask an interest in your prayers, that what I may say may benefit you as well as myself. We are living in a momentous time. The Lord is chastening the nations, but they do not realize it. He has said that He will speak to them in thunders and earthquakes, etc. It behooves us to live nearer to our God, for he will have a tried people. We have the same God now that Daniel and the Hebrew children had, and with the same power, too; and if we have the same firmness that they had, we shall triumph over our enemies, and all will be well with us, and we need not fear," etc.

Prest. David John spoke a short time. Thought there was no need of being cast down; this was not a dark day for Israel, etc.

After singing, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning," and benediction by Father Graves, conference adjourned for three months

CAROLINE DANIELS, Sec.

#### ST. JOSEPH STAKE.

The ladies quarterly conference convened at Pima, Sept. 17th, 1886. After the usual opening exercises, minutes of the previous conference were read and accepted. Miss Emma Allred was unanimously sustained as Assistant Secretary of the St. Joseph Stake. Reports were not so favorable as formerly; the cause is attributable to sickness and the heat of summer.

Stake Prest., Willmirth East, said, "My sisters, I am most thankful for the privileges we enjoy to-day. Can we realize that this work we are engaged in is the great latter day dispensation spoken of by all the holy prophets since the world began? History fails to give any account of the organization of women and children, according to the pattern of the holy Priesthood until revealed by a prophet of the latter days. The pre-existence of spirits has been the joyful theme of my soul; that the children of the Latter-day Saints were held in reserve, to come forth when the everlasting covenant of marriage was restored, to be schooled in these associations. Are we not accountable? Who has a right to neglect or discourage the youth of Israel? Saviors are to come up on Mount Zion. Do we act the part of saviors. Jesus said if one sheep went astray, to bring it back to the fold. Then let us act upon this principle; teach the youth by precept; give them a kind and encouraging word, which will do more to reclaim them than a kick.

S. D. Curtis then made encouraging remarks; exhorted the sisters to faithfulness.

In the afternoon the P. A. was presided over by Coun. Johnson. Reports encouraging.

Prest. Layton gave some good instruction. Spoke upon the duties of officers; exhorted the parents to send their children to the Association, and go themselves occasionally. Said, "We have a good country here, and if the Saints will live their religion they will have health and peace, and plenty will prevail throughout the land." Said he knew one man that raised six hundred dollars worth of potatoes off one acre of ground, and another raised four hundred dollars worth of sweet potatoes off his city lot.

Conference adjourned till December 17th.

WILLMIRTH EAST, Prest.,  
SARAH BURNS, Sec. pro tem.

#### BOX ELDER STAKE.

The Thirty-ninth Quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of Box Elder Stake was held in the Tabernacle at Brigham City on the 14th of September, 1886, Prest. Harriet A. Snow presiding. After singing and prayer, Coun. Olivia Widerberg addressed the sisters. Said: "I feel thankful to be able to stand here to-day; I cannot express how grateful I feel that you and I can meet here together in the same spirit." Reported the Scandinavian Society in a good condition. Spoke of the signs of the times.

Roll called by the Secretary. Minutes read and approved. Twenty-two reports were read by the Secretary from the different branches.

Prest. Harriet Snow spoke to the secretaries, particularly about understanding how to make the reports correct, as sometimes they would not balance at all.

Sister Dewey reported verbally; Miss Fannie Graehl read the accounts of the Stake fund.

Sister Harper, Sister Albertson and Sister Keller each bore a faithful testimony, and reported verbally the respective society over which each presides.

Sister Perry spoke eloquently on many subjects. Said, "What are we without the Spirit of Lord? We are nothing. This persecution has come upon us to purge us." Spoke of the necessity of partaking of the sacrament.

Singing. Benediction by Sister Anderson. Adjourned till 2 o'clock.

Afternoon session: After the opening exercises, the condensed report was read by the Secretary.

Sister Hubbard said, "If we strive with all the energies of our souls to overcome our weaknesses we have nothing to fear. I often think how blest we are in Zion, but we must learn to love each other, and our neighbors as ourselves."

Sister Harriet Hunsaker spoke of the great work we are engaged in; if we shall inherit celestial glory we must earn it.

Sister Richards, from Ogden: "I hope the Lord will bless me; I feel small, because we naturally look to the Priesthood for instruction.

We are called upon every hour, every moment, to live so we can enjoy the Spirit of the Lord. I think it a great responsibility to raise one child." Related an incident about polygamy; one sister said, "If I have lived polygamy about right I have preached a louder sermon than if I had spoken a mile long." "It is a terrible thing to make covenants and break them; we need to be prayerful; it is our duty to assist one another; we should make our duty a pleasure; when we accomplish a little we are building up Zion. We have not so many brethren around as we used to have. If any of you have a husband not quite as good as he ought to be, you must forgive him; maybe he does some good that you don't know of." Showed the folly of loving riches. "When we

first came here we felt very humble and prayed a great deal; I don't believe the Lord will send us harder trials than He is willing to give us strength to bear. You and I belong to the Lord's people, and we know He wants a tried people. As long as we are here let us strive to live right. We have been told ever since we were children that this time would come; we ought to build up Zion. If we lavish kindness on any one we expect them to be kind to us again; the Lord expects the same of us. We cannot be charitable enough; we must forgive. Kindness comes from God, hatred from the adversary. I cannot say what the tempter will tempt me with to-morrow, but to-day I feel that I love the Gospel more than I did forty years ago; and I loved it then and felt happy in it."

Bro. E. A. Box addressed the assembly on many interesting subjects, and particularly so on the great responsibility of parents. "We should strive to govern our children; bring them up in a pleasing way before the Lord; we claim we are regenerating the world. We do expect to be more virtuous, more sober, teaching our children morality and honesty. We do not talk enough about the first principles, or converse enough with our children upon them. We should be very careful with what we say or do at home."

Emilia D. Madsen was the next speaker. Prest. Harriet Snow made a few closing remarks, endorsing all that had been said; the Spirit of the Lord had abundantly been poured out upon all present, and every heart had received new warmth and strength.

After singing and benediction by Brother Graham, conference adjourned for three months.

EMILIA D. MADSEN, Cor. Sec.

### SEMI-MONTHLY MEETINGS.

#### SYNOPSIS OF MINUTES.

The regular Semi-monthly Meeting held in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, July 10th, was one of unusual interest, Sister Eliza R. Snow Smith being present, after a very long absence from these gatherings. There was another special feature of this meeting; also that the place of Coun. Phebe Woodruff, recently deceased, was to be filled. Prest. M. I. Horne presided. There was a full meeting, and a good spirit pervaded the assembly. After singing, prayer was offered by Sister Minerva W. Snow. Continued by singing. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. Minutes of Y. L. M. I. A. of the 20th Ward were read, and P. A. of the 5th, 21st and 4th wards.

Prest. M. I. Horne made a few remarks, and referred to the business which was to be transacted, viz., to nominate some one to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sister Woodruff.

Sister E. R. S. Smith expressed her pleasure in meeting with the sisters after so long a time, and added that the sisters who had come out on so sultry a day loved the Lord and their religion. She then nominated Sister Minerva W. Snow as Counselor to President M. I. Horne, in place of Coun. Phebe W. Woodruff, deceased. The nomination was unanimously approved.

Coun. M. W. Snow made a few remarks, expressing the hope that she might be granted health and strength to perform any duty she might be called upon to do, and prayed she might prove faithful, and fill the position with honor.

Coun. Zina D. H. Young, after preliminary remarks in reference to her recent illness, and her gratitude for the preservation of her life, said she had, for some time past, been laboring in the Temple at Logan, and urged the sisters

to greater faith and earnestness in the Gospel; warned them of evil spirits that are hovering around trying to destroy and draw our little ones away; prayed we might have grace and faith to accomplish all we desired to do, etc.

Prest. E. R. S. Smith said, "We are living in a very important time, since God has brought to light the Everlasting Gospel, and since we have had to leave our homes and our country for the pearl of great price, let us cling to it, come life or come death; do not waver." Was thankful she had lived to see this day. "In this persecution that is going on, is God's hand in it? I think it is." Spoke quite eloquently of the Savior, and His death for us; said we should try and stand firm, remembering what He passed through for us. "O my sisters, what glorious prospects are before us, but we will need the Holy Ghost, and to draw nearer unto God, if we desire to obtain them. These enemies who are working against us have taken their parts in the programme, and we have taken ours, and let us abide firm and true in the path we have chosen." Spoke of a division that would take place, when hypocrites would be taken from our midst, and our Temples would not be polluted. \* \* \* "If we do right we have nothing to fear." Felt to bless all, and ask God to preserve this people from all the evil machinations of those who are combined against them. "They are Satan's emissaries. It has been said that if we are not pure enough the Melchisedec Priesthood will be taken away, and we will only have the Aaronic." Made other interesting remarks.

Sister Sinah Bishop bore testimony to the truth of the principle of plural marriage. Dr. E. S. Barney gave a few words of good counsel. Sister Dyer bore her testimony, and spoke in the gift of tongues. Interpretation given by Sister Zina D. H. Young. A sister in the congregation bore testimony to the words of Sister Zina. Sister Elizabeth Paul, Sister Mortensen, Sister Kimball, Sister McLean and another sister in the audience bore faithful testimonies, and expressed their gratitude for the feast of good things enjoyed at this meeting.

Meeting adjourned for two weeks. Singing, "Weep, weep not for me Zion." Benediction by Sister E. S. Taylor.

Semi-monthly Meeting, August 7th, Prest. M. I. Horne presiding. After singing, prayer was offered by Coun. B. W. Smith. After singing again, and the reading of minutes of previous meeting, minutes were read from the Y. L. M. I. A. of the 8th Ward, and from the P. A. of the 5th and 6th Wards.

Prest. Horne made a few remarks, and expressed a desire to hear from the sisters in the congregation.

Sisters M. Brown, Sinah Bishop, S. Bird, M. E. A. Watmough, Sister Dyer, Dr. E. S. Barney and other sisters in the congregation bore faithful testimonies and made interesting remarks; also Sisters Mortenson, Tentier and Mary Davis gave a few words of good counsel.

Sister Roundy said if we lived nearer to God we would not feel to shrink from the trials that are upon us. "We are to be tried as gold seven times, and we may expect some very bitter experiences."

Two sisters in the congregation then bore testimony. Sister Brown quoted from a recent discourse of Elder Moses Thatcher's. Sister H. C. Young desired the meeting to unite with her in prayer, which was responded to by all present.

Sister B. W. Smith then addressed the meeting; counseled the sisters to be true and firm, and not to fear, "for we will yet overcome our enemies, and triumph in the end." Was thankful that Congress had adjourned without passing the new Edmunds bill.

Prest. Horne made some very stirring remarks; believed, in regard to the sermon by Bro. Thatcher, that it would be fulfilled, unless the people turned round very quickly and reformed. Said, "Has this raid humbled the people? No; I do not think so. We have got to forsake our sins and repent before our Father and God." Made mention of election day, and many other items of the greatest importance, earnestly exhorting the sisters to heed the many warnings given to us, or if not, we must abide the consequences, which she described as very dreadful.

Adjourned for two weeks. Singing. Dismissed with prayer by Dr. E. S. Barney.

### RESULTS OF THE CRUSADE.

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

Since the present crusade has begun, and especially since the excursion of the G. A. R., which passed through this city recently, when our enemies did so much to "show us up" in an improper light, a great many people have visited our city, and are more than ever interested in the present condition of affairs among the Latter-day Saints, and appear to manifest a more earnest desire than ever before to inquire after the principles of the Gospel, the belief and practice of the Saints, etc. They say that people in the east are thoroughly aroused to the fact that we, as a people, are unjustly persecuted. They say that until this persecution commenced they had heard nothing of Mormonism, except the false reports, that are generally circulated about us, but since the commencement of the inhuman persecutions, that have been heaped upon the people, their sympathies have been aroused, and their curiosity excited; and it has caused them to inquire into the reasons for such a state of things, and they hear many things that they would not otherwise take notice of, and what they hear and see, makes stronger impressions than it would under ordinary circumstances. Thus we see that "the wrath of man may be made to praise God, and the remainder will he restrain."

I think this affords an excellent opportunity for missionary labor for all who have friends or relatives in the world. If we would take time from our own affairs to write to friends, to send them papers and Church publications, that they may hear both sides of the question, and get a proper understanding of the situation, they would at least better understand us, and we can be missionaries at home. When we have read our papers we should not destroy them, but mail them to a distant friend; if we have none of our own, give them to some one who has friends, and urge them to send them to them. When you give reading matter to your friends enjoin it upon them to loan it to others, that the truth may be learned about us, that the truth may be scattered as far as falsehood has been. I fear that some of the responsibility will rest upon us, if we do not do our duty in this matter.

RUTH.

### NOTES ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Edith Longfellow Dana and Mrs. Annie Longfellow Thorpe are to build a double house near the old Craigie mansion for their residences.

Mary Anderson has been spending the autumn with Mr. and Mrs. William Black, amid the picturesque scenery of Oban, which her host has so graphically and charmingly described.

A university for women, founded on private

capital, is contemplated in Moscow, if the government will sanction the scheme, which proposes to have three faculties—mathematics, natural history (with medical studies), and philosophy.

Miss Calhoun, granddaughter of John C. Calhoun, went to London two or three years ago, and appeared on the stage, where she achieved some success. A play has been written for her which is founded upon the life of Charlotte Corday. She proposes to bring it out in America this winter.

Mme. Janauschek says she invariably discourages girls who ask her advice about going on the stage. "They know nothing of the life of the stage, its temptations and its hard work. They see us only at night, nicely dressed, and with everything perfect. They know no more. I have been thirty-three years on the stage, and I say there is no life like it. It has no happiness, it leaves you no time for domestic or social pleasures, no time for anything but work, work, work. I was once a good pianist, but for years I have hardly touched a piano. I love to draw, but there is no time, ever. All is work and travel, travel and work. To girls who think of going on the stage, again I say, no, no."

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson has rented for the autumn and early winter a part of an old stone villa on the hill called Belloguardo, outside the Roman gate of Florence, Italy. In the same villa resides Miss Greenough, sister of the sculptor. Miss Woolson's quarters have a garden in front of them, and are very romantically situated. Next door is Villa Montanto, where Hawthorne wrote the "Marble Faun," and which he describes as the home of Donatello. The shadow of its old stone tower moves across Miss Woolson's garden every day like that of a sun-dial. Not far distant is the small villa where her great-uncle, James Fenimore Cooper, spent two summers with his family sixty years ago. He was very fond of Italy.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

Lord Randolph Churchill does not want his wife to vote, but is glad to have her make political speeches in his behalf.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, since the death of Professor Stowe, has received daily letters of condolence in such numbers that it has been impossible for her to answer them. She therefore desires it to be known that she is grateful for the sympathy expressed, and she hopes that her correspondents will accept this public acknowledgment of her deep appreciation of their kind words in place of letters of reply.

Patents have been issued to women during the week ending Oct. 19, 1886:

Mary H. Barnes, Binghamton, N. Y., Sad-iron Cleaner.

Elizabeth Gefort, Brooklyn, N. Y., Tracing-wheel.

Eliza E. Scott, Hamilton, Ontario, Drugist's Sieve.

In every human being there are many grains of gold. When one is down, even by indiscretion of his own, do not stoop to throw additional mud upon him. Strive rather to reach him a helping hand, to extricate him from the mire in which he is wallowing. This is true manhood.

#### A TRIBUTE FROM THE CLIFTON RELIEF SOCIETY.

SARAH HOWELL.

DIED, at her residence in Clifton, Sunday morning, at twenty minutes to one o'clock, Oct. 10th, 1886, Mrs. Sarah Howell, wife of S. C. D. Howell.

Deceased, whose maiden name was Stewart, was born at Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., January 15, 1815, and was married to S. C. D. Howell on the 5th of July, 1835.

She passed away peacefully, after much suffering. She was lovingly cared for by her children, grandchildren and friends. She was very patient and sensitive to the last, instructing her family concerning her wishes to be carried out by them, even to the last moments of her life. She was very thankful she had the privilege of doing a great portion of her work in the Temple for the dead, and left full instructions for her children to finish the work after she was gone.

Mrs. Howell was of a kind and cheerful disposition, benevolent to the poor, and faithful in all her duties. She was President of the Teachers in our Relief Society. She received the Gospel in December, 1843. She was left with three small children to provide for herself while her husband went with the Mormon Battalion to Mexico, and passed through many trials and persecutions with the Saints in Nauvoo also, as well as the early days of Utah. Her illness was lingering, still she was resigned to go or stay as God willed, realizing He knew best.

Her funeral was held in the ward meeting house on Monday 11th, and was attended by many relatives and friends. The very elements seemed to mingle their tears with the mourners' as the wind throbbed and the rain fell in showers.

Life flitted quietly away as the Sabbath morning dawned, and she lay free from pain on the Sabbath day of rest. The struggle was over; her busy life was ended, and she lay sweetly sleeping the last, long, dreamless sleep, from which there is no awakening until the resurrection morning. She had five sons, two of whom are living, forty-two grandchildren and eight great grandchildren.

JANE M. HOWELL, President,  
E. W. HOWELL,  
S. J. MARLER, Counselors,  
DELLAH E. DUDLEY, Cor. Sec.

TO THE MEMORY OF SARAH HOWELL.

Dear Sister Sarah, we meet here to-day,  
Our hearts full of love a small tribute to pay  
To your worth and nobility, knowing full well  
That the whole of your worth only angels can tell.  
You have honored God's laws, 'mid oppression and strife  
When harshness and famine were threatening your life,  
When husband and loved ones were sent from your side,  
You bore all in meekness for God was your guide.

And when you were driven from the home you possessed,  
You willingly shared with the sorely oppressed,  
Rejoicing that you was deemed worthy to go,  
You said they're my people and my faith I will show.  
You followed them even 'mid deserts to roam  
Wh'er their abiding place, there was your home,  
And bravely you traveled o'er mountain and plain,  
Determined through all things the right to maintain.

There you struggled and toiled to create a new home,  
Where the wild beast and savage in freedom did roam;  
Rejoicing the while that the Saints were made free,  
And would worship the Lord in sweet liberty;  
A blessing you've been to the daughters of light,  
For your influence ever has been for the right;  
With words of encouragement cheered many hearts,  
The remembrance of which will never depart.  
Your children you trained in the ways of the Lord,  
By example and precept you taught them His word,  
Now they're workers in Zion, and honored, we see,  
Beloved by the good for their integrity;  
And multiplied thousands will yet speak your praise,  
For your trust and obedience to God and His laws;  
Like Jesus, your motto has been, and is still,  
"Not my will be done, but O Father! thy will."

And now we all pray that the blessings of heaven  
May rest on your aged companion from morning till even;  
May his life be prolonged till his work is all through,  
Then be crowned with his queen 'mong the righteous and true.

Like the last floral tint of autumnal leaves,  
After the frost king's blighting breath,  
Fresh radiance crowned this aged friend of ours,  
Ere she was folded in the arms of death.

ELIZABETH N. HENDERSON,  
Clifton, Nov. 3d, 1886.

#### OBITUARY.

DIED, in Alpine Ward, Oct. 13, 1886, of heart disease and dropsy, Sister Mariah Nelson, daughter of Yense Christon Anderson, born September 21st, 1821, in Denmark; joined the Church Feb. 22 1852; emigrated to Utah 1872; joined the Relief Society 1873. She was the mother of six children; two have died and four are living. Sister Nelson was a faithful Latter-day Saint, always on hand to attend to her duties as long as her health permitted, and we feel to mourn with her husband and friends, and to follow her worthy example.

Rest, dear sister, from thy labor,  
Enjoy the blessings thou hast earned;  
In the mansions of thy Father  
Thou hast won a noble crown.

R. Y. NASIH.

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